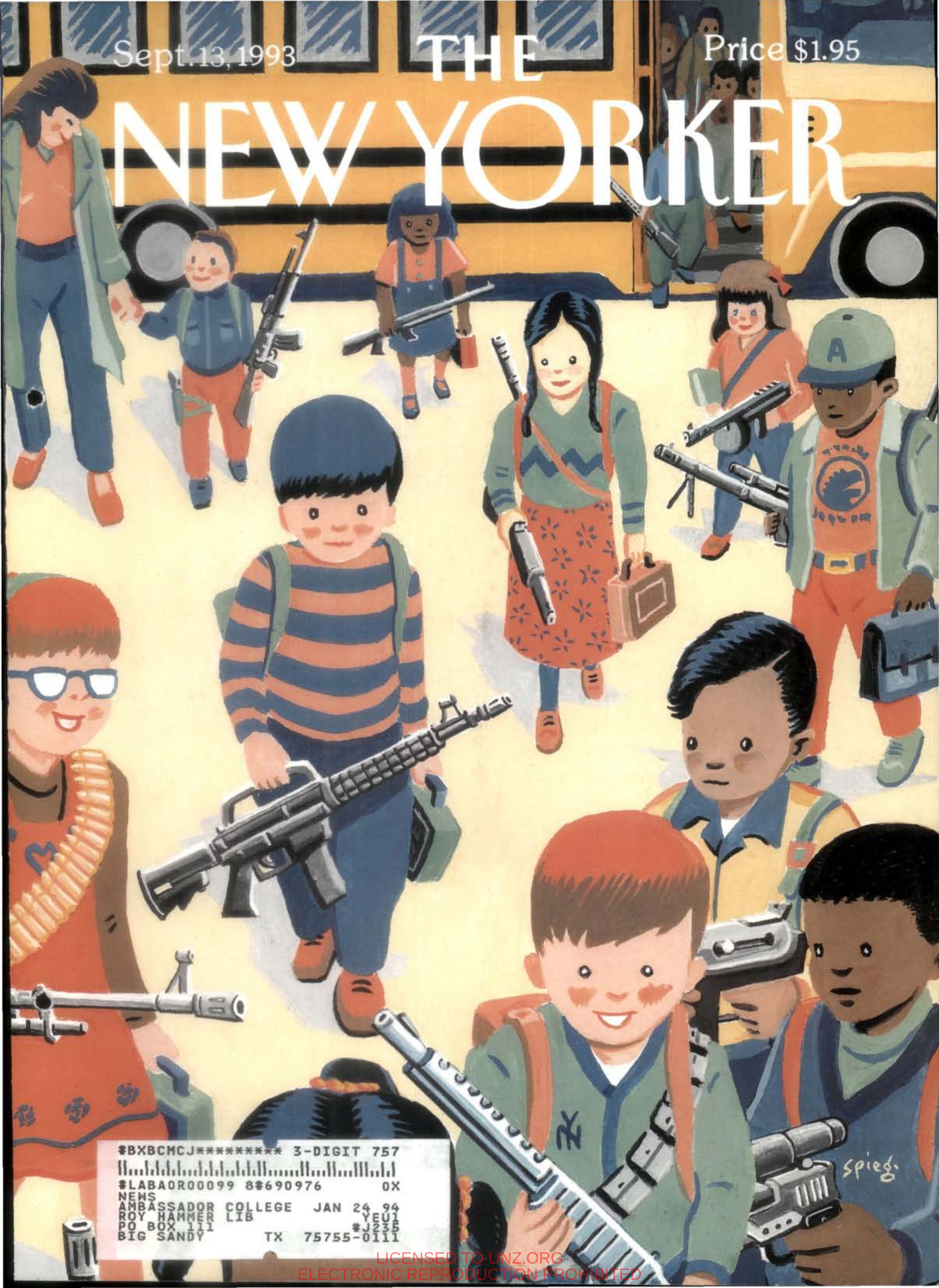
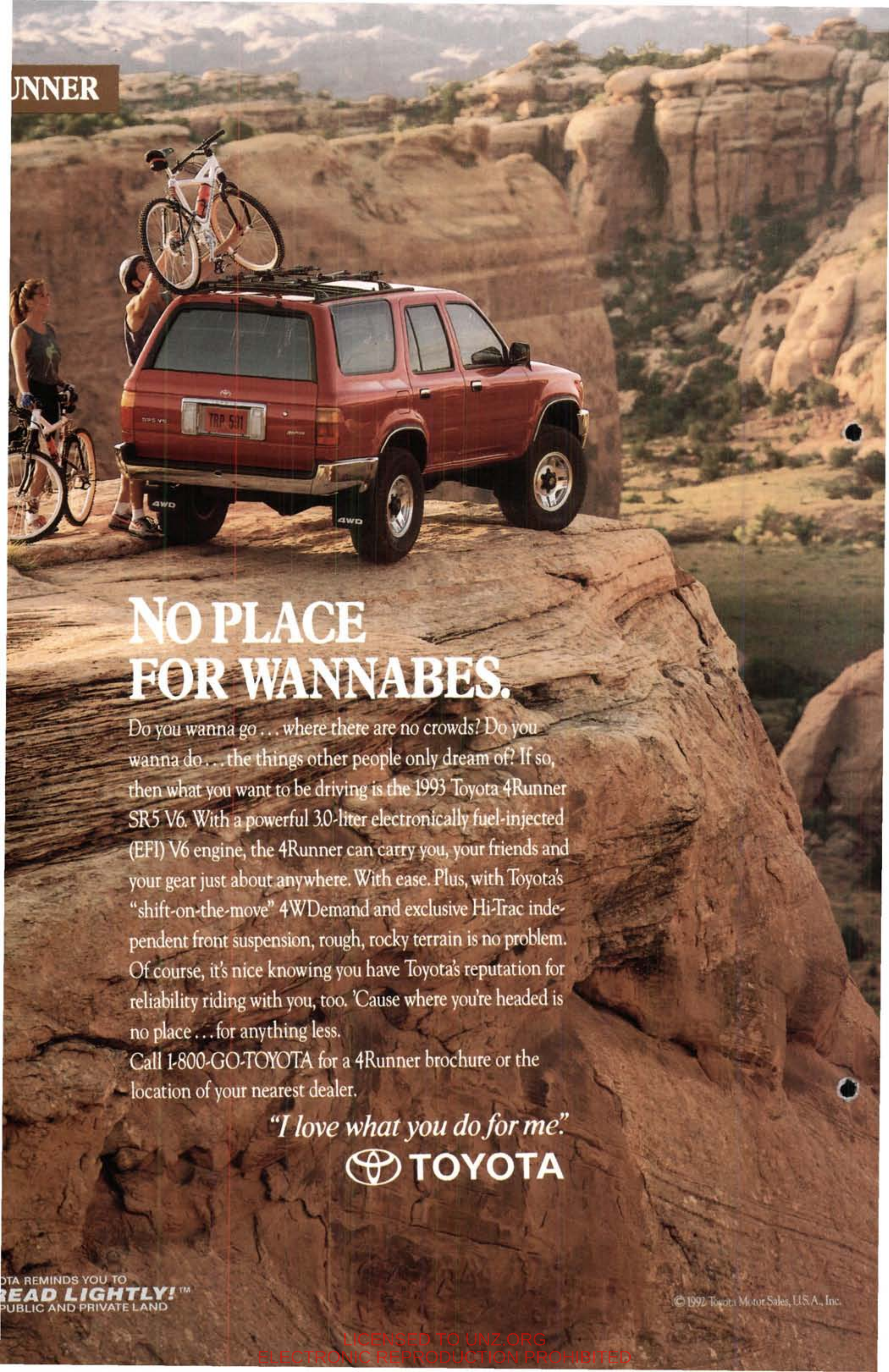
Sept. 13, 1993

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.95



#BXBCMCJ********* 3-DIGIT 757
#LABA0R00099 8#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 24 94
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #J235
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111



NO PLACE FOR WANNABES.

Do you wanna go . . . where there are no crowds? Do you wanna do . . . the things other people only dream of? If so, then what you want to be driving is the 1993 Toyota 4Runner SR5 V6. With a powerful 3.0-liter electronically fuel-injected (EFI) V6 engine, the 4Runner can carry you, your friends and your gear just about anywhere. With ease. Plus, with Toyota's "shift-on-the-move" 4WDemand and exclusive Hi-Trac independent front suspension, rough, rocky terrain is no problem. Of course, it's nice knowing you have Toyota's reputation for reliability riding with you, too. 'Cause where you're headed is no place . . . for anything less.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a 4Runner brochure or the location of your nearest dealer.

"I love what you do for me."
TOYOTA

TA REMINDS YOU TO
EAD LIGHTLY!™
UBLIC AND PRIVATE LAND

© 1992 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

RECEIVED
SEP 1 1993

PART OF THE PLEASURE OF OWNING BEAUTIFUL THINGS IS FEELING AT HOME WITH THEM.

Insofar as we see things in ourselves reflected in our surroundings, there is a lot to be said for living with what is beautiful. ▨ And learning about such things when we're very young. ⊕ Thereafter, we can feel comfortable in the midst of things that are truly remarkable, objects whose brilliance and balance and grace and charm are so pleasing to have within reach. ⊛ Like Waterford Crystal. People have been feeling at home with its characteristic beauty, from generation to generation and day in and day out, for a long, long time. ▨

WATERFORD®

Worthy of the moment
for over two centuries.

Shown above is the Araglin Ginger Jar Lamp.
For a brochure, please write to Waterford Crystal, Inc., Dept.L, 41 Madison Avenue, NY, NY 10010. ©1992 Waterford Crystal, Inc.

CALDER

MONUMENTAL
SCULPTURE

SEPTEMBER 18
THRU OCTOBER 30

GAGOSIAN
136 WOOSTER STREET
NEW YORK 228.2828

THE NEW YORKER

SEPTEMBER 13, 1993

COMMENT Peace to the Victims 6
The old warriors of Israel and the P.L.O. find their moment.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 10

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 39
A rumor in Sagaponack, Steven Hoffenberg's comeback, etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Around City Hall The Rematch . . . . *Andy Logan* 46
Dinkins and Giuliani do battle amid tales of corruption,
tennis, and Torquemada, and the public is nonplussed.

Letter from Brownsville Murder on the Border. . . . . *Marie Brenner* 52
The death of a high-school student revealed unsuspected
conflicts in the culture of the Rio Grande Valley.

A REPORTER AT LARGE Opium War Redux . . . . *Stan Sesser* 78
With the help of the government, the tobacco industry
forced its way into four Asian markets. China is next.

ARTIST'S SKETCHBOOK The Jay Leno Fan Club . . . . *Roz Chast* 83

LIFE AND LETTERS Di and Li . . . . *Lis Harris* 90
As Lionel Trilling's wife, Diana Trilling, now publishing her memoirs,
was overshadowed by New York's contentious intellectual world—until
she became one of its strongest voices. Photograph by Richard Avedon.

ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK Desks . . . . *Kathy Osborn* 99

FICTION "Bon Voyage, Mr. President" . . . . *Gabriel García Márquez* 100

THE CRITICS

Books John O'Hara . . . . *Harold Brodkey* 112
The Theatre "Black Comedy" & "White Liars". . . . . *Edith Oliver* 120
The Current Cinema "The Age of Innocence" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 121
On Television "And the Band Played On" . . . . *James Wolcott* 124
Books Briefly Noted 127

POEMS

"Season" . . . . *W.S. Merwin* 62
"The Quiñero Sisters, 1968" . . . . *Nicholas Christopher* 80
"Jacumba" . . . . *Steve Kowit* 102

SHOUTS AND MURMURS Dial W-H-Y W-O-R-K . . . . *Ian Frazier* 128

COVER *The Guns of September, by Art Spiegelman*

DRAWINGS *Victoria Roberts, Charles Barsotti, Michael Crawford, Robert Weber, Danny Shanahan, Robert Mankoff, Bernard Schoenbaum, Edward Frascino, William Hamilton, Edward Koren, Eldon Dedini, John O'Brien, J.B. Handelsman, Arnie Levin, Sam Gross, Dean Vietor, Leo Cullum, Richard Cline, Bruce Eric Kaplan*

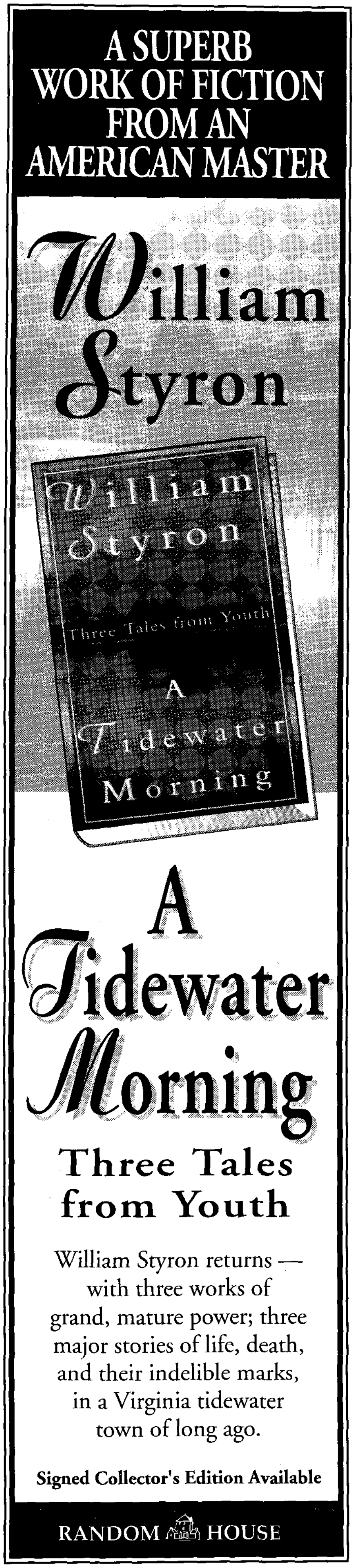
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for two combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXIX, No. 29, September 13, 1993. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Bogart wore khakis.
GAP
KHAKIS

EAU

TIFUL
ESTEE LAUDE



A SUPERB
WORK OF FICTION
FROM AN
AMERICAN MASTER

William
Styron

A
Tidewater
Morning

Three Tales
from Youth

William Styron returns —
with three works of
grand, mature power; three
major stories of life, death,
and their indelible marks,
in a Virginia tidewater
town of long ago.

Signed Collector's Edition Available

RANDOM HOUSE

COMMENT

PEACE TO THE VICTIMS

PEACE comes to the Middle East in much the same way that war does. It simmers for a time, and then erupts with suddenness and force, rearranging the landscape of assumptions and taboos. So it was with Anwar Sadat's monumental visit to Jerusalem in 1977, and so it is with the current move toward mutual recognition by Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization. Inside minds, where peace is really made, nothing can ever be quite the same after an event of such magnitude.

With their secret talks in Norway, disclosed last week, Israel and the P.L.O. are close to touching the psychological core of their dispute: the conflict not between states but between peoples, between the Israeli Jews and the Palestinian Arabs. These two peoples have spent a generation stoking their respective nationalisms by negating each other's legitimacy and by denying that they are both victims—of each other and of the larger world. In bizarre, usually indirect ways, each has craved the other's recognition, acknowledgment, acceptance. "We should go to the Arabs with sticks in hand," an Israeli cabbie remarked in Jerusalem a few years ago, "and beat them, and beat them, and beat them until they stop hating us."

Arabs and Jews have now begun a different kind of interaction, motivated by self-interested generosity. The old animosities will not be magically swept aside, of course, even if Israel and the P.L.O. can overcome the remaining obstacles to a full agreement on initiating Palestinian autonomy in the Gaza Strip and Jericho. But, stunningly, the breakthrough to mutual acknowledgment has already taken place. If it is not undone by the violence that is likely from extremists in each camp, or soured by angry words and arguments over minor failures to adhere to the accord, the attitudes of the two peoples can gradually adjust to a new reality.

Never before have Israelis and Palestinians been able to synchronize their interests. When Israelis have been ready for compromise, Palestinians have not; when Palestinians have been ready, Israelis have not. At last, the two peoples are being driven by the same geopolitical forces, the same anxieties about the future, the same war-weariness, and the same impending generational change.

The unfolding miracle in the Middle

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human-resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, vice-president and managing editor; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president and director of promotion; Gary Van Dis, vice-president and corporate creative director; Maurie Perl, vice-president and director of public relations. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Manager Media International, Ltd.,1-11 Hay Hill, London W1X7LF, England; Penn Brown & Associates, 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #06-323 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1993 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

American Beauty
BANANA REPUBLIC

East is one of the many consequences of the warming that has followed hard upon the end of the Cold War. The change in climate has brought a change in the weather. With the disappearance of the Soviet Union as an arms supplier and a seeker of influence, the more radical Arab leaders, including Yasir Arafat, no longer have a military and political benefactor preaching confrontation. Instead, under Gorbachev and, now, under Yeltsin, Moscow has nudged the Arabs toward reconciliation. On the other side, Israel feels both safe enough to make a deal and too worried about the future to postpone one.

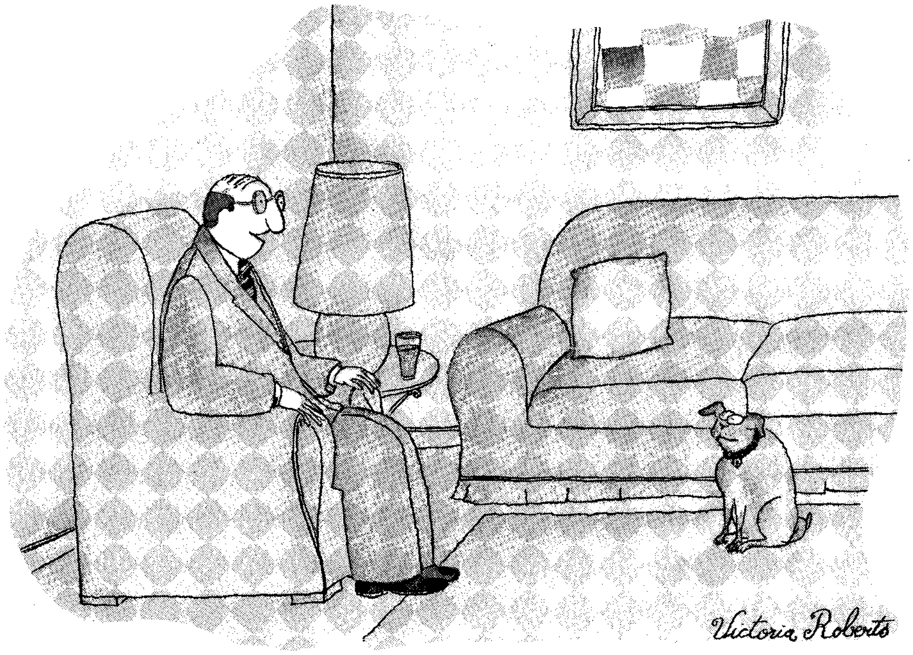
The Israeli and the Palestinian leaders are propelled by a symmetry of unwelcome alternatives. If they delay, hard and unforgiving men are likely to ascend on both sides. In Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu, the polished, intransigent ideologue who now leads the Likud opposition, is poised to take the Prime Ministership from Yitzhak Rabin at the next election, especially if Rabin fails. And Rabin is uniquely suited to the task of making a credible compromise with the Palestinians. As a military commander and as Defense Minister, he was brutal enough with the Arabs to acquire the aura of toughness that many Israelis find reassuring. Arafat is in something of the same position among Palestinians; and if he falters now Hamas and other militant Islamic groups are sure to continue their rise in the West Bank and Gaza—a prospect that worries Israel deeply and the P.L.O scarcely less. Moreover, Arafat has been pushed into bold action by the decay of his organization. His support of Saddam Hussein in the Gulf War earned him a virtual cutoff of funds from the Saudi monarchy and other wealthy Arab patrons. The *Times* reported recently that the P.L.O.'s annual revenues have fallen from half a billion dollars to little more than thirty million, and the decline has forced drastic reductions in payments to universities, hospitals, social-service institutions, and the families of fighters in the occupied territories, in Lebanon, and elsewhere. Restiveness has been growing in Arafat's constituency. One can only hope he will now have the strength of his weakness.

Even in the Washington negotiations, Arafat had been marginalized by the Palestinian delegation, which is drawn entirely from the lands under Israeli occupation. The Israelis imagined that local Palestinians would always and forever be more conciliatory than their kinsmen in faraway Tunis. It has turned out otherwise. Arafat has turned out to be so Machiavellian that he will try anything, even moderation. After decades of all-or-nothing demands for Palestinian statehood, he has finally accepted autonomy in stages—and with an imaginative twist. He took an Israeli proposal that Palestinian self-government begin in the Gaza Strip and added the sleepy town of Jericho as a foothold in the West Bank. Jericho—calm and unthreatening to the Israelis, quite unlike the hotbeds of militance in refugee camps and cities elsewhere on the West Bank—was an inspired choice. Besides, it is a not unpleasant place for Arafat to sit and hold court, and it now appears that this is exactly what he will be doing, if all goes well, by next January.

The Gaza-Jericho formula postpones some of the hardest decisions—those involving the fate of West Bank areas near Israel proper. For that reason, when the P.L.O. floated the idea last winter, it was rejected by the Palestinian delegates in Washington and ignored by their hosts in the State Department. The State Department's lapse was fortunate, for it provoked Arafat to go directly to the Israelis. Perhaps, after all, he drew a lesson from Sadat, whose distaste for American and Soviet plans to convene a Geneva conference in 1977 inspired him to take matters into his own hands and journey to Jerusalem. Perhaps, too, if Arafat and the Palestinians are ready to accept after Oslo what they disdained after Camp David, it is not only because their hopes have diminished but also because they have negotiated this deal for themselves instead of being asked to accept it as a grudging gift from Americans and Egyptians. And, finally, the old warriors on both sides want to win something before they turn things over to the next generation. Rabin is seventy-one. Foreign Minister Shimon Peres is seventy. Arafat is sixty-four, and he barely survived a plane crash last year.

Many things could go wrong. Negotiations could stall on defining what powers Palestinians will have in the territories. Israel will try to give much less than the P.L.O. will want. And, as one price of formal recognition, Israel is demanding a revision of the 1964 founding covenant of the P.L.O. to delete repeated references to, for example, "the liberation of Palestine" and "the elimination of Zionism in Palestine." So tightly are such themes woven into the document that extensive rewriting would be needed, and the change would require a two-thirds vote of the Palestine National Council. This may be more than Arafat can muster. A revision would be helpful to Rabin in cultivating domestic political support for the plan, but Israel would be wise to allow a declaration by Arafat to suffice.

The middle ground has never been easy to hold in that part of the world. But then the Israeli and Palestinian leaders have never before been standing on it together. ♦



"Where is Liz Taylor in my hour of need?"

Chestnut Hill
Chicago
Cleveland
Dallas
Houston
Manhasset
Madison Ave. NY
Seventeenth St. NY
World Financial Ctr. NY
Seattle
Short Hills
South Coast Plaza
Tokyo
Troy
Westport
Yokohama

BARNEYS
NEW YORK

Sometimes shopping is a team sport

ROMEO GIGLI
MARION FOALE
BASCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14				

THE THEATRE

Fresh Prince

"FRINGE" is a term commonly associated with the unofficial offerings of the Edinburgh Festival, but the latest project of Manhattan's own Nada Inc. makes one think that this year the spirit of fringe has crossed the Atlantic. During the next three months, Nada will sponsor a festival devoted entirely to "Hamlet," and a partial summary of the events (call 478-9400 for a complete schedule) should be enough to send fringe freaks down to the group's theatre at 167 Ludlow Street.

Gary Goldberg's "Hamster," for example, will feature animals in many of the play's roles—a golden retriever named Duck will take on Horatio. (A human named Bill Rice is hogging the title role.) Janusz Glowacki's contribution, "Fortinbras Gets Drunk," promises an unusually pratfallen final scene, and Deb Margolin has come up with something titled "What's with Hamlet?"—a question that has bothered scholars and students for centuries. No Shakespeare sampler these days would be complete without a rap version, and Rob Krakovski fills the bill here with "The Trage-D of Prince Hammy T by Chill Will."

Next to the above fare, Heiner Müller's avant-gardist "Hamletmachine," to be performed in October, sounds square, and the Randolph Curtis Rand production of Shakespeare's second-quarto edition—which opens the festival on September 9 and runs concurrently with Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" (at 99 Stanton Street)—should be positively rotting. Or is it rotten?

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

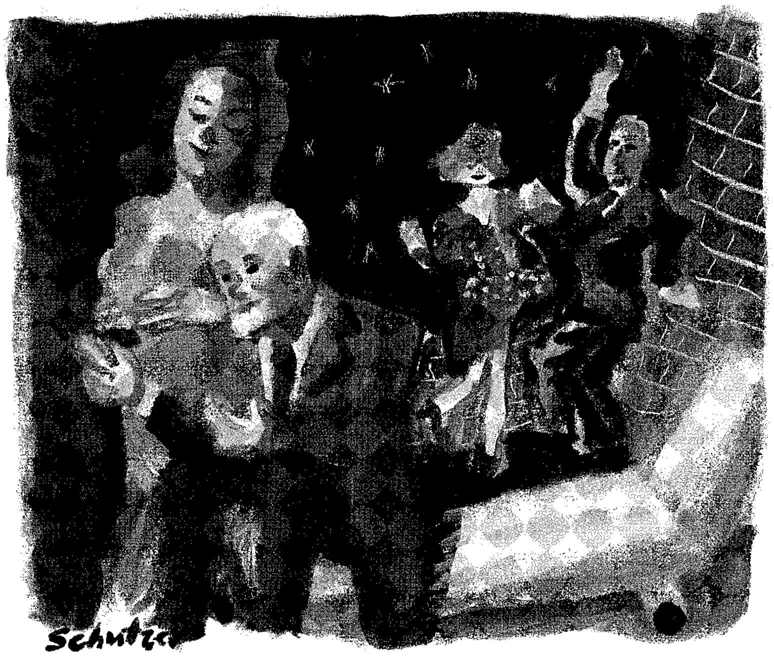
BLOWN SIDEWAYS THROUGH LIFE—Claudia Shear's one-woman show about the sixty-five jobs she has held over the years. In previews. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

THE HAMLET FESTIVAL—The first cycle of the Prince of Denmark extravaganza starts Sept. 9 and runs through Sept. 26. At Nada Inc., 167 Ludlow St.: "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke" (the second-quarto version of the play), directed by Randolph Curtis Rand. . . . Weekend cabaret performances of Arden Party's solo "Hamlet," Janice Hoffman's "Gertrude's Revenge," and Stuart Sherman's "Hamlet (Or Else What?)." . . . ¶ At the House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St.: Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead." (For tickets to all events, call 420-1466.)

OEDIPUS THE KING—Timothy Wheeler is the troubled tyrant in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of Sophocles' play. In previews. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ANGELS IN AMERICA: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)



Maureen Anderman, Josef Sommer, Carole Shelley, and Anthony Heald in "Later Life."

DENA SCHUTZER

ANNIE WARBUCKS—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." After sixteen years, the old team—Thomas Meehan (book) and Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin (music and lyrics)—is still in top form. Donna McKechnie, Harve Presnell, Harvey Evans, Marguerite McIntyre, and Raymond Thorne—to say nothing of a merry scattering of orphans—give strong support. Choreography by Peter Gennaro, scenery by Ming Cho Lee, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Ken Billington. (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

BLACK COMEDY/WHITE LIARS—Two comedies from the sixties by Peter Shaffer. The double bill features Anne Bobby, Keene Curtis, Peter MacNicol, Nancy Marchand, Kate Mulgrew, and Brian Murray. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. The cast includes Shau[illegible] and David Cassidy and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE FIRST LULU—Eric Bentley's version of a hundred-year-old play by Frank Wedekind, presented by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. Among the shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls," "Falsettos," "Les Misérables," and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the clever writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Allison Briner, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the performers. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHOOP-DEE-DOO!—The sixteen original songs in this revue range from a wistful love note to Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher Burton Burton Warner Fortensky to a tribute to Private Banana by his fellow-soldiers ("the new recruit is a fruit") to "Blue Flame," a gutsy number sung by a moth. Mr. Crabtree and his collaborators are witty and topical, and the show is an exuberant delight. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

JEFFREY—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LATER LIFE—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. The scene is a cocktail party in Boston, where the couple are constantly interrupted by the other guests, who arrive [illegible]o by two. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. The play was seen recently at Playwrights Horizons. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

LET LOOSE THE DOGS OF IMPROV—Chicago City Limits' current show. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 772-8707.)

A PERFECT GANESH—Terrence McNally's play tells the story of two middle-aged women from Connecticut making what turns out to be a pilgrimage through India. With Charlotte Moore, Helen Stenborg, Garret Dillahunt, and Dominic Cuskern. John Tillinger directed. (7/12/93) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Sept. 19.)

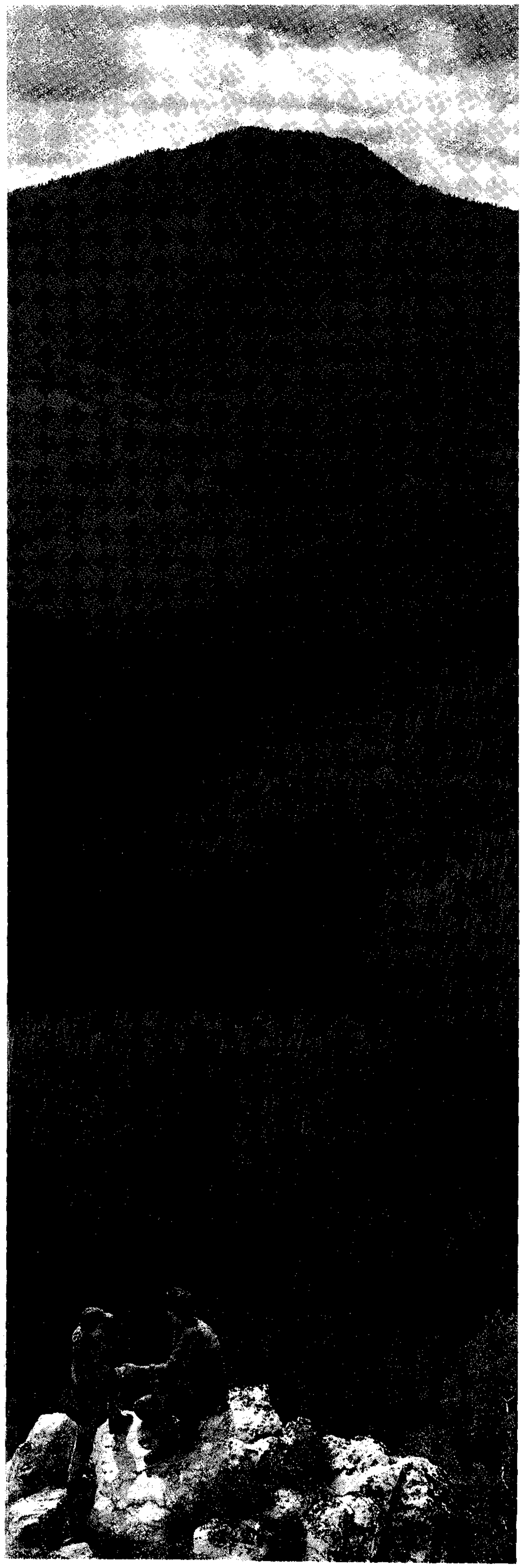
“Who’s going to make sure the trees will be here tomorrow?”

“Not an easy question. But that’s what my son asked the other day. He’s thinking about it. Just like everybody. He wants to know if the trees will still be around when he grows up. Well, working for Georgia-Pacific like I do, I can tell him we’re doing our part. Planting new trees by the millions. Setting aside land. Making sure the forests will always be here. For everybody. Of course, I can’t speak for other companies out there. But I know we’re doing what’s right.”

Stephen A. Delfs

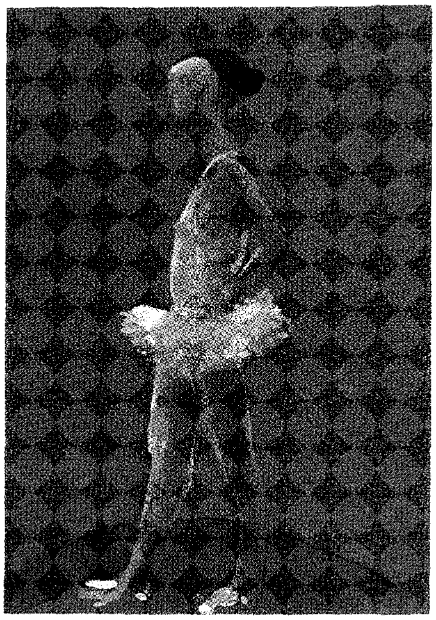
Steve Delfs
Forester

Georgia-Pacific



© 1993 Georgia-Pacific Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

This ad is available in poster form by calling 1-800-328-2357.



Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. With Michael Learned, Linda Lavin, Joanne Camp, and Hal Linden. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill, but director Des McAnuff's production is caught on the horns of a theatrical dilemma that no amount of slick, exhausting spectacle can resolve. The hero, that deaf, dumb, and blind kid, is spectacularly passive, and thus unreachable, unknowable, and essentially undramatic. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Working Out with Leona—A musical comedy, with a score by Michael Capece and Paul Radalat, lyrics by Nelson Jewell, and a book by Mary Lee Miller and Mr. Jewell. Presented by the HIV Ensemble. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 695-6847.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

DANCE

Twyla Tharp—The opening performance of a two-week engagement in which Ms. Tharp will demonstrate the working process with her dancers. Each program will include classics from her repertoire as well as a new dance phrase, in which she will develop a passage of choreography. Adding a further note of naked verisimilitude, the performances will be given without benefit of costumes or production components. Sept. 14 at 7:30: "Octet"; an unnamed work (preview); a new dance phrase; "Intermission"; and "In the Upper Room." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Through Sept. 25.)

Spencer/Colton—A fourteen-member company from Boston, presenting "Pursuing the Pleiades," a program of dance-theatre works; with actor Timothy Doyle. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Sept. 8-11 at 8.)

Leela Raja and Pasumarthy Vithal—In classical dances of India. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Sept. 9 at 8.)

Saz Dance Theatre—A multicultural, all-women dance company in a program that reflects the dancers' diverse backgrounds: Cuban, Haitian, Middle Eastern, Spanish, and Indian. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. Sept. 9-11 at 8 and Sept. 12 at 3. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

"Summer Dances"—Choreography by Carol Blanco, Sally Hess, and Diane Vivona. (Cunningham Dance Studio, 55 Bethune St. Sept. 10-11 at 9 and Sept. 12 at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

Grunge Justice

Until recently, Urge Overkill was just another underground band cranking out fierce, supple guitar pop. Then the gods of grunge smiled on the Chicago-based trio: Nirvana chose them to open shows on its 1992 tour. "We knew we were rocking," Urge guitarist Nash Kato told *Rolling Stone* recently. "But we were afraid maybe there was just no more demand for rock. And then Nirvana hit. It turned out *everyone* wanted to rock. It was such a huge relief."

Kato and his comrades, bassist Eddie King Roeser and drummer Blackie Onassis—Kato and Roeser do most of the singing—have received glowing notices for "Saturation," their first album on Geffen Records (Nirvana's post-indie home). Balancing a brash, punky energy and a campy take on pop culture (one of the tracks on "Saturation" pays homage to daytime-TV vixen Erica Kane) with hooks and arrangements worthy of the most delicious power rock, this latest effort suggests that Urge may have the stuff that allowed Nirvana and others before them to make the leap from heavy rotation in college dorms to heavy rotation on MTV.

Urge Overkill appears this week at two venues where such crossover dreamers have paused just before rising to stardom: Irving Plaza (on September 9) and Maxwell's (on September 10). Never mind the hype, though—come to dance.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Venerable standard singer **BETTY JOHNSON** continues her career retrospective through Sept. 11 in the Oak Room. Ms. Johnson, who some thirty years ago rendered standards in all the big clubs and on TV shows hosted by Ed Sullivan and Jack Paar, offers a musical scrapbook of her career, a veritable *Who's Who* of musical-theatre bards: Sammy Kahn, Irving Berlin, Kurt Weill, Rodgers and Hart, Lerner and Lane, George and Ira, Dorothy Fields, and Harold Arlen. Pianist Tony Monte and guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli accompany her. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. A variety show with singer **JAM[illegible] DE ROY** and other musical performers is featured through Sept. 11. On Sept. 14, Brazilian singer **NEY MATOGROSSO** begins an engagement, following his New York début, Sept. 11 at Town Hall (123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824).

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The **MAX ROACH** double quartet, composed of bebop pioneer Roach, his usual team of supporting players, and the Uptown String Quartet, continues through Sept. 12. Beginning Sept. 14: a double bill featuring drummer **BILLY COBHAM** and his trio as well as the **LARRY CORYELL** duo, with guitarists Coryell and **VIC JURIS.** Dining.

Boathouse Café, Central Park, entrance at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-4723)—In the outdoor café, live jazz is featured every Tuesday and Wednesday, as long as the weather is copacetic (with luck, through October). The Boathouse Trio—Dave Morgan on reeds, Kenny Wessel on guitar, and John Loehrke on bass—is in its fourth season of smooth, mellow playing, with a decided focus on standards. The audience is predictably diverse, ranging from sweaty joggersby to elegant Upper East Side types. Linger awhile on your way home from work. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. Despite the cramped quarters, though, the Bottom Line is a pleasant place to take in a show of folk or rock. **LAURA NYRO,** the composer of such pop hits as "Wedding Bell Blues" and "Stoney End," appears on Sept. 10-11. With the imminent release of the excellent "Walk the Dog & Lite the Lite," her first studio album in nine years, Nyro brings refreshing truth to the hoary phrase "older and wiser": she has tempered the mercurial style of her early work, and sounds confident, relaxed, and less self-conscious. Her soulful soprano is in great shape, and two sincere and winning remakes of favorite girl-group songs hark back to her early-seventies collaboration with LaBelle, "Gonna Take a Mirac[illegible]"

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The art collection in this neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club is a curator's nightmare. Fortunately, the musicians who gather round the Baldwin every night are usually more harmonious. Jacky Terrasson, Leon Parker, and Ugonna Okegwo are here through Sept. 12. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage and a generally uncertain music schedule. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Roll-

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Leave it to the British to draw yet another class distinction.

As a British company, it's part of our heritage to make class distinctions. That's why we created a new class of airline service. Mid Class.℠ Because full-fare economy travelers deserve to be in a class by themselves.

Virgin's Mid Class provides you with a separate cabin, a bigger seat, up to 6 inches of extra legroom, a guaranteed choice of meals and a personal armrest video screen. You also get priority check-in and once you arrive, priority baggage delivery.

We simply believe if you pay more, you deserve to get more. So next time you pay full-fare for economy, consider it our privilege to escort you to Mid Class.

Virgin Atlantic Airways. Take us for all we've got.

virgin atlantic airways

Virgin Atlantic flies to Heathrow from Newark, JFK and Los Angeles, and to Gatwick from Boston, Miami and Orlando.
For more information, call your travel agent or Virgin Atlantic at 800-862-8621.

ing Rocks, some pretty fine musicians have turned up and tuned up: Sinéad O'Connor, Marianne Faithfull, and Luka Bloom, to name a heady few. On Sept. 11, folksinger and songwriter **RUTH GERSON** brings her acoustic guitar, commanding voice, and endearingly edgy songs to the club.

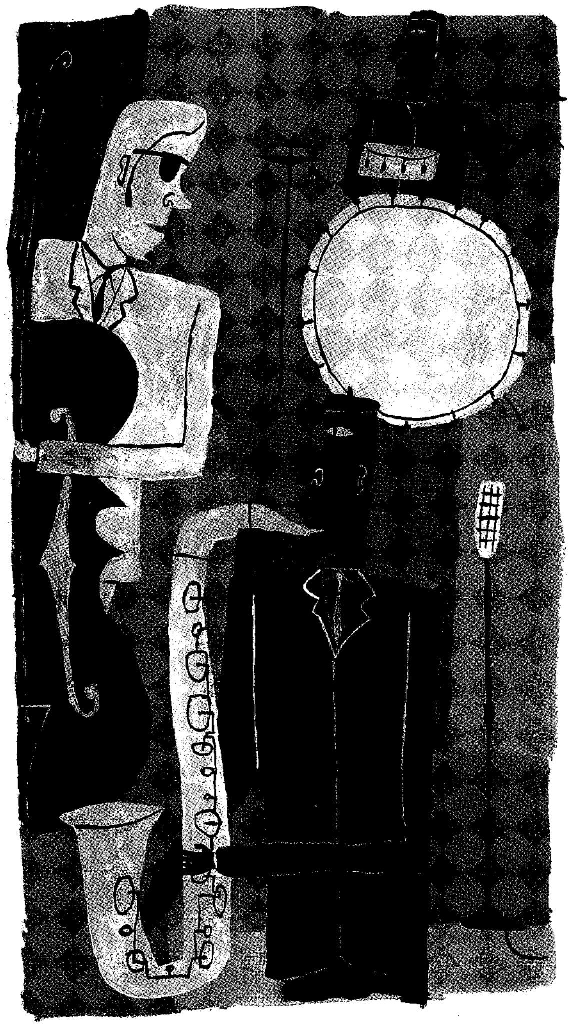
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters and wraparound pastel murals. Starting Sept. 14, the Carlyle welcomes back Broadway ingénue turned cabaret legend **BARBARA COOK,** who, along with her incomparable soprano, brings her esteemed accompanist, **WALLY HARPER.**

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. In recent years, CB's has become something of an empire; the club is now flanked by a pizzeria/boutique on one side and a bar/performance space on the other—all your shopping needs taken care of in one convenient location.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. The singer-pianist **BILLY STRITCH** appears Sept. 9-12. An alumnus of the vocal trio Montgomery Plant & Stritch, this twentysomething Texas native has recently been touring with and doing arrangements for Liza Minnelli. In his own club act, he delivers standards and quirkier gems, accompanied by bass and drums. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. On Sept. 8, a glam rock lineup.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. **URGE OVERKILL** appears on Sept. 9, and on Sept. 10 the **BREEDERS** will propagate their tunes. A guitar-heavy foursome that features former Pixies bassist Kim Deal and her twin sister Kelley on guitar and vocals, Josephine Wiggs on bass, and Jim MacPherson on drums, the Breeders have marked summer's end with their second LP, "Last Splash." The lyrics are often little more than insipid laments about fleeting summer love. But, without warning, the album shifts into shaking sexual overdrive, offering a black-chorded remake of old-fashioned girl rock. Among the silly stuff are some powerful, brash, and dramatic passages. The opening band, **YO LA TENGO,** a Hoboken trio that has struggled in the minor leagues for many seasons, has finally been called up to the major-label league, where its fine new album, "Painful," ought to be a winner. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.



Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of dishes like bangers and mash, and a piano. Some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. Through Sept. 11, the featured duo is pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **ANDREW MC CLOUD III.**

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club's monthlong nightly tribute to musician/composer/arranger/downtown prince **JOHN ZORN** continues. This week's highlights include the chilling "Kristallnacht," on Sept. 8, with guest musicians **WILLIE WINANT, ANTHONY COLEMAN, MARC RIBOT,** and others. Zorn himself appears with the John Patton Band for "The Music of John Patton" on Sept. 9; and on Sept. 12-13 two icons of masculinity are saluted in "Spillane" and "Godard."

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but the folkies, rockers, and other assorted types who turn up here come from all over. The club's busy schedule includes a benefit concert, on Sept. 8, for the Survivors' United Network, an organization aimed at training and employing disabled workers, particularly those who have suffered head injuries. (Soul great Curtis Mayfield is honorary chairman.) Performers include the band **ORLEANS,** with original members and **ROBBIE DUPREE.** The Sept. 10 show features polka virtuoso **JIMMY STURR** and honey-voiced country singer **MAURA FOGARTY.** Dining.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Up until a few years ago, this stretch of the Lower East Side was only for the bold. But now that the artists have moved in, you have to go to Williamsburg if you want to get any more bohemian. The Ludlow Street Café, which was one of the first places to stake a claim on the new frontier, is an unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can eat cheap, drink cheap, and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. On Sept 10: brash, buoyant rock from **URGE OVERKILL,** with guests the Shams. The Sept. 11 triple bill includes the pop bands Heavenly and Small Factory and a wry, nervy singer who calls herself simply **LOIS.** Then, on Sept. 12, that rascally pop-culture satirist **MOJO NIXON** returns, ready to take aim at Don Henley, Debbie Gibson, and whomever or whatever he deems worthy of musical mockery.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. Starting Sept. 14, **MEL TORMÉ** begins a not-to-be-missed club engagement. In performance, the Velvet Fog puts on display two great treasures: his own resilient, rhythmically agile voice and the collection of American Songbook standards his voice caresses. Tormé believes in good old-fashioned entertainment, but shtick almost never intrudes on his act. The pipes are still intact, and so is his taste. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. All this week, veteran singer/pianist/composer **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY** performs. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band; Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird orchestra; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and His Swingers with singer Vinnie Knight; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. On Sept. 8, catch the Bob Litwak Group, with Warren Vaché and Ken Peplowski.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—A Western theme bar, attached to a Southwestern restaurant. The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, there's a horse trailer that's been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, occasionally, throwing. But wait, there's more: rodeo videos, New Mexico memorabilia, and live music nightly—country, blues, folk, rock, hillbilly.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. S.O.B.'s dance floor is always jumping with Rastas and N.Y.U. students, and there's always someone onstage shouting "Put your hands in the air!" The trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** brings his exotic jazz to the club on Sept. 8-9. A native of South Africa, Masekela has been busy in recent years co-scoring the Broadway smash "Sarafina!" and appearing on Paul Simon's "Graceland" tour.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—With the opening of the Chestnut Room, this legendary tourist haven is making a bid to attract serious jazz fans. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings have been impressive. The **FREDDY COLE** trio plays through Sept. 12; the **BILLY TAYLOR** trio takes over beginning Sept. 14. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabian-style fixtures. The downstairs room,

CALEF BROWN

DANIEL DAY-LEWIS MICHELLE PFEIFFER WINONA RYDER

MARTIN SCORSESE'S MOST PASSIONATE AND POWERFUL MOTION PICTURE.
IN A WORLD OF TRADITION.
IN AN AGE OF INNOCENCE.
THEY DARED TO BREAK THE RULES.

AGE OF INNOCENCE

FROM THE PULITZER PRIZE WINNING NOVEL

AT THEATRES SOON

ALL!
LA COSTA

$340 Ultimate Plan

More than a $600 Value at our World Class Resort: Deluxe Room ▲ Unlimited Golf (2 superb courses) ▲ Golf Cart ▲ Golf Bag Storage ▲ Driving Range Usage ▲ Unlimited Court Time (23 courts) ▲ Daily Tennis Clinic ▲ Unlimited Use of Spa Facilities ▲ 1½ hours of spa services: Facials, Body Treatments, Massage, Aromatherapy, Manicure, Pedicure.

Meal Option: Breakfast and Dinner with each night's stay is an additional $100 per couple, per night.

Rate is per couple, per night, Sunday-Thursday. $390 Friday or Saturday. 2 night minimum. Tax, gratuities not included.

Call 800-854-5000 today.

LA COSTA
RESORT AND SPA

Costa Del Mar Road, Carlsbad, CA 92009
90 minutes south of Los Angeles
30 minutes north of San Diego

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World®

where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by baritone saxophonist Ronnie Cuber, concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, the late Charles Mingus.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner, and sight lines are above average. On Sept. 8, Ireland's **MARY COUGHLAN** band brings its folkie, Celtic-flavored rock to the venue. The band's first New York gig features opening act Bob Gaddy.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. This week, two stellar combos: the **RAY DRUMMOND** sextet, through Sept. 12, and the **LOU DONALDSON** quartet, featuring Lonnie Smith on organ, beginning Sept. 14. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Starting Sept. 13: pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, and bassist **JOHN WEBBER**. Closed Sundays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

People actually have conversations at MercBar (151 Mercer Street). With each other. Who wouldn't look attractive in George Hurrell-shadowed lighting, and feel sexy whispering sweet or salacious nothings without competing with a Lollapalooza sound system? No wonder MercBar gets a handsome-but-not-head-shot-wielding clientele. No wonder it attracts the French restaurant owner winding down from a night at his nearby trendy café. "It's so comfortable," he said. "That's why this place gets the best women. From all over the world." What makes them the best? "They love European men. When I pull up on my Harley, and then they hear my accent, forget it. I can't believe it sometimes. But I don't care."

By two o'clock, when it was getting real cozy for the remaining couples at MercBar, the restaurateur was still single. "Tonight, nobody was right. I may be ravenous, but I am selective." As he revved up his Harley, he stated with assurance, "It's O. K. There is always tomorrow. I look forward to it." Then he sped off and went to bed with his accent.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Faith Healing"—Jane Comfort's interpretation of "The Glass Menagerie" combines elements of modern dance and Kabuki theatre, among other disciplines, and features a roller-skating duet between Laura and the Gentleman Caller. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Sept. 10-13 at 8. Through Sept. 18.)

"Avant-Garde-A(D)rama"—A showcase of performance art, dance, dramatic monologues, music (country, jazz, and R. & B.), and art by a number of downtownies. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 10-11 at 9.)

ART

Heartbreak Hotels

Twenty years ago or more, the painter Robert Yarber joined the great diaspora of dissatisfied Texans seeking visions of a neon-lit, Midnight Cowboy world of wakefulness and sin. Yarber's paintings of Vegas-style casinos full of bilious-looking men, for instance, bespoke the diagnostic eye of a Dallas-bred Daumier and the lurid tabloid realism of a latter-day George Bellows. The high-rise hotel-room vistas for which he was first known in New York—rooms with views of apoplectic figures plummeting upside down—seemed to contain some of the same homegrown strains of the fantastical that went into nineteen-thirties Magic Realist paintings or nineteen-sixties Bay Area psychedelia. Yarber also works with photography, both in lieu of making sketches and as an end in itself, and a fascination with light has gradually become the primary subject of many of his paintings.

In particular, Yarber seems to be drawn to the effects of natural and artificial light merging over resort-moderne buildings and suburban landscapes. In some of his best new paintings (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway; through October 9), such as an untitled nocturnal vision of Rome's futuristic hillside Hilton, Yarber's cool cowboy glare is trained upon Italian venues—and on postwar Italian life and leisure on the American plan. The showstealer is a painterly Italian scene called "Séance," in which a group of Peter Arno people in a De Chiricoesque setting hold hands and try to levitate under an electrified night sky. (A selection of recent photographs may also be seen at Saul, 560 Broadway; through Oct. 9.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Versailles 1973: American Fashion on the World Stage." In the world of fashion, 1973 is the year America finally conquered European snobbery. This occurred, apparently, when five American designers (Bill Blass, Stephen Burrows, Halston, Anne Klein, and Oscar de la Renta) were invited to show their work alongside that of five of their French contemporaries, at the Palace of Versailles. The Americans stole the show with their innovative sportswear and "comfortable clothing for modern living." Twenty year later, the museum's new Costume Institute has re-created this historical moment. Several installations that explore American fashion before and after the event are also on view. Starts Sept. 9. . . . ¶ "Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection" begins with works from the mid-thirties and early forties, when the movement hadn't yet taken shape or been named, and it leaves off with a few eclectic pieces from the mid-sixties, when the style itself had already filtered down through three generations. Highlights include exquisite early drawings by Barnett Newman, surprisingly intense work by de Kooning, and paintings by William Baziotes that should revive his reputation as a colorist. Several lesser-known practitioners also flourish on paper, most notably Anne Ryan, Gerome Kamrowski, and Philip Guston. . . . ¶ Verrocchio's magnificent sculpture "Christ and St. Thomas," a recently restored Medici commission completed in 1483, is currently on loan from a granary-cum-oratory in Florence. Through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibition of historic hand-colored baseball cards. . . . ¶ Forty examples of Persian tiles, from the twelfth century through the late nineteenth, in a snug, one-room exhibit. Through Oct. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.) . . . NOTE: The roof garden, featuring six large sculptures, a great view, and cappuccino, is open when weather permits.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Pastime in Prints," very much a summer show, includes more than seventy depictions of leisure and outdoor activity by fifty artists, from Degas to Picasso to Hopper. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ New work by the Mexican artist Gabriel Orozco. . . . ¶ "Multiple Images: Photographs Since 1965 from the Collection" features work by Jan Groover, Sol LeWitt, Duane Michals, and Charles Ray. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ "Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper: Selections from the Design Collection." Twenty objects, including televisions, appliances, and chairs, all designed between 1959 and 1978. . . . ¶ Fifteen new large-scale linoleum-block prints by Chuck Close. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum presents Rebecca Horn, a German artist whose work incorporates all manner of objects, from feathers to pistols to mercury—everything except old-fashioned paint and canvas. . . . ¶ Two floors below but light-years apart, "Modern Masterpieces from the Permanent Collection," which includes paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Mondrian, Miró, and Picasso, is reassuring evidence that fine art still lives. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—More than seventy paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee (1879-1940). Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ "Singular Dimensions in Painting," an exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties. . . . ¶ A site-specific installation by Rebecca Horn. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Hand-Painted Pop" includes early works by Rauschenberg, Johns, Warhol, and Rosenquist, and by such less well known artists as Jean Follett and Jess. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ "In the Spirit of Fluxus," a carefully thought-out and handsomely installed exhibition of art and incunabula by the far-flung practitioners of this international neo-Dada non-movement. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ "Hopper in Paris" consists of twenty-five works that Hopper painted in the early nineteen-hundreds. Through Oct. 3. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Hall of Human Biology and Evolution," a new permanent exhibition. . . . ¶ "Bears: Imagination and Reality." Through Oct. 3. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Second Dimension: Twentieth-Century Sculptors' Drawings." More than seventy-five works from the museum's permanent collection, including figure drawings by Louise Nevelson and Isamu Noguchi. Through Sept. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—Organized as part of an ongoing Master Artist series, "Gertrud and Otto Natzler: Collaborations/Solitude" showcases the elegant con-

A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIONI

Softer and sexier – this specially created edition is sure to become the Brioni of the future. We have it now. Photos and swatches on request.

Call us 1-800-225-5135

Louis, Boston.

Cor. Newbury and Berkeley Sts.

THE ONLY WAY TO SEE ASIA

The Eastern & Oriental Express is the new deluxe train by the same company who revived the Venice Simplon-Orient-Express.

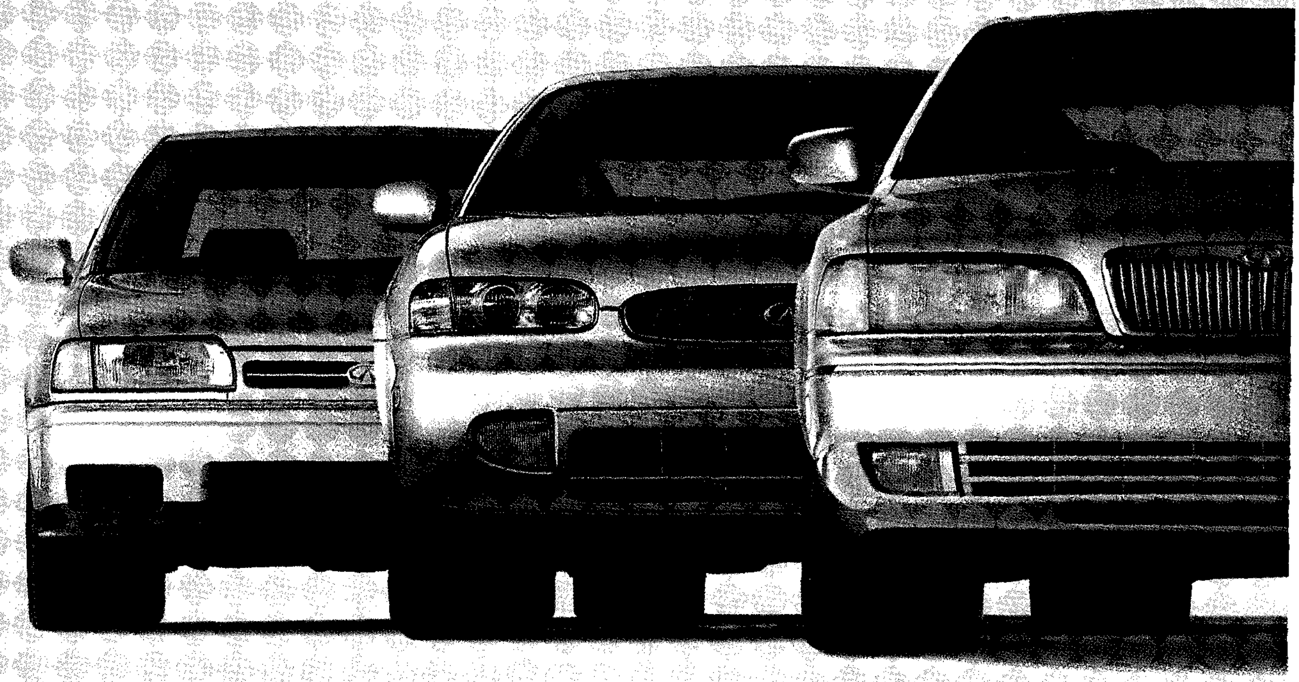
Its route from Singapore to Bangkok, offers unrivalled views of the jungles, mountains and coastlines of Malaysia and Thailand. Luxurious air-conditioned compartments, immaculate service and first class cuisine make this truly one of the great travel experiences of our time, and the perfect centerpiece to a Far East vacation.

Tickets start from $1130 and full details are in our new launch brochure. Telephone **(800) 524 2420** or contact your local travel agent.

EASTERN & ORIENTAL EXPRESS E&O

SINGAPORE - KUALA LUMPUR - BANGKOK

We never forget our manners.
Apparently, neither do our customers.

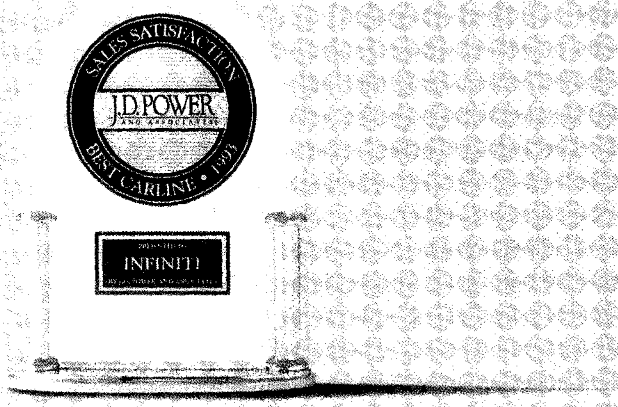


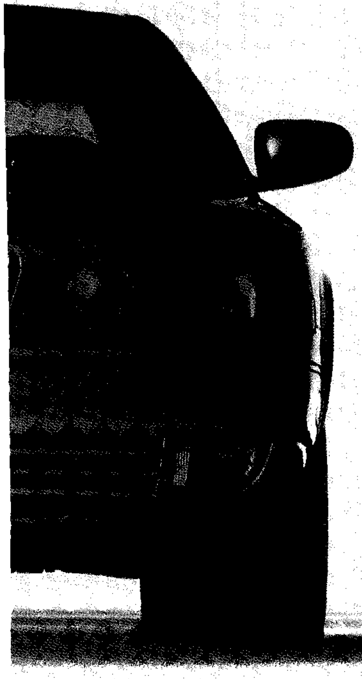
Infiniti G20® Infiniti J30® Infiniti Q4

Call 1-800-826-6500 to learn more about Infiniti or to arrange a Guest Drive.

© 1993 Infiniti Division of Nissan Motor Corporation U.S.A.

*J.D. Power and Associates 1993 Sales Satisfaction Study.™ Study based on a total of 33,691 consumer responses. **Subject to availability.





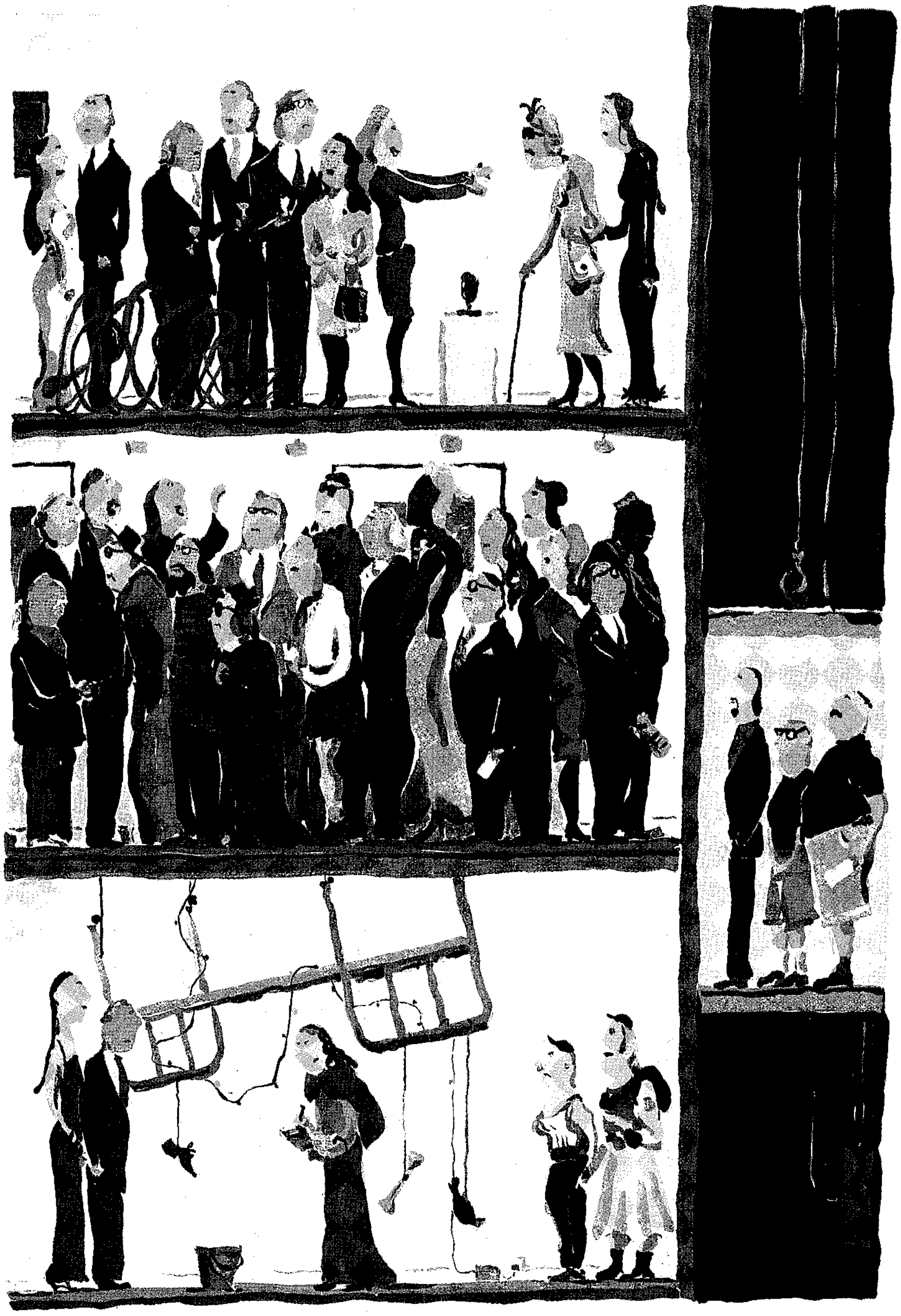
When over 33,000 people told J.D. Power and Associates how they felt about their recent car purchase, new Infiniti® owners seemed to have some rather fond memories of the experience. In fact, their responses not only made us the Best Overall Carline in Sales Satisfaction, but resulted in the highest score in the award's seven-year history.*

At Infiniti, we set out to create a showroom environment unlike anything else in the world. Where car buyers are treated like guests instead of numbers. What's more, commitments to owners aren't made in haste, but honored with benefits like 24-hour Roadside Assistance, trip interruption benefits and free loaner cars with scheduled service.** Evidently that's something people don't soon forget.

No, Infiniti is not your typical car buying experience, but then Infiniti is not your typical luxury car. Visit your Infiniti showroom for a Guest Drive® and sample both. We promise to be on our best behavior. But then, we always are.

It's everything that's possible.℠

INFINITI®



The gallery season begins.

JEAN-PHILIPPE DELHOMME

tributions to twentieth-century ceramics of this husband-and-wife team. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ "Edible Drawings" by John Cage. Experiments in handmade paper by the late composer. Through Oct. 10. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Artists in the Marketplace" features thirty-five emerging New York artists. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ "Another Perspective: Selections from the Permanent Collection." Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Mechanical Brides: Women and Machines from Home to Office." This lighthearted exhibition examines the traditional link between "women's work" and home and office appliances. Telling contraptions and vintage advertisements are on display: classic telephones and washing machines in kitschy pastels; anthropomorphic ironing boards and eroticized toasters; impossibly sexist copy, such as a 1966 electric-mixer ad ("I love being whipped by my Dormeyer") and a 1962 Frigidaire ad that promises "A good washer is like a good man." Everything here was designed and marketed—by men, no doubt—with the unfulfilled American housewife and secretary in mind. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"Eighteenth-Century Dutch Watercolors from the Rijksmuseum Printroom, Amsterdam." More than seventy vintage drawings from Holland. Starts Sept. 14. . . . ¶ A permanent installation of blue-and-white Chinese porcelain, dating from the fifteenth century to the early nineteenth. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibition celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Merrymount Press and the work of its founder, the master typographer Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860-1941). Starts Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5)

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—"From the Inside Out" showcases eight contemporary international artists, including Christian Boltanski and Nancy Spero. . . . ¶ Prints, drawings, and other works on paper in "Collecting for the Twenty-first Century: Recent Acquisitions and Promised Gifts." Through Sept. 12. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Home and the World: Architectural Sculpture by Aboudramane and Bodys Isek Kingelez." Aboudramane, who hails from the Ivory Coast but lives in Paris, creates bright-colored, often fantastical structures—one of his buildings has horns. Kingelez, who is from Zaire, combines urban African design with international architecture. Through Sept. 26. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Presents of the Past" showcases recent gifts to the museum, from Tiffany silver to a painted Puerto Rican crucifix. Through Oct. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"American Treasures." Nineteenth-century paintings from the museum's permanent collection. Through Sept. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Trade Routes" features nineteen artists whose work explores the globalization of trade and culture. Starts Sept. 10. . . . ¶ "Testimonio," a collaborative installation by and about Latin Americans living in New York that includes mural paintings, works on paper, and photography. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Dandies and Decadence: British Writers at the Turn of the Century" includes first editions, illustrations, and manuscripts from the library's Berg Collection. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ "Self-Evidence: Self-Portraits in Prints and Photographs." Artists as they see themselves, from a 1512 Dürer print through Allen Ginsberg's 1972 self-portrait, taken while the poet was high on hallucinogenic mushrooms. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—The library devotes its entire space to "Jazz," featuring more than four hundred original scores and arrangements, rare manuscripts, film footage, photographs from the forties to the sixties, and radio broadcasts from the thirties. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Ante América" ("Regarding America") features work in mixed mediums by more than twenty African, Caribbean, and Native American artists. Through Sept. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

SEASON OPENERS—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"New York, New York"—This judiciously assembled show of paintings, drawings, watercolors, and prints produced in the city between 1850 and 1950, by John Marin, Joseph Stella, and others, begins with images of the all but vanished city of Henry James's "Washington Square" and leaves off just as the Abstract Expressionists were poised to conquer the world. There are a few abiding sights, like Trinity Church, in a landscape by the French-born Régis Gignoux, and the Staten Island Ferry, in Francis Silva's luminous vista of moonlight over the harbor. New York as we know it emerges in the nineteen-twenties: an archetypally modern metropolis of severe angularity and vertiginous perspectives, seen in a series of precisionist lithographs made between 1926 and 1930 by Louis Lozowick. Opens Sept. 7. Through Oct. 30. (York, 21 E. 65th St. Open Mondays; Closed Saturdays.)

Hannelore Baron (1926-87)—Collages and box constructions incorporating found materials, made between 1970 and 1987. Opens Sept. 10. Through Oct. 16. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Bergt—A Santa Fe artist who uses that age-old and most delicate of mediums egg tempera but applies it to up-to-date subject matter. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 9. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Herman Cherry (1909-92)—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 2. (Dintenfass and Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael David—A new "Wolfen Series"—paintings exploring the notion of "werewolf." Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 7. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract paintings. Opens Sept. 14. Through Oct. 9. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Andy Goldsworthy—Photos of this Scottish artist's site-specific works (with leaves, bark, thorns, sticks, pebbles) in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and New York's Central Park, plus some leaf sculptures and installations. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 16. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—Monumental watercolors of forests in the Catskills and the Champlain Valley, done in the artist's Tribeca studio. Opens Sept. 10. Through Oct. 2. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73) / **Fridel Dzubas**—Paintings from 1940 to 1972 by the Danish co-founder of the Cobra movement. / Paintings from the sixties through the early eighties, the period of the artist's color-field work. Through Sept. 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Kulicke—Kulicke, who is known for his still-lifes, is as concerned with what supports a painting as with the painting itself. The exhibition includes twenty-five precise replications of twelfth- to seventeenth-century frames. And, in order not to upstage the frames, he has used mirrors in place of paintings. Opens Sept. 7. Through Oct. 9. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Holly Lane—A young California artist who emulates such early Renaissance masters as van Eyck and Grünewald in idiosyncratic narrative paintings mounted in classic panelled frames. Opens Sept. 8. Through Oct. 9. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Circle paintings. Opens Sept. 8. Through Oct. 2. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

André Masson—(1896-1987)—Paintings and drawings. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 9. (Cavaliero, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gerhard Richter—The first show in three years of paintings by this German artist, who continues his investigation of the abstract. (There is also, surprisingly, a sole realistic floral work.) Opens Sept. 10. Through Oct. 23. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—A mini-retrospective that ranges from the "Electric Chair" paintings of the sixties to a current Pop series. Opens Sept. 10. Through Oct. 16. (Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Viti—Paintings reflecting gay concerns, incorporating a motif from a Marsden Hartley painting: a cruciform intended as an elegy to a lover lost in the Second World War. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 2. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jamie Wyeth—"Islands": paintings from the past thirty years of Monhegan Island and Southern Island (where the artist is the sole resident). Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 9. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

"The Bestiary"—Animals in contemporary art by Gregory Crewdson, Dennis Oppenheim, Alexis Rockman, and others. Opens Sept. 8. Through Oct. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

SEASON OPENERS—DOWNTOWN

"Seven Miles a Second"—With his death last year from AIDS-related causes, David Wojnarowicz achieved a bleak closure to his conscious self-mythologization, pursued in his art and writing. As a kind of martyr to the Reagan-Bush era, and to the homophobic and spiritual sickness he believed pervaded American life, Wojnarowicz remains an exemplary figure of our fearful times. "Seven Miles a Second," a collaborative comic book by Wojnarowicz and James Romberger, describes the arc of Wojnarowicz' life, from his youth as a hustler on the streets of New York to a maturity shadowed by the quotidian horrors of AIDS. The rough and seedy style of Romberger's illustrations provides a perfect foil for Wojnarowicz' text. "Seven Miles a Second" veers between an almost unbearably gritty naturalism and the incendiary heat of surrealist hallucination. Even the rare moments of sexual tenderness and reverie are tainted by an atmosphere of apocalypse. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 9. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Carl Andre—Poems that are not unrelated to his minimalist sculptures: e.g., "dead brown owl/ dead brown owl/on the gravel/on the road/at the pit/at the meadows/dead brown girl brown/ wing under head, lounging." Opens Sept. 10. Through Oct. 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Gregory Botts—Landscapes revealing a nostalgia for the mythology of the American West. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 9. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Helene Brandt—Architectonic steel sculptures of evolutionary forms. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 16. (Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St.)

Squeak Carnwath—Big, translucent paintings incorporating color-coördinated words. "What Is Blue," for example, has layers of blue and contains a list of things that can be blue, such as Mondays, water, and blood. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 2. (Ledisflam, 130 Prince St.)

Viola Frey—Monumental ceramic figures, plus a twenty-five-foot-long tile wall with figures tumbling across it. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 20. (Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway.)

Roni Horn—A new sculpture installation, "When Dickinson Shut Her Eyes," in which each line of an Emily Dickinson poem is cast in an aluminum-and-plastic bar and propped upright against the wall. (They read vertically.) Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 30. (Boone, 417 W. Broadway.)

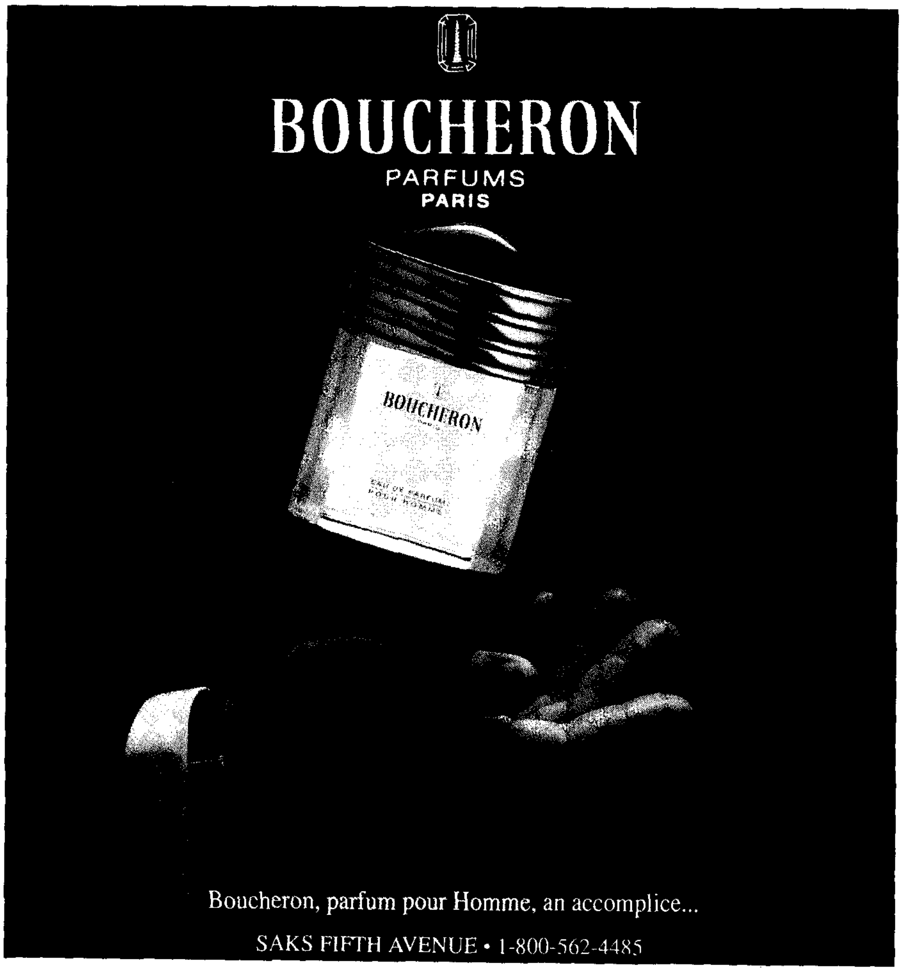
Peter Hristoff—Paintings by a New York artist whose Turkish heritage is evident in his imagery, sense of color, and small scale. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 9. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—"Death and Immortality," two installations by these self-styled instigators. The first is a series of paintings about a fictional suicide in a New Jersey motel room; the second consists of a number of proposals in the form of maquettes for the reuse of totalitarian monuments in the former U.S.S.R. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . **note:** Drawings, sketches, photographs, and written proposals by an international cast of a hundred and fifty artists, invited by Komar and Melamid to envision the future of Soviet monuments, are on view in the Courtyard Gallery, at the World Financial Center. Through Oct. 3.

Mark Millof—Millof squeezes tube after tube of paint on canvas to create a mostly monochromatic, thickly textured surface. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 9. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

Kathy Muehlemann—Grisaille paintings with scratchy-textured surfaces. Opens Sept. 9. Through Oct. 13. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Peter Nadin / John Baldessari—Allegorical paintings that combine realism, abstraction, and sometimes language, by a British artist living in New York. / "Working Materials,"


BOUCHERON
PARFUMS
PARIS
BOUCHERON
Boucheron, parfum pour Homme, an accomplice...
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE • 1-800-562-4485

We are pleased to announce

James Graham & Sons
incorporated

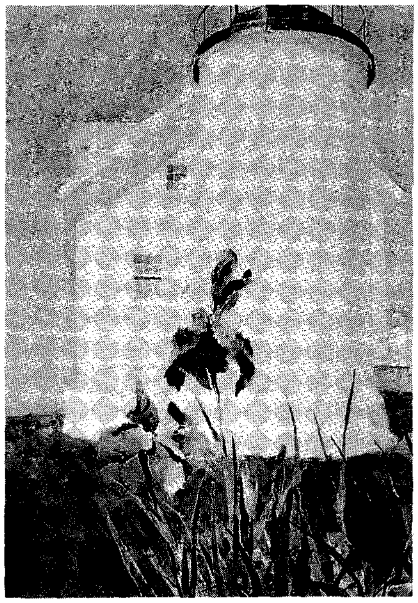
in association with

Nicholas Wyeth, Inc.

now represents

the work of

–Jamie Wyeth–



Lighthouse Iris, 1993

Inaugural Exhibition

JAMIE WYETH: ISLANDS

September 11 - October 9, 1993

JAMES GRAHAM & SONS
INCORPORATED
ESTABLISHED 1857
1014 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021
(212) 535-5767

among them collages of found photographs and photocopies or of marked-up drawings. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 9. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Soren—Soren, a former dissident artist from Moscow, is now preoccupied with a series of paintings of New York, where he currently lives. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 16. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Andrew Spence—Bold abstract paintings in luminous colors. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Alan Uglow—Paintings and three-dimensional forms. Opens Sept. 14. Through Oct. 9. (Stark, 594 Broadway.)

Robert Yarber—Nocturnal scenes. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 9. (Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway.)

"The Medium Is the Medium"—Twelve artists whose work focusses on the process or the material. Opens Sept. 11. Through Oct. 9. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

OTHER VENUES

"Botero in New York"—Botero's gargantuan bronze figures have taken over the Park Avenue Mall from 54th to 61st Sts. Through Nov. 14. (An exhibition of Botero's monumental sculptures and drawings on canvas opens Sept. 14 at Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Red Grooms—Sculptural interpretations of some of New York's most famous icons. Visitors can walk into a subway car complete with a spring-mounted floor; sit in the back of an oversized cab that has large video screens of animated traffic on three sides; and climb to the top of the World Trade Center for a breathtaking view of the real star of the show, the majestic, newly renovated Main Waiting Room. Through Oct. 11. (Grand Central Terminal. Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

IBM Gallery of Science and Art—"Vassar College Art Collection" showcases one of the best art-history departments in the country. . . . ¶ "Twentieth-Century Works from the University of Iowa Museum of Art" features an impressive group of German Expressionist paintings. Through Sept. 11. (590 Madison Ave., at 56th St. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Socrates Sculpture Park—The work of fifty New York artists is on display in the biggest show ever at this riverfront lot in Long Island City, approximately across the East River from Gracie Mansion. The work ranges from sinister (Itty Neuhaus's black net draped over street lights) and sly (Gregg LeFevre's gourds hanging in a tree) to funny (Kurt Novak's giant pink mama kangaroo) and fragrant (Antoinette Ayres' ten-foot-high beehive tomb). The structural-steel sculptures of the park's founder, Mark di Suvero, anchor it all against the Manhattan skyline. (Vernon Boulevard at Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

For Everyone's Eyes

JOEL MEYEROWITZ'S "Bay/Sky" (Bulfinch Press), a dreamy and gorgeous opus of waterscapes shot on Cape Cod, is about to hit the bookstores. It's a testimony to the infinite variations an astute observer can find in what others regard as an unchanging scene. It's also an exquisite example of the range and subtleties that are possible in color photography. Also just out is Lee Friedlander's "Letters from the People" (D.A.P.), which begins by presenting the alphabet via photographs of letters inscribed in public places. The book is a masterwork about photography and language, a joyous feat of sequencing, and a loving record of the everyday signs around us and the messages that people scribble on public surfaces for all the world to see. Friedlander's book, like Meyerowitz's, is a demonstration of the way a sharp eye can find variety and specificity in things others take for granted.

Both projects were many years in the making, and they're de-luxe productions, but their contents are anything but élite. These are books for all of us, about familiar feelings and beautiful things that anyone can recognize, like a sunset in "Bay/Sky," or like the last image in "Letters from the People": on a wall in the harbor of Hong Kong someone has written, "Every day I calls a phone to her. Every night I dreams for her."

Ansel Adams—In addition to his classic vistas, this exhibit also includes work that serves as a reminder of Adams' ability to take great portraits, casual shots, and the occasional modernist abstraction. Through Sept. 11. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Patrick Faigenbaum—A series of black-and-white portraits. Starts Sept. 11. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Chin-san Long—The forty-six photographs here (mostly black-and-white, some sepia or blue), dating from 1933 to 1988, imitate traditional Chinese landscape, animal, and flower paintings, and represent Long's photographic application of a sixth-century theory of painting: add what's missing, remove what's superfluous. He calls them "composite pictures" and creates them by combining negatives. (Some appear to use drawing as well as photography.) Several achieve quintessentially Chinese manipulations of scale—for example, a toy house, a pebble, and a bit of dirt turn tiny twigs and fronds into towering trees. Long, who is a hundred and one and still working, began taking photographs at thirteen and was one of the first photojournalists in China. His career coincides with the history of photography in that country. Through Sept. 17. (Taipei, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St.)

Alfred Stieglitz—Vintage photographs from the collection of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Oct. 23. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Minayoshi Takada—Twenty-six vintage nudes from 1947 to 1950. Through Sept. 18. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Robert Yarber—Large-scale Cibachrome photographs of resorts and amusement parks. Starts Sept. 11. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Outside the Dream: Child Poverty in America." Seventy black-and-white works by photojournalist Stephen Shames. Through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Collaborative Polaroids by artists and teen-agers from New York City. Through Sept. 26. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midt[illegible], Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—Opening-night, backstage, and production shots since 1893, celebrating Broadway's hundredth anniversary. Playwrights, stars, and composers include Tennessee Williams, Al Jolson, Fred Astaire, and George Gershwin. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Fifty photographs by Rick Smolan, accompanied by interactive digital technology, documenting a journey through the Australian outback. Through Oct. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the New York Public Library, and the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts.)

Photo: Minh Nguyen

DOONEY & BOURKE

The All-Weather Leather® Collection is available at 759 Madison Avenue (between 65th and 66th)
212-439-1657, and at Trump Tower, 725 Fifth Avenue, New York 212-308-0520.
For a catalog, call 800-546-0389.

"The Island of Lana'i seems to be sleeping in an earlier era – a truly hidden Hawaii."

–*The Chicago Tribune*

Across the channel from Maui, lies Lana'i, Hawaii's Private Island. Just two luxury hotels share this secluded paradise, both rated by *Zagat's Hotel & Resort Survey* among the finest in the nation. The Mediterranean-inspired Manele Bay Hotel overlooks one of Hawaii's finest beaches while The Lodge at Koele, in the style of a gentlemen's hunting estate, is nestled in the pine-covered uplands.

They also share award-winning cuisine and a range of relaxing distractions. Tennis, horse trails, lawn bowling, croquet, and snorkeling in one of the ten best marine preserves in the world. Golf at Greg Norman's "The Experience at Koele" surrounded by misty pines. Or at the spectacular ocean-view setting of Jack Nicklaus' "The Challenge at Manele", opening Christmas Day.

Room rates from $225 per night. For special packages or more information, call your travel agent or Rockresorts at 1-800-223-7637.

Managed by
ROCKRESORTS INC

LANA'I
HAWAII'S PRIVATE ISLAND

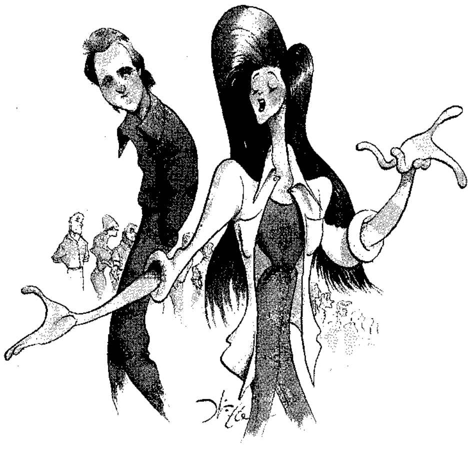
PREFERRED
HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

MUSIC

Keene's Edge

"WHITHER the City Opera" feelings are once again very much in the air, this time around with a sombre tone to them. Some parties close to the company seem to feel that it is in genuine fiscal danger in this fiftieth-anniversary season. But step back a bit and the picture looks as familiar as can be: a plucky, underfunded group forging ahead by leaps and stumbles with a mixture of old favorites (some charmingly done and some mediocre) and adventurous gambles (sometimes hitting the mark, sometimes boring everyone).

This week's gamble is especially auspicious. Michael Tippett's operas have been a strong presence in England for two generations, but of the few important American stagings most have been outside New York. Tippett is a peculiarly difficult composer to place—following in the line of nobody, full of gaucheries that can seem almost amateurish (especially in his libretto writing)—yet he possesses the sure musical and dramatic touch that is given only to the born opera composer. "The Midsummer Marriage," with its odd mysticism, expressive vocal writing, and happy invention, is probably his best opera. The City Opera cast includes Nina Warren, a soprano who has been going from strength to strength in twentieth-century opera. Christopher Keene, the company's audacious director, conducts.



Dennis McNeil and Nina Warren in "The Midsummer Marriage."

MICHAEL WITTE

OPERA

New York City Opera—**THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE,** by Michael Tippett; opening performances of a new production, conducted by Christopher Keene. (Sept. 9 and Sept. 14 at 8.) . . . **CARMEN,** conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Sept. 10 at 8.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** conducted by Mr. Keene. (Sept. 11 at 1:30.) . . . **TURANDOT,** conducted by Mr. Ajmone-Marsan. (Sept. 11 at 8.) . . . **THE MIKADO.** (Sept. 12 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Amato Opera Company—Opening performances of a new production of "Madama Butterfly." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Sept. 11 at 7:30 and Sept. 12 at 2:30. Through Oct. 10.)

Harmonia Opera Company—Presenting the United States première of "Tojin Okichi," an opera by Tohroku Takagi. Its plot exhibits striking similarities to that of "Madama Butterfly," with Townsend Harris (the first United States Consul General to Japan) filling in for Pinkerton as the chief bad guy. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sept. 12 at 3. For information about tickets, call 870-1500.)

ORCHESTRAS

Galatea Ensemble—A newly created, conductorless chamber group takes its first collective bow, playing Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" Overture, Kenneth Lampl's "Lament and Ascension for String Orchestra" (a première), Strauss's Serenade for Winds, and Bizet's evergreen Symphony in C. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sept. 9 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Bargemusic—Pianist Joseph Villa performs Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12; violinist Nai-Yuan Hu and cellist Fred Sherry join him in trios by Debussy and Tchaikovsky. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 9 at 6:30 and Sept. 12 at 4; the Thursday event will be a candlelit concert with dinner preceding.)

Wu Han and the Emerson String Quartet—Taiwanese pianist Wu Han began her musical education at the age of nine, squeezed onto a piano bench amidst her three siblings: her father imagined that having all four of the youngsters practice the same exercises simultaneously—each in the octave of the keyboard within nearest reach—would promote technical mastery while keeping the noise concentrated into a single hour each day. Well, you never know till you try, which the Hans did for about two weeks before the plan proved hopeless. (Imagine the giggles!) Wu Han persevered despite her rocky start, and her efforts were rewarded this summer with the Andrew Wolf Prize, a biennial distinction reserved for a pianist who makes a forceful impact in the field of chamber music. In this concert, she'll anchor a program in which she collaborates with members of the Emerson foursome, in various configurations. On the docket: Brahms' C-Minor Scherzo (with violinist Eugene Drucker), Schumann's "Märchenbilder" (with violist Lawrence Dutton), Beethoven's C-Minor Piano Trio (Op. 1, No. 3, with violinist Philip Setzer and cellist David Finckel, who is the pianist's husband), and Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet (with everybody joining in). (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. Sept. 10-11 at 7:30.)

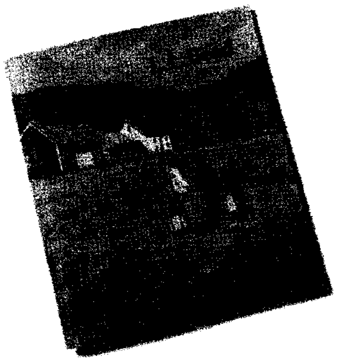
Adrian Carr—Pianist, performing his own works for piano, electronics, and tape. (Music Designs, 40 Prince St. Sept. 11 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ding-Dong—Two carillonneurs affiliated with the bells of Stamford's First Presbyterian Church give the Laura Spelman Rockefel[illegible] Memorial Carillon an ecumenical workout. Sept. 12 at 10:30 A.M. and 12:30: Marietta Storm Douglas. . . . At 3: George Matthew, Jr., ringing music associated with the Jewish High Holy Days. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. No tickets necessary.)

Parthenia—A consort of viols, playing works by Tobias Hume, Marin Marais, and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., the Bronx. Sept. 12 at 11:30 A.M. No tickets necessary, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

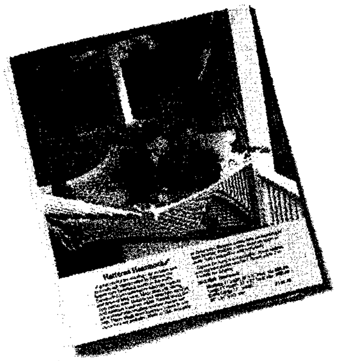
Teatime Trios—Violinist Anton Miller and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform Brahms' D-Minor Violin Sonata; cellist Iris Regev joins

L.L.Discoveries


L.L.Change of Season

L.L.Places to Go

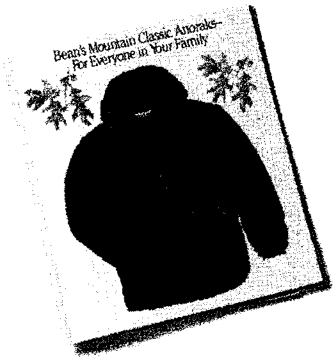
New Sportsmen's Garment Bag
L.L.People to See


L.L.In the Shade

Before You Buy a Tent... Look Under the Flap
L.L.Outdoors

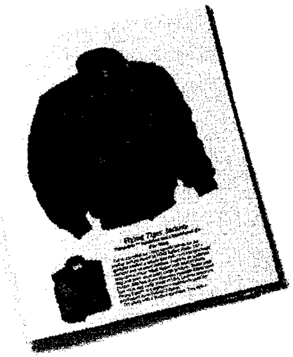
L.L.Indoors

L.L.Outback


Bean's Mountain Classic Anoraks–
For Everyone in Your Family
L.L.Down East

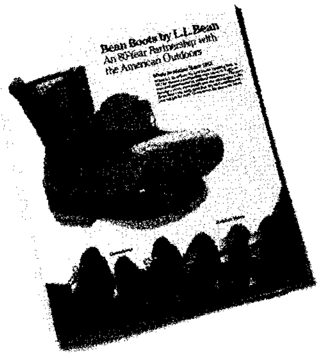
L.L.Bean
kids
L.L.After School

L.L.Perfect Fit

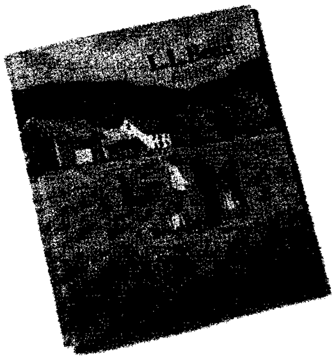

L.L.Classic

Bean's
Wardrobe
Classic in
11 Custom
Colors
L.L.Just for Fun

L.L.Bean
kids
L.L.Bear


Bean Boots by L.L.Bean
An 80-Year Partnership with the American Outdoors
L.L.Guaranteed

Introducing L.L.Bean In-Line Skates
Designed to Grow with Your Ability
L.L.New


L.L.Bean

Call for your L.L.Bean Fall 1993 Catalog. It's Free.

1 800-543-9071

© 1993 L.L.Bean, Inc.

them for Mendelssohn's C-Minor Piano Trio. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Sept. 12 at 6. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 876-6000.)

Catskill Chamber Players—When it comes to sheer inventiveness, few composers in history can hold a candle to Canadian-born Henry Brant. Apart from seeking out the musical possibilities inherent in household objects (such as those in your kitchen) and inventing dozens of new musical instruments, he pioneered modern explorations in spatial music, treating the physical placement of instruments as an aspect of composition on a par with such traditional considerations as pitch, time, and timbre. This concert assembles a concert-length collection of four distinct but related works, together titled "Four Score (1913-1993): Four Late Quartets for Violin, Viola, Tenor-Cello and Cello, with Mezzo-Violin Obligato" (the mezzo-violin and tenor-cello having been invented by the composer to rectify what he considers an imbalance in the disposition of the standard string quartet). Members of the ensemble will be dispersed about the hall to play the four quartets, each of which is dedicated to a different musical figure who supported Brant during his long career: Henry Cowell, Wallingford Riegger, Carl Ruggles, and Nicolas Slonimsky. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 13 at 8, with Mr. Brant delivering comments on his piece beginning at 7:30.)

Vardan Mamikonian—A native of Armenia, Mamikonian turned heads in the musical world through strong showings in piano competitions in Paris (in 1990) and Monte Carlo (last year). His career has begun to flourish with the support of pianists Jörg Demus (with whom he has collaborated in duo-piano performances) and Lazar Berman (who instructs him at the acclaimed piano academy in Imola, Italy), as well as of composer Henri Dutilleux, who has coached Mamikonian in interpreting his compositions. In fact, Dutilleux's "Le Jeu des Contraires" will figure in Mamikonian's New York début recital, along with works by Tchaikovsky, Schubert (the "Wanderer" Fantasy), Debussy ("Estampes"), and Chopin. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 14 at 8.)

Bette Midler begins a six-week run at Radio City Music Hall.

MICHAELE VOLBRACH

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Bette Midler—Laurence Olivier once said that not he but Bette Midler deserved to be called the Entertainer, and the Divine One's new show gives no reason to disagree. Even the familiar trappings—bawdy stories, lots of "girls," mermaids in wheelchairs—have been given a fresh spin. Midler sings the expected ballads ("From a Distance," "Wind Beneath My Wings"), and you may hate yourself for letting them move you, but you'll feel better about the new material—more ballads, of course—and the classy older stuff. Let the tour's name be your guide and "Experience the Divine"—Bette comes around rarely. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Sept. 14 at 8. Through Oct. 23.)

Lenny Kravitz—For anyone trying to appreciate Lenny Kravitz, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Millions of kids with only vague notions of Hendrix, Beatles psychedelia, and early Prince have purchased his records and attended his concerts, and they're satisfied with his professionally rendered retro-sixties rock and funk. Folks with a more serious education in the musical sources Kravitz appropriates tend to feel he crosses the line between borrowing and grave-robbing. His new album, "Are You Gonna Go My Way," is accomplished and successful, but the songs sound like they're being played in a dark, dusty, bong-water-scented room, untouched by the air and light of the present day. (Radio City Music Hall. Sept. 8 at 8.)

Daniel O'Donnell—An Irish country singer might seem like a novelty here in the States, but Mr. O'Donnell, a thirty-one-year-old tenor, is not exactly unknown to country aficionados in the United Kingdom and Ireland: he has ten albums to his credit and a fan club with thousands of members. The Town Hall engagement gives New Yorkers an opportunity to see how this native of County Donegal—yes, his repertoire *does* include "Danny Boy"—measures up against his colleagues from Butcher Holler, Grit, and other familiar spawning grounds. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sept. 8 at 8.)

Kathy Mattea—Compared with all the frisky young gals coming up on the country scene today, Kathy Mattea seems like the thoughtful older sister who has settled down. She is first-rate at combining homely story lines with down-home melodies, and her songbook becomes more distinguished every year. She puts on a fine show. Guy Clark will open. (Town Hall. Sept. 9 at 8.)

Harry Belafonte—They didn't have terms like "world music" back in 1956, when Harry Belafonte's "Calypso" album—featuring those irrepressible classics "Matilda" and the "Banana Boat Song"—awakened North America to the sounds of Caribbean culture. Belafonte was initially perceived as a folk performer, but following the extraordinary success of "Calypso" (reportedly, it was the first LP to sell a million copies) the handsome, honey-voiced singer soon made his mark as an actor—in the film "Island in the Sun"—and was on his way to becoming a versatile, world-renowned pop celebrity. With the exception of benefit performances, he hasn't had a big New York concert in nearly thirty years, so be prepared: when he lets out that inevitable shout of "Day-O" the roof may come off of Avery Fisher Hall. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Sept. 9-11 at 8.)

Bob Dylan/Santana—The latest in Dylan's what-the-hell concert pairings makes even less sense than some of his other recent double bills, but that doesn't mean this evening won't provide musical thrills. Santana has been getting a second wind lately, and Dylan can be expected to put on a great show anytime at all—or not. Let the ticket buyer beware. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Sept. 10-11 at 8.)

Carole King—This show should be a wonderful homecoming for the Brill Building songwriter who composed so many girl-group classics and attained accidental superstardom when "Tapestry" (1971) became one of the most popular records in history. After years of artistic tumult, King has just released a fine album called "Colour of Your Dreams," which features a cluster of classy tunes—most notably the jazz-tinged "Wishful Thinking" and the folk-rocking title track. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 10-11 at 8.)

Connie Francis—Back in the late fifties and early sixties, when she was pouring her heart into songs like "Who's Sorry Now?," "Frankie," and "Where the Boys Are," Connie Francis seemed like the embodiment of Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen"—a girl in a tight dress and lipstick, singing the grownup blues. Pop-music historians haven't treated her kindly, which is unfortunate: as the first female superstar of the rock era (she had fifteen Top Ten records between 1958 and 1962), she was as much an emblem of her generation as Madonna is of hers. Life hasn't always treated her kindly, either (she had a long, difficult recovery from a 1974 motel-room attack), but her voice—and her courage—remain strong. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 11 at 8.)

Aerosmith—Arguably America's preëminent rock band, Aerosmith is currently at the pinnacle of a twenty-year career, and the band's recent seven-figure record deal should keep the boys busy well into the next century, when swivel-hipped, balloon-lipped singer Steven Tyler will be fifty-something. Not to worry. With a classic back catalogue that sounds better every year, Aerosmith will probably swagger on forever. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Sept. 11 at 8.)

Luis Miguel—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 11 at 8.

"Gospel Comes to Broadway"—The Soul Stirrers, the Five Blind Boys, the Harmonizing Four, the Reverend Timothy Wright and His Concert Choir, the Nu-Sionettes, Brother Charlie Storey and the All-Stars, Little Wonder Boy and the Spiritual Voices, the Lester Twins, and Kevin Davis. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 11 at 8.)

Juan Gabriel—Radio City Music Hall. Sept. 11 at 8.

David Crosby and Graham Nash—Carnegie Hall. Sept. 13 at 8.

LeRoy Neiman

CONNIVING, PLOTTING & SCHEMING HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE FUN.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PRESENTS

Falstaff

Sir John Falstaff — liar, lecher, boozer and braggart — didn't know what he was getting himself into when he tangled with the merry wives of Windsor. But his problems are your pleasure thanks to Verdi's charming and lively music.

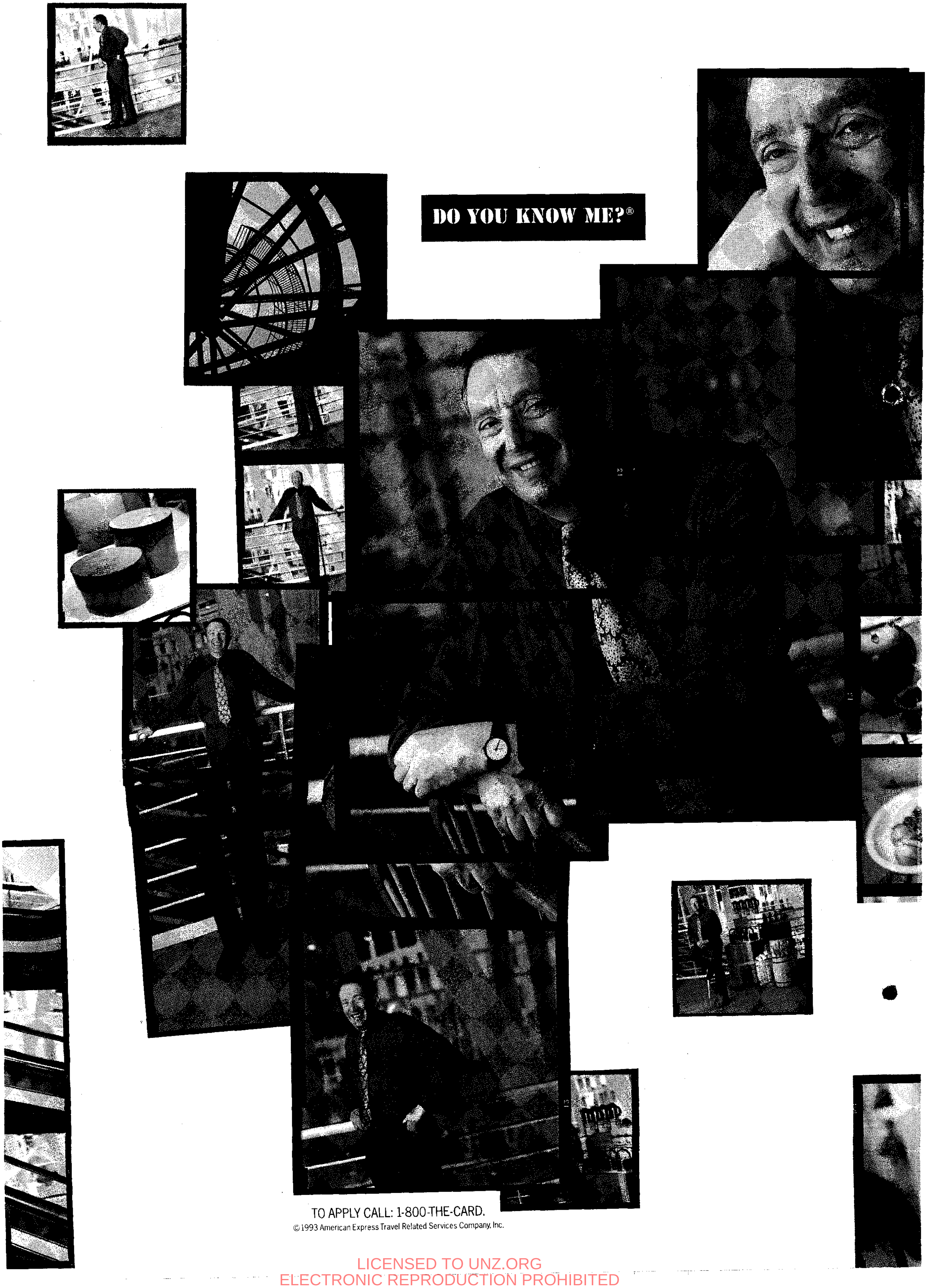
Paul Plishka
Mirella Freni
Marilyn Horne
Bruno Pola
Barbara Bonney
Frank Lopardo
James Levine
conductor

Monday, September 13
at 8 pm Eastern Time on PBS.
Check local listings.
Stereo simulcast in many areas.

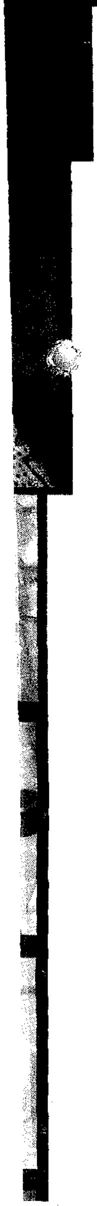
TEXACO
Your ticket to the Met for over 50 years.

Also made possible with additional funding from the Arthur and Alice Adams Foundation, Miami, Florida; the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation; the National Endowment for the Arts; and the members of the Metropolitan Opera Guild.

© 1993 Texaco Inc.


DO YOU KNOW ME?®

TO APPLY CALL: 1-800-THE-CARD.
©1993 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.



So we thought there had to be other young couples like us with good taste and no money. We were 23 years old and we really had no understanding of retail. But we were very ambitious and very hungry.

The name Crate & Barrel just kind of evolved. When we first started, we had no money for fixtures, so we simply turned over the packing crates and barrels. Then we stacked up the dinnerware and glassware, and said, 'That'll tell a story that you can't tell any other way.'

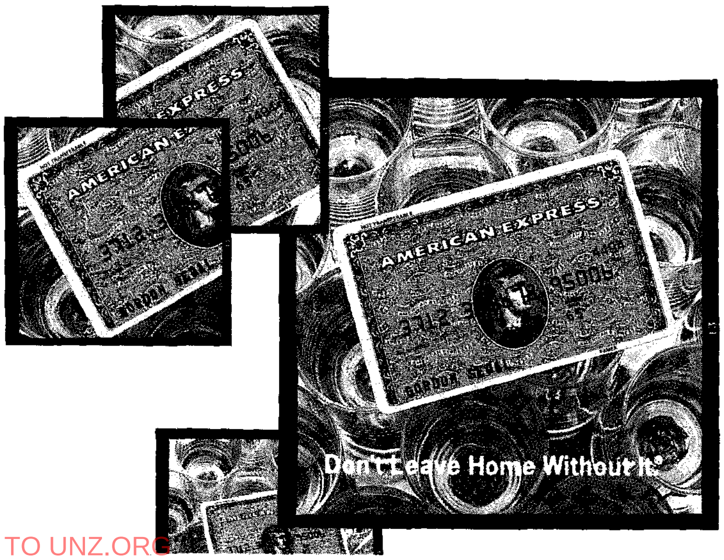
> **“WHEN WE GOT MARRIED, EVERYTHING WE LOVED WAS TOO EXPENSIVE, AND EVERYTHING WE COULD AFFORD WAS TOO UGLY.”**

It's not exciting to sell beautiful things people can't afford. But if they can afford them they get excited, because they can own them. So that's our merchandising philosophy. Nowadays, things have to be accessible. We want people to pick them up and touch them. We want people to see something and say to themselves, 'I love this. Wow, I can buy this.'

I certainly think that seeing a sign on a store window welcoming the American Express® Card makes you feel comfortable. You're not worrying about whether or not you can pay for something. And that can only be good for business.

American Express reminds you it takes a lot of shopping to make a house a home. Gordon would like to remind you they're open tonight.

Gordon Segal
Co-Founder, Crate & Barrel



PRIVATE INVESTING

If the DOW is up, the Nikkei is down, and the FT100 is mixed, where are you?

When your investment portfolio is managed by Swiss Bank Corporation, you're in an excellent position to respond to changing market conditions worldwide.

That's because Swiss Bank Corporation has over 100 years of global investment experience and worldwide capabilities—including more than 100 financial analysts and 88 offices in 34 countries—so we're able to move in and out of markets quickly to our clients' advantage. In short, we can capture opportunities in various markets—from the Dow and the Nikkei to the FT100 and numerous other exchanges around the world. Opportunities that complement and enhance our clients' specific financial goals.

If you're an investor with substantial assets and would like more information, in New York City, call Hanspeter A. Walder (212) 574-3374. In San Francisco, call Diane Spirandelli, (415) 774-3324. In Los Angeles, call Raymond Simon, (213) 625-1926.

Swiss Bank Corporation
Schweizerischer Bankverein
Société de Banque Suisse

THE KEY SWISS BANK

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, Sept. 10 at 7:40 and Sept. 11-12 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, Sept. 13-14 at 7:40.

YANKEES—Away until Sept. 16, when they'll face the Boston Red Sox.

GIANTS—Vs. the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Sept. 12 at 1.

JETS—Away until Sept. 26, when they'll face the New England Patriots.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111.)

CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS

U.S. OPEN—The world's finest players take over the courts at the U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, in Flushing Meadow, through Sept. 12. (1-718 271-5100.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

GET IN-LINE—Strap on your blades. The New York City Skate Marathon, the in-line crowd's annual competition, will start at 11 on Sept. 10, at Central Park S. and Seventh Ave. Events include ten- and twenty-kilometre races, but the true speed demons will be out to beat Derek Parra's course record—one hour, twenty-eight minutes, and fifteen seconds—for the fifty-kilometre event (five times around Central Park). (For more information, call 534-7858.) . . . ¶ The charity-minded may want to participate in a rollathon, which kicks off at 5:30, at Central Park S. and Seventh Ave. For those seeking vicarious thrills, stunt skating at Wollman Rink begins at 7; for fashion-conscious rollerheads, the show includes the latest in equipment and Lycra clothing. (For more information, call 407-9827.)

BLOCK THAT ART—It's a block party, SoHo style. Some thirty galleries on and near Wooster St. will open new shows on Sept. 11, between 5 and 8. You can pick up a list of participating galleries that day at the Drawing Center (35 Wooster St.). The artfulness will continue, from 8 to 10, with the Lot, a free alfresco evening of poetry readings and acoustical-music performances, on the southeast corner of Wooster and Broome Sts.

VIA SAN GENNARO—The annual feast of San Gennaro is named for the patron saint of Naples, who, as bishop of Benevento, survived being thrown into a furnace but was beheaded in A.D. 305. According to legend, a dried sample of his blood, which has been preserved in Naples, liquefies on Sept. 19, the anniversary of his martyrdom. The festival gets started on Sept. 9, and will offer plenty of zeppole and Italian sausage, as well as carnival games and traditional Italian music. (Mulberry St. between Canal and Prince Sts. Sept. 9-14, from 11 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. Through Sept. 19.)

HOPPING ISLAND—Rodeo comes to Staten Island, complete with Brahma-bull riding, calf roping, and barrel racing. The Arawak Mountain Singers and the Weekend Cowboys will provide musical entertainment. (East Shore Little League field, Father Capadano Blvd. between Sea View Ave. and Sand Lane, Staten Island. Sept. 10 [illegible] 8, Sept. 11 at 2 and 8, and Sept. 12 at 2. For more information, call 1-718 448-2211.)

PARTY BOAT—Ahoy, mateys! The U.S.S. Intrepid is calling all landlubbers to climb aboard and jig to the tunes of the Swing Fever Orchestra, during the ship's annual benefit fall ball. (46th St. at the Hudson River. Sept. 11, from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. For more information, call 478-9331.)

GAY CELLULOID—Mix, the seventh New York Lesbian & Gay Experimental Film/Video Festival, will screen more than two hundred and fifty works, including "Un Chant d'Amour" (Jean Genet's only film) and "Numbering Bad Fruit," an animated film about AIDS. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. For a complete schedule, call 925-5883. Sept. 9-19.)

Pedal Power—On Sept. 12, from noon to 7, in Union Square Park, Transportation Alternatives will present the annual Human Propulsion Fair, which features several human-powered vehicles, from your standard two-wheeler to the recumbent bicycle, as well as mountain bikes, in-line skates, and pedal taxis, all of which participants are encouraged to test-drive. There will also be ecologically correct music, food, crafts, and propaganda. The New York City Century Ride-a-thon, a hundred-mile bike and in-line-skate tour of New York, will leave from Union Square at 6 A.M. For information on participating, call 475-4600.

Autumn Already?—Live sheep ready for shearing, artisans from nearly forty states, and plenty of chow are featured in the ninth annual Autumn Crafts Festival. (Fordham University's Lincoln Center Campus, 62nd St. and Columbus Ave. Sept. 11-12, from 11 to 7.)

How to Keep 'em Down on the Farm—The annual arts festival at Dyckman Farmhouse on Sept. 12 will include a poetry reading by John Delmar and other local poets at 1, a performance by saxophonist John Simon and guitarist Joe Cohn at 2:30, and the Joanie Madden Irish Folk Ensemble at 4. (4881 Broadway, at 204th St. 304-9422.)

Artful Wares at Washington Square—More than three hundred and fifty artists and craftspeople will participate in the sixty-second annual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, which will line the park's neighboring streets. Sept. 11-12, from noon to sundown.

Puck in the Park—Free outdoor theatre. Gorilla Rep concludes its annual run of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the southwest corner of Washington Square Park. (Sept. 11-12 at 8.)

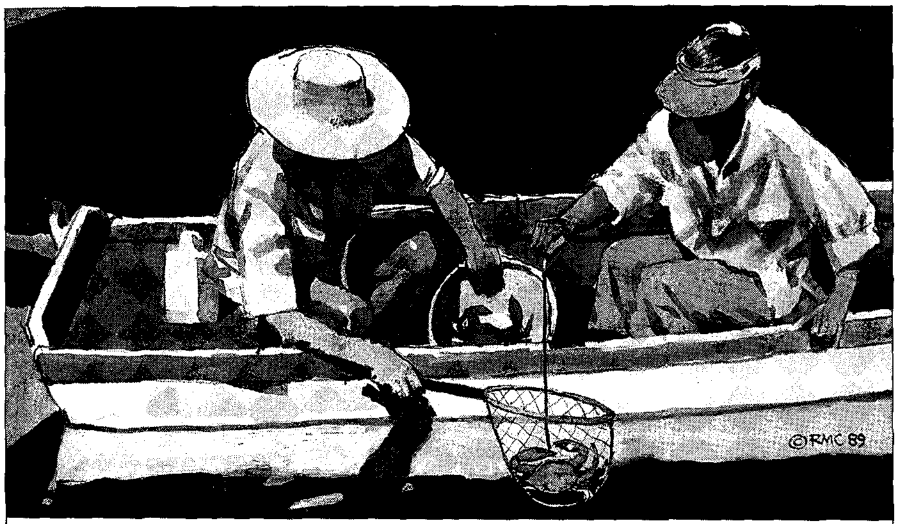
Readings—Sept. 8 at 6: Marian Seldes and Alla Demidova will read the poems of Anna Akhmatova and Marina Tsvetayeva. (Hudson River Park, Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 8: Catherine Bush, Emmy Hunter, and Donald Moss will read from their own work. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, below Houston St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the reading.) . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 8: Tracy Kidder will read from "Old Friends," his new book about aging. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st. St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 8: Rosemary Mahoney will read from her new book, "Whoredom in Kimmage," about women in Ireland. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: Galway Kinnell and Lucille Clifton will read from their own poetry. (Hudson River Park, Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Sept. 9 at 7: Psychiatrist and professor Robert Coles, whose most recent book is "The Call of Service," will give a talk about volunteer work and the civil-rights movement. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6:30: Trumpeters Terence Blanchard and Roy Hargrove will talk about composing jazz, in anticipation of the première later this month of pieces commissioned from them by Jazz at Lincoln Center. (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, Broadway at 65th St. 721-6500.) . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: Maurice Sendak will talk about taking risks during the creative process. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 8: Actor Richard Dreyfuss will be interviewed by Charlie Rose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Tours & Walks—Sept. 11 at noon and 2:30: Big Onion Walking Tours will take in Governors Island. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 1: Sing it! "George Washington Bridge, George Washington Washington Bridge." Insider's New York will help visitors see the great expanse from both ends. For more information, call 397-3809. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 1: Radical Walking Tours will foment revolution, with visits to the Greenwich Village of Emma Goldman and John Reed. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069.

MISSONI

New York
836 Madison Avenue
Tel. 212/517.9339
Fax 212/439.6037



ON DATAW ISLAND, THE CATCH OF THE DAY IS UP TO YOU.

And if you're lucky, you'll be dining on shrimp, blue crab or flounder. Located just six miles east of Beaufort, SC, Dataw Island is abundant with wildlife. And surrounded with clean air and pristine water. Here in this private, uncrowded community, our leisure time is divided between championship golf, tennis, swimming, boating and fishing. And our clubhouse serves some of the finest food in the Carolina Lowcountry. Homesites begin at $40,000. And homes, with site, range from $150,000 to over $500,000. To learn more, come for a Dataw Discovery Getaway. Just don't forget your tackle box. *Discover Dataw Island.* **1-800-848-3838.**

DATAW ISLAND

Dataw Island Realty, P.O. Box 819, Beaufort, SC 29901, (803) 838-3838. Arthur F. Levin, Broker in Charge. Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. This offer void where prohibited by law. Offering Statement available from subdivider. An Offering Statement has been filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission N.J. Reg. #15-121/4. Filing with New York Secretary of State is not approval of merits of offering (NYA-87-148). A Community by Alcoa Properties, Inc ALCOA MN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 35.

EAST SIDE

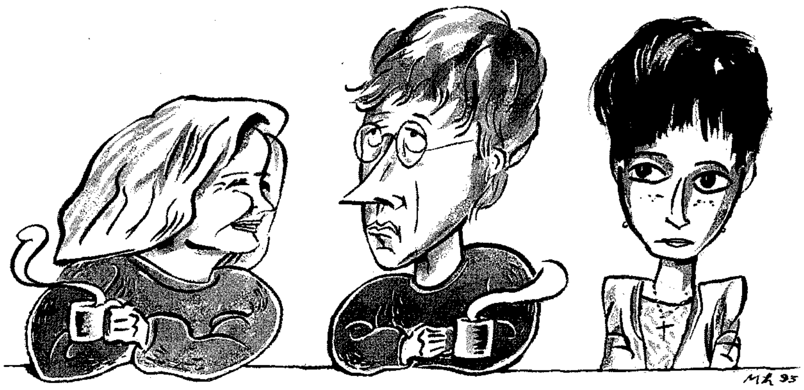
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Amongst Friends" (†).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (directed by Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: "*Especially on Sunday*" (Marco Tullio Giordana, Giuseppe Bertolucci, and Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Johnny Guitar" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "Rookie of the Year" (Daniel Stern); and "Only the Strong" (Sheldon Lettich). From Sept. 10: "True Romance" (Tony Scott).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 9: "The Secret Garden" (†). From Sept 10: "True Romance."

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 2: "Searching for Bobby Fischer" (Steven Zaillian).
Theatre 3: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack).
Theatre 4: "Boxing Helena" (†).
Theatre 5: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson), with Gibson.
Theatre 7: "The Fugitive" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sex Is . . ." (Marc Huestis), a documentary.



Sinead Cusack, Stephen Rea, and Saira Todd in "Bad Behavior."

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena).
Theatre 3: "Calendar Girl" (John Whitesell).
Theatre 4: "Equinox" (Alan Rudolph).
Theatre 5: "House of Angels" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 9: "Son of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Roberto Benigni. From Sept. 10: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes.
Theatre 7: "The Ballad of Little Jo" (Maggie Greenwald), with Suzy Amis.

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Calendar Girl" (John Whitesell).
Theatre 2: "Needful Things" (Fraser C. Heston).
Theatre 3: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 4: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 5: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena).
Theatre 6: "The Fugitive" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Calendar Girl" (John Whitesell).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "Son of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Sept. 10: "Leon the Pig Farmer" (Vadim Jean and Gary Sinyor).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 9: "Needful Things" (Fraser C. Heston). From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
Theatre 4: "Boxing Helena" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena).
Theatre 2: "Fortress" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 3: "The Fugitive" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 9: "Hard Target" (†).
From Sept. 10: "The Real McCoy" (Russell Mulcahy), with Kim Basinger and Val Kilmer.

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack). From Sept. 10: "The Seventh Coin" (Dror Soref), with Peter O'Toole.
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"El Cid" (1961, Anthony Mann).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Hard Target" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fortress" (Stuart Gordon).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Heart and Souls" (Ron Underwood).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rising Sun" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 2: "Boxing Helena" (†).
Theatre 3: "Betty" (Claude Chabrol; in French).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "Son of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).
Theatre 4: "Needful Things" (Fraser C. Heston).
Theatre 5: "Calendar Girl" (John Whitesell).
Theatre 6: "The Secret Garden" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Searching for Bobby Fischer" (Steven Zaillian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 9: "The Ballad of Little Jo" (Maggie Greenwald), with Suzy Amis.
From Sept. 10: "Leon the Pig Farmer" (Vadim Jean and Gary Sinyor).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Boxing Helena" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Hard Target" (†).
Theatre 2: "In the Line of Fire" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson), with Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 3: "Fortress" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 4: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "The Secret Garden" (†); and (evenings only) "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 6: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Sept. 9: "Needful Things" (Fraser C. Heston). From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Calendar Girl" (John Whitesell).
Theatre 2: "Son of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Once Upon a Time in China Part 2" (directed by Tsui Hark; in Cantonese, with Chinese and English subtitles).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Stepping Razor-Red X" (Nicholas Campbell); and "Forbidden Love: The Unashamed Stories of Lesbian Lives" (Aerlyn Weissman and Lynne Fernie).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Fortress" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 2: "Hard Target" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "Needful Things" (Fraser C. Heston). From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
Theatre 2: "Rising Sun" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair).
Theatre 2: "Tokyo Decadence" (Ryu Murakami).
Theatre 3: "Split" (Ellen Fisher Turk and Andrew Weeks), a documentary.
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson), with Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 3: "Hard Target" (†).
Theatre 4: "Rising Sun" (†).
Theatre 5: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 9: "Heart and Souls" (Ron Underwood). From Sept. 10: "The Real McCoy" (Russell Mulcahy).
Theatre 7: Through Sept. 9: "Son of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
Theatre 8: "Fortress" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 9: "The Secret Garden" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Only the Strong" (Sheldon Lettich).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer); and (evenings only) "Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rookie of the Year" (Daniel Stern); and "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"In the Line of Fire" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Theatre 2: "Heart and Souls" (Ron Underwood), with Robert Downey, Jr.
Theatre 3: "Rookie of the Year" (Daniel Stern); and "Poetic Justice" (John Singleton).
Theatre 4: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 5: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer).
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "Tom and Jerry—The Movie" (Phil Roman), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

MARCELLUS HALL

"The first time I gave her a diamond ring she could barely speak for a week."

I'll always remember that face. The smile bordering on a tear. Silence as powerful as music. Eyes as lively as the diamond I nervously slipped on her finger. And now that we have come so far together, perhaps now is the moment to celebrate that love, once again, with a diamond as exceptional as our love.

Exceptional woman.
Exceptional diamond.

An exceptional diamond of two carats, or more, is so rare that fewer than one percent of women will ever own one. If you are considering an important diamond gift for your wife, like this ring featuring a brilliantly cut 2.06-carat center stone, simply call for your guide to a diamond's quality and value, as well as the name of your local expert diamond jeweler. 1-800-557-1778

De Beers

A diamond is forever.

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Especially on Sunday" (Marco Tullio Giordana, Giuseppe Bertolucci, and Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Ballad of Little Jo" (Maggie Greenwald).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Tokyo Decadence" (Ryu Murakami).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"King of the Hill" (Steven Soderbergh).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Road Scholar" (Roger Weisberg).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through Sept. 9: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 2: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 9: "The Wedding Banquet" (†). From Sept. 10: "Samba Traoré" (Idrissa Quédraogo, in Mooré).
Theatre 5: "Guelwaar" (Ousmane Sembène, in French and Wolof).
Theatre 6: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Rising Sun" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Needful Things" (Fraser C. Heston).
Theatre 2: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 3: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 4: "Searching for Bobby Fischer" (Steven Zaillian).
Theatre 5: "Fortress" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "The Secret Garden" (†); and (evenings only) "The Fugitive" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "Son of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "Calendar Girl" (John Whitesell). From Sept. 10: "The Real McCoy" (Russell Mulcahy).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Hard Target" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 9: "Son of the Pink Panther" (directed by Blake Edwards); and "The Meteor Man" (Robert Townsend). From Sept. 10: "True Romance" (Tony Scott).
Theatre 2: "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 9: "Jason Goes to Hell: The Final Friday" (Adam Marcus). From Sept. 10: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
Theatre 4: "Fortress" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 5: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 6: "Rising Sun" (†).
Theatre 7: "Boxing Helena" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Calendar Girl" (John Whitesell).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack).
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Needful Things" (Fraser C. Heston).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Hard Target" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 9: "Only the Strong" (Sheldon Lettich). From Sept. 10: "The Real McCoy" (Russell Mulcahy).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Sept. 9: "A Royal Scandal" (†); and "That Lady in Ermine" (1948, directed by Ernst Lubitsch), with Betty Grable.
Sept. 10-12: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (see page 35); and "Whirlpool" (1950, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney.
Sept. 13-14: "Forever Amber" (1947, Otto Preminger), with Cornel Wilde and Linda Darnell; and "The Fan" (1949, Preminger), with Madeleine Carroll.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 11: "Giant" (1956, George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, and James Dean.
Sept. 12-14: "Cynthia" (1947, Robert Z. Leonard), with Elizabeth Taylor; and "Little Women" (1949, Mervyn Le Roy), with June Allyson and Taylor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
Through Sept. 9: "Dark Passage" (1947, Delmer Daves) and "The Big Sleep" (1946, Howard Hawks), both with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.
Sept. 10-11: "The Fortune" (1975, Mike Nichols) and "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975, Miloš Forman), both with Jack Nicholson.
Sept. 12-13: "Ball of Fire" (1942, Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Mad Miss Manton" (†).
Sept. 14: "The Official Story" (1985, Luis Puenzo; in Spanish); and "Alsino and the Condor" (1983, Miguel Littin; in Spanish).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 8: "A Taste of Honey" (1962, Tony Richardson); and "Look Back in Anger" (1959, Richardson), with Richard Burton.
Sept. 9: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum; and "Cape Fear" (†).
Sept. 10-11: "Citizen Kane" (1941, Orson Welles); and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942, Welles).
Sept. 12: "The Decameron" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972, Pasolini; in Italian).
Sept. 13: "Crucified Lovers" (1954, Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "Tales of the Taira Clan" (1955, Mizoguchi; in Japanese).
Sept. 14: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian); and "Blow-Up" (1966, Antonioni).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Through Sept. 9 at 2:30: "Kentucky Pride" (1925, directed by John Ford). . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "The General" (1926, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman). . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: "The Marriage Circle" (1924, Ernst Lubitsch). . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 6: "Show People" (1928, King Vidor). . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2: "The Kid" (1921, Charlie Chaplin). . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 5 and Sept. 13 at 2:30: "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (1914, Mack Sennett); and "The Perfect Clown" (1925, Fred Newmeyer). . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2 and Sept. 14 at 6: "The Strong Man" (1926, Frank Capra), with Harry Langdon. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 5 and Sept. 14 at 2:30: "The Extraordinary Adventures of Mr. West in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (1928, Lev Kuleshov). . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "Lazybones" (1925, Frank Borzage).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Sept. 8 at 2 and 6:15 and Sept. 9 at 4: "The Man in Grey" (1943, Leslie Arliss), with James Mason. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 4:15 and 8:30 and Sept. 9 at 2: "The Wicked Lady" (1946, Arliss), with Mason. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "Julius Caesar" (1953, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Mason. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 8:15: "The Desert Fox" (1951, Henry Hathaway), with Mason. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 10: "Space Is the Place" (1974, John Coney), with Sun Ra. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2, 4, and 6:30; Sept. 11 at 4 and 8:15; Sept. 12 at 4, 6, and 8:45; Sept. 13 at 2, 4, and 7; and Sept. 14 at 2: A program of films from Taiwan. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2: "The Muppet Movie" (1979, James Frawley). . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2: "The Great Muppet Caper" (1981, Jim Henson).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Sept. 11 at 2: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939, Victor Fleming). . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 4:30: "The Gang's All Here" (1943, Busby Berkeley). . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2 and 4:30: Two different programs of independent American films, 1978-88.

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays, starting at dusk, free, drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons, coming attractions, and an onscreen clock that counts down the minutes until the feature begins. Sept. 13: "A Place in the Sun" (1951, George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

Opening September 8, Yu Fei Hong and Russell Wong in "The Joy Luck Club."

STEPHEN JOHNSON

MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA"
DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Dark Blue Line

BEN HECHT, the quickest and savviest screenwriter of all time, included "the witty and Boccaccian Otto Preminger" on his list of favorite directors. According to Hecht, Preminger was among those "sane and able fellows" who made working "like playing a game—'Gimmick, Gimmick, Who's Got the Gimmick?' " By far the best result of their collaboration is the trim, taut 1950 film noir "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (playing September 10-12, at Film Forum 2). It's one of those ninety-five-minute wonders that whisk an audience through a couple of murders and a twisty police investigation, managing to leave a whiff of melancholy in their wake. A haunted, ravaged Dana Andrews plays a violent New York City cop who wants to clear an innocent suspect of murder—but accidentally kills him instead. Andrews then tries to pin both homicides on the mobster who's guilty of the first crime. The device of having the policeman see his own case cracked right in front of him is straight out of "The Big Clock." But Preminger and Hecht's "Who's Got the Gimmick?" game jumps into gear when Andrews falls in love with the widow of the man he murdered and her father is accused of the killing. Gene Tierney makes a gorgeous woman of destiny (as she did in Preminger's "Laura"), and there's a lively supporting cast led by Gary Merrill, as the racketeer, and Karl Malden, as the head of Andrews' precinct. Still, Andrews' ability to merge sadism and sadness is what gives the movie pungency and presages the classic tortured-cop movie that came out the following year: William Wyler's "Detective Story."

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Amongst Friends—If this suburban crime movie is the latest word on Generation X, why does it resemble something Martin Scorsese did two decades ago? The setting may be the Five Towns of Long Island instead of Little Italy and the antiheroes may be Jewish, but the story of friendship and betrayal in a group of spoiled-rotten petty crooks is pure "Mean Streets." The twenty-six-year-old writer-director, Rob Weiss, does have shrewd timing, but his observations are commonplace, and he flounders whenever he veers from white rap or tough-guy-ese—as in the scenes between the most idealistic, nonconformist member of the bunch (Patrick McGaw) and his high-school sweetheart (Mira Sorvino).—M.S. (Angelika Film Center.)

Boxing Helena—With four months still to go, there will be many more contenders for Turkey of the Year, but it will have to be something special to beat "Boxing Helena," the début movie of Jennifer Lynch. She appears to have inherited a taste for weirdness from her father, David, but none of the talent. Sherilyn Fenn plays Helena, who spends her life wearing complicated underwear in front of open windows, or else arguing with her boyfriend (Bill Paxton). But she is secretly desired by Nick (Julian Sands), a doctor with mannerisms so nervous that you wouldn't trust him to tie his own shoelaces, let alone wield a scalpel. When Helena is run over, he amputates her crushed legs, and then, for good measure, her arms. With the help of dream lighting and a pelvic soundtrack, Lynch is aiming for a parable of sexual control, a kind of porno "Pygmalion"; but the movie makes you giggle so hard that you can hardly spare the time to find it insulting. The surprise ending is about as unpredictable as Christmas Day, and turns the entire exercise into a cop-out. Paxton's acting is so gloriously crummy that he seems to have been hired to make the others look bearable, but on the whole Lynch's work is not garish or goofy enough to become a cult hit; it's just precociously dumb. Kim Basinger was booked for the Helena role, and was ordered to pay nearly seven-and-a-half million dollars for backing out. She got a bargain, I'd say.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, East 85th Street, and Criterion Center.)

Cape Fear (1961)—A legal and psychological horror story about the limits of prior restraint. Robert Mitchum stars as Max Cady, a sadistic ex-con who harasses lawyer Sam Bowden (Gregory Peck) because Bowden's testimony at a rape trial sent Cady to the slammer. Cady terrorizes Bowden with the prospect of raping the lawyer's wife (Polly Bergen) and/or his teen-age daughter. Until the final showdown, he confines himself to lascivious suggestions; he stays within legal boundaries, waiting for the moment when he can commit mayhem without getting caught. Bowden is the one who oversteps the law, hiring thugs to take care of Cady. What's amazing about the movie is Mitchum. He isn't just menacing; he's slickly—dankly—sexual, and he brings a smooth, insinuating rhythm to his acts of intimidation. His shrewdness and sick sensuality keep an audience off balance. Mitchum plays Cady as a self-assured hipster in a panama hat, invading the bastions of a smug middle class. In his mind, *he's* the victim. Within its tight genre framework, this skillful adaptation of John D. MacDonald's "The Executioners," directed by J. Lee Thompson from a script by James R. Webb, is a smart package of controlled ambiguity. It toys with our liberal and conservative impulses while remaining a first-rate scare movie.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9.)

Un Coeur en Hiver—Claude Sautet's film, as its title suggests, is not much of a heartwarmer, but its cool look at thwarted passion is enthralling nonetheless. Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) makes and mends violins; Camille (Emmanuelle Béart) plays them. The two of them shift from distrust to desire to disappointment—in other words, they go through all the motions of love except the making of it. This is so restrained it's shocking; we feel the terrible pressure of all that Stéphane might do with his life and yet refuses to attempt. With his spirit as buttoned down as his shirts, Auteuil offers a startling portrayal of failure, never hamming it up for the sake of our compassion. André Dussollier turns in an equally quiet performance as Stéphane's business partner and rival in love; add Béart's immaculate poise, and you wonder what strange district of Paris this is. In French.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/7/93.) (Village East Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

USA Agent:
MODA & COMPANY

745 Fifth Ave. Suite 604
New York, N.Y. 10151
Tel. 212 223 3223

MOSCHINO

IN BRIEF—*Cont'd*

The Fugitive—Harrison Ford plays Dr. Richard Kimble, who is wrongly accused of murdering his wife and sentenced to death. What gives this adaptation of the old TV series its extra kick is the presence of Tommy Lee Jones, as U.S. Deputy Marshal Sam Gerard, hot on Kimble's trail, and enjoying the heat. The director is Andrew Davis, who brought us the schlocky "Under Siege"; this is equally tense and insistent, but the two leading men rack it up to a higher level altogether—they even overcome the rude horrors of James Newton Howard's soundtrack. It's a pleasure to find a thriller fulfilling its duties with such gusto: the emotions ring solid, the script finds time to relax into backchat, and for once the stunts look like acts of desperation rather than shows of prowess.—A.L. (8/16/93) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Hard Target—A bravura bummer. For all the blinding pyrotechnics, it's basically yet another chapter in this summer's continuously running serial about guys chasing guys. Making his American-movie début, the celebrated Hong Kong action specialist John Woo directs kick-boxing star Jean-Claude Van Damme, who again disguises his Belgian accent by playing a Cajun—a New Orleans-based merchant seaman on the trail of a steely sports entrepreneur (Lance Henriksen) who charges millionaire hunters five hundred thousand bucks for the chance to use homeless Vietnam vets as prey. Chuck Pfarrer, the screenwriter, doesn't put a spin on the timeworn premise of "The Most Dangerous Game"—he appropriates it outright. The gap between primitive, chaotic storytelling and bits and pieces of flashy, expressive moviemaking is more risible than any of the movie's conscious humor. Woo never musters a full head of steam. The king of overkill here is Van Damme—even after perforating an enemy with bullets, he insists on delivering a kick *de grâce*. The wide-eyed Yancy Butler plays the lady in distress who becomes Van Damme's right-hand gal. Kasi Lemmons, as a righteous cop, brings the film some sanity and warmth, while Wilford Brimley is amusingly ripe as Van Damme's uncle.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Sept. 9.)

Opening September 10, Kathleen Turner and Dennis Quaid in "Undercover Blues."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

House of Angels—A Swedish production, directed by an Englishman. Colin Nutley's odd, uncertain movie stars Helena Bergström as Fanny, who inherits a house and estate deep in the Swedish countryside. The hook is simple enough: her new home and the surrounding community are placid and cobwebby, but she turns up to claim the property on a Harley-Davidson, wearing black leather and stockings. The old, in other words, must slug it out with the new—we could be watching Sweden's answer to Ealing comedy. Nutley gets it going briskly enough, unveiling a fine array of local gossips and weirdos: but none of them quite takes fire as a character, and the film itself loses heart. Fanny holds all the aces from the start, and where's the fun in that? In Swedish.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas.)

In the Line of Fire—Clint Eastwood plays Frank Horrigan, a tired-looking middle-aged Secret Service agent who gets wind of a plot to kill the President and marshals his flagging powers in an attempt to stop the assassin (John Malkovich). It's a basic race against the clock: the good guy knows what the bad guy means to do; the villain's preparations and the hero's investigation run on separate tracks until they converge, like runaway trains, at the scene of the intended crime. The heroics are stirring, because the star's ravaged face and stiff, weary gestures tell us that everything Horrigan does costs him something, physically and emotionally. The director, Wolfgang Petersen, isn't a particularly imaginative or stylish filmmaker, but he delivers the goods, and in record time. Both Eastwood's performance and the movie itself have the quality of meat-and-potatoes genre-picture entertainment: nothing fancy, nothing unusual. The only hints of more exotic and unpredictable sensations come from Malkovich, who is threatening to become the most gloriously peculiar screen presence since the heyday of Alastair Sim.—T.R. (7/12/93) (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through Sept. 9.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—In Jean-Luc Godard's "Pierrot le Fou," the hero allows his maid to go to the movies three times in one week because Nicholas Ray's "Johnny Guitar" is playing: "It's good she's getting the right education," he informs his wife. For the rest of us, Ray's baroque, haywire "adult" Western is good for a laugh. Erotic tension and angst, circa 1954, invade the Old Arizona landscapes, and the mixture makes the movie spectacularly incongruous and funny. Joan Crawford stars as Vienna, the owner of a frontier casino bar. She wants the railroad to cut through the territory of the bad guys—a gang of range-riding plutocrats. But the true reason for all the movie's rampaging is that Emma (Mercedes McCambridge), the local Ms. Big, is a sexually repressed banker who's jealous of Vienna's animal magnetism. Ray's barrelling pace—and his penchant for pulp words and pop icons—must have been what impressed Godard. Even Crawford's leading men have gaudy monikers: Sterling Hayden is Johnny Guitar and Scott Brady is the Dancin' Kid. One strums, the other two-steps. Throughout, the sexual symbolism is hilarious. Crawford's props and costumes (including holster and neckband) could have been inspired by Krafft-Ebing and color-coded by Walt Disney.—M.S. (Little Theatre.)

Jurassic Park—Steven Spielberg's warm-blooded, state-of-the-art dinosaurs are a lot speedier than their nearest movie kin, the galumphing atomic-mutant monsters that crunched Japanese cities under their feet in the fifties and early sixties, and that enables the filmmaker to create dynamic stalk-and-chase sequences. But neither the carnivorous dinos nor the placid herbivores inspire anything close to awe, even with the aid of audience stimulants like surging symphonic music (by the shameless John Williams) and repeated closeups of wide-eyed, openmouthed actors. The screenplay, which is credited to Michael Crichton and David Koepp, reduces Crichton's intricately constructed novel to its bare bones: people running away from hungry animals. For all the ingenuity of the movie's engineering, "Jurassic Park" doesn't have the imagination—or the courage—to take us any place we haven't been a thousand times before. It's just a creature feature on amphetamines.—T.R. (6/28/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

Like Water for Chocolate—Alfonso Arau's sticky, lusty, and rather ludicrous movie is set on a Mexican ranch in 1910. The head of the family is the the unyielding Mama Elena (Regina Torne), who determines the destinies of her three daughters. The youngest, Tita (Lumi Cavazos), must stay at home and never marry. Needless to say, she promptly falls in love. It's the old story, passions trying to burst through the shell of repression, and it infects the rest of the film: well-behaved wedding guests suddenly grow weepy or horny, and the old social order is menaced by bands of roaming revolutionaries. But what should be a struggle turns into a giggle; Arau's style loses its balance, swooning into endless closeups of damp brows and heaving bosoms. In Spanish.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Mad Miss Manton (1938)—Something ground out by people in a desperate mood. Barbara Stanwyck, miscast as a dizzy débutante, is one of a covey of Junior League girls in fox capes; she walks her dog at three in the morning after a costume ball and finds a corpse in a deserted house. Inspirited by the spectacle, she immediately corrals her flighty friends; in their best party dresses, they scurry about the scene of the crime, squealing and looking for clues. This is the kind of movie that helped kill the screwball genre. Henry Fonda is the hero; the cast includes Sam Levene, Hattie McDaniel, Stanley Ridges, Miles Mander, and Whitney Bourne. Directed by Leigh Jason, from Philip G. Epstein's script.—P.K. (Thalia; Sept. 12-13.)

Manhattan Murder Mystery—Woody Allen's new picture is his lightest and most unabashedly frivolous feature since "Broadway Danny Rose," in 1984. All that the movie aspires to be is a speedy, bubbly screwball-comedy whodunit—something like a Bob Hope vehicle from the forties. It's pleasant enough, but Allen hasn't practiced the simple act of popular entertainment in quite a while, and he's rusty. The humor thins out as the movie goes along, because Allen tends to labor, and even to repeat, his gags. The main characters, Larry and Carol Lipton (Allen and Diane Keaton), suspect that their across-the-hall neighbor has killed his wife, and try to play detective. The modest message of the screenplay (by Allen and Marshall Brickman) is that Larry and Carol's cozy, boring middle-aged marriage is somehow enriched, perhaps even saved, by the danger and excitement of their amateur investigation. You could call the movie a comic version of "Rear Window" if it weren't for the inconvenient fact that "Rear Window" is a much funnier picture.—T.R. (8/23 & 30/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, Orpheum VII, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Orlando—Sally Potter's film is based on Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel. The story is a fragile piece of whimsy about an English nobleman born in the Elizabethan era who does not grow old or die and thus becomes the central figure in a series of historical tableaux that take the viewer right into the twentieth century; at a certain point, the title character discovers that he has turned into a woman. Potter (who also wrote the screenplay) takes Woolf's exercise in frivolity awfully seriously; the movie is like a Benny Hill sketch performed with fringe-theatre solemnity. And if it weren't for bad acting, this picture wouldn't have any acting at all. Tilda Swinton, who plays Orlando, may not actually wink at the audience, but she always looks as if she were about to. Her smug performance is perfectly suited to the film's arch, knowing tone.—T.R. (6/14/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Rising Sun—Philip Kaufman's witty, luxuriantly sinister mystery thriller is set in contemporary Los Angeles: a sleek, corporate environment that isn't merely shady and deceitful, but fundamentally inauthentic, like virtual reality. The murder of a blond party girl in the boardroom of a powerful Japanese corporation exposes a dense network of connections—among business enterprises (Japanese and American), politicians, the police, and the press. The L.A.P.D. detectives investigating the case—Connor (Sean Connery), a Japan expert, and Smith (Wesley Snipes), his young partner—don't stand heroically apart from this alluring corporate culture; they're ambiguous heroes in a looking-glass world. Connery and Snipes are both wonderful here. Kaufman treats cop-movie narrative conventions and film-noir visual style with a kind of affectionate irony; the picture provides plenty of creepy atmosphere and violent action, and its pace is relentless, but the over-all mood is playful, almost giddy.—T.R. (7/26/93) (Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

Robin Hood: Men in Tights—The funniest parts of Mel Brooks' lampoon of Sherwood Forest are Patrick Stewart's imitation of Sean Connery and Dom DeLuise's impression of a medieval Don Corleone named Don Giovanni. On the whole, Brooks goes off half-cocked. He teeters on the verge of slapstick operetta, but doesn't dare to take the plunge. Cary Elwes is comical and stalwart as Robin of Loxley; he dresses like Errol Flynn and assumes Flynn's bravado while sending up Kevin Costner. But even when Brooks isn't recycling gags from previous hits, the humor is rarely as fresh as the *Mad* parody of the legend in the fifties, which had Robin blowing a "woodland horn" that was a saxophone, and stealing from the rich to give to himself.—M.S. (Sutton. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. Evenings only.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead gave this sex farce about Catherine the Great a sort of low glitter, but it's not much of a vehicle. (Unhappily, poor as it is it's one of the few halfway decent screen roles she ever got.) She does wonders with a few line readings, and the fine young actor William Eythe (he died at thirty-eight) has some splendid comic moments with her. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Sig Rumann, and Mischa Auer. The script, which is marred by horseplay and dumb wisecracks, is by Edwin Justus Mayer; directed by Otto Preminger.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; through Sept. 9.)

The Secret Garden—Working from a desiccated adaptation (by Caroline Thompson), the director, Agnieszka Holland, lays the pall of self-conscious artistry over Frances Hodgson Burnett's classic tale of a bratty orphan (Kate Maberly) who learns to embrace life by tending a garden of her own. From the initial illustrations of the girl's cold upbringing in colonial India, to the old-dark-house sequences in the Yorkshire mansion of her morose hunchback uncle (John Lynch), and on to the flowers opening up in time-lapse photography, Holland conceptualizes the material to death. She even poses lambs and rabbits so deliberately that they seem to be robotic. Holland and Thompson edit the story down to basics, pitting the girl, her sickly cousin (Heydon Prowse), and a sturdy peasant lad (Andrew Knott) against the adults who run her uncle's manor. It's as if the moviemakers were trying to cook up a New Age Yorkshire pudding, without meat drippings—what's missing is Burnett's robust optimism and animistic energy. The director can sustain only one mood at a time; she flip-flops from tasteful gloom and doom to ersatz magic and high jinks. And her techniques are painfully bald. When the garden blooms and a children's choir warbles on the soundtrack, the movie is like a music box with all its cogs exposed. Maggie Smith is wasted as the nasty housekeeper, Mrs. Medlock. (Clarence Brown's brisk and handsome 1949 M-G-M production—directed by Fred M. Wilcox, written by Robert Ardrey, and starring Margaret O'Brien—was heartier entertainment.)—M.S. (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Orpheum VII, and 84th Street Sixplex. Matinées only. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Sept. 9.)

Sleepless in Seattle—A romantic comedy, of sorts. The romance is airy and distant, because the lovers never meet until the final scene, and the comedy is kind of wistful, because it was directed by Nora Ephron. Tom Hanks plays Sam, left miserable by the death of his wife, with only his young son, Jonah (Ross Malinger), to console him. The consolation goes a bit far; Jonah rings up a radio talk show to say that his dad needs love. Many listeners melt with sympathy, none more so than Annie (Meg Ryan), in Baltimore, shortly to be married and none too happy about it. For the rest of the movie, fate—and Jonah—do their best to bring the couple together, despite the continent that divides them. Hanks and Ryan have quick wits, and funny faces to match—they should be striking sparks off each other, not mooching around thousands of miles apart and waiting for something to happen. Hanks has a few goofy outbursts, and there is lively backup from Rosie O'Donnell and Rob Reiner as helpful friends, but anyone expecting another "When Harry Met Sally . . ." will be disappointed. At least Harry *met* Sally.—A.L. (7/19/93) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

The Wedding Banquet—Except for the title celebration itself—a ritualized mob scene that gets weirder and funnier as it goes on, culminating in a mass invasion of the honeymoon suite—this cross-cultural, cross-sexual comedy-drama, set in New York City, is just a wan getting-to-know-you fable for alternative families. Ang Lee's film centers on the marital subterfuge of a successful gay Taiwanese immigrant (Winston Chao): despite having a longtime companion (Mitchell Lichtenstein), he weds a struggling artist (May Chin) from mainland China to satisfy his traditional parents, who come from Taiwan for an extended visit as soon as they learn he's engaged. It's the kind of earnest melting-pot story designed to explain everyone to everyone—gays to straights, Taiwanese to mainland Chinese, immigrants to native-born Americans. It's not piercing enough for drama or heartless and inventive enough for farce: the lead characters may be gay, but in comic terms nearly everyone functions as a straight man. Chao and Lichtenstein are likable, but Chin, as the confused, desirous bride, and Sihung Lung and Ah-Leh Gua, as the dignified, well-meaning father and mother, are the ones who deserve cheers. Lee, Neil Peng, and James Schamus did the screenplay.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Cavalry twill riding jacket, $2,450, "Mariachi" suede calf pants, $6,375, "Calèche" cotton poplin shirt, $625, oiled nubuck "Harnais" boots, $925, by special order only.

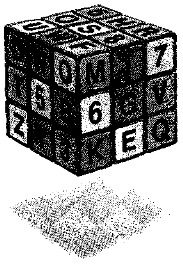
For further information or the Hermès store nearest you, please call 1-800-441-4488, ext. 4294.

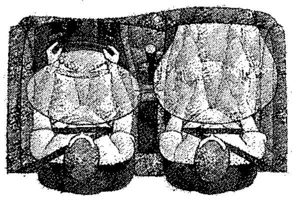
HERMÈS
PARIS

© Hermès of Paris, Inc. 1993.

A luxury sedan so unique, it's capable of thought.

The Mazda 929 Now there's a luxury sedan that thinks like a human. By using the same kind of processes that let you make choices and solve puzzles, the Mazda 929 can anticipate many things you want to do. And then do them for you. ❧ Drive up a steep hill, for instance, and you'll find that the 929 cruise control maintains a steady speed without annoying and unwanted shifts—thanks to its advanced "fuzzy logic" computer, an automotive first. Turn on the windshield wipers when it rains, and the climate control knows to automatically turn on just enough air conditioning to dehumidify the interior. Or park in the sunlight, and an available solar-powered ventilation system knows to activate fans to help cool the cabin. ❧ So while you'll certainly appreciate the 929's V6 power, its sculpted shape, and luxuries such as the available leather trim,* what you may like most is the way this car thinks.





Air bags are standard for both driver and front passenger. Also standard is a computer-controlled Anti-lock Brake System to help you keep control during hard braking. And that's a comforting thought.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.

Standard features include 4-wheel disc brakes with Anti-lock Brake System (ABS), 3.0L DOHC 24-valve V6 engine, automatic climate control, power moonroof and a 36-month/50,000-mile, no-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" limited warranty. See dealer for limited-warranty details. For a free brochure on the 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000.

*Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats, bottom cushion side panels, and other minor areas. © 1993 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

CIAO, SAGAPONACK

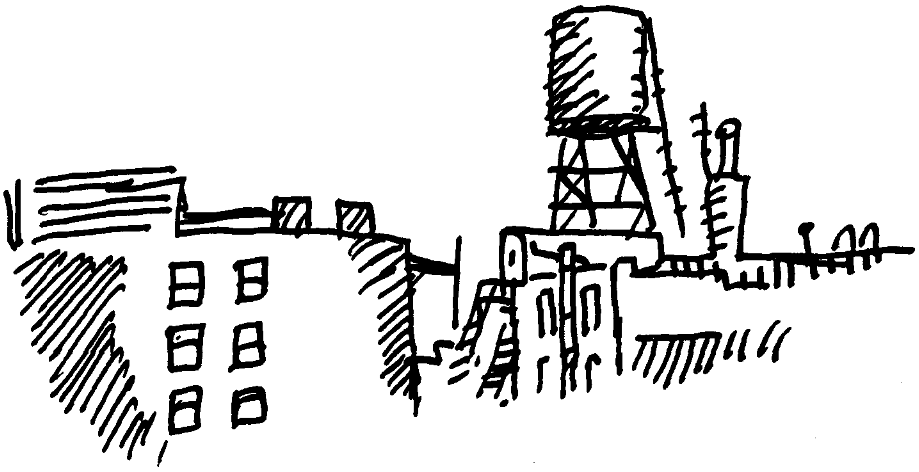
Don Spellman has known since the summer he was thirteen that he wanted to run the general store in Sagaponack. His parents had rented a house just up Sagg Main Street from the store, and Don would go there to buy candy. For three seasons of the year, Spellman lived with his family in Pompton Plains, New Jersey, from which he could see the skyline of Manhattan, but this part of his life seems to have been far less vivid to him than his long summers in Sagaponack, a potato-farming community between the fashionable resorts of Southampton and East Hampton. Working there as a lifeguard in the summer of 1978, he met Mary Ellen Szczepankowski, whose family has farmed the rich glacial loam of Sagaponack since her grandparents left Poland, during the First World War. At summer's end, Don decided that he wanted to marry Mary and that he didn't want to go to college. He knew exactly what he wanted to do instead. Within a year, the newlyweds were running the Sagaponack General Store.

Spellman is a large, fleshy thirty-nine-year-old with a round and youthful face that seems imperturbable. The General Store, which has a hospitable Victorian demeanor, occupies half a snug gray clapboard structure with dark-green trim. The other half is the Sagaponack (11962) Post Office. An interior door joins the two, which have the same nautical sense of compact organization. Together, they constitute downtown Sagaponack in its entirety—unless you count the little red schoolhouse a hundred yards up Sagg Main Street and the farmhouses spaced at gracious intervals, several of them having been transplanted on oxcarts from Sag Harbor in the last century by thrifty New Englanders, who settled this part of the world. The store has been doing business in the same spot since about 1885, although in order to see the original façade and porch you have to walk around to the back: the building was turned a hundred and eighty degrees on its foundation during an expansion early in this century (thriftiness again). Aside from a failed prediction that President Clinton would attend the annual Artists-Writers softball game in East Hampton, the most persistent rumor of the Hamptons summer is that this year will be the last for the General Store.

For fifteen years, Spellman has managed to stretch his business through the lean winters and on into the increasingly profitable summers, meanwhile converting an old potato barn that belonged to his wife's father into a home for his family. Other houses were sprouting in the potato fields, mostly second homes for city dwellers in search of the pastoral. While the potato fields became, in the booming eighties, an architectural garden of beach-house postmodernism, the General Store, with its worn plank floors and its resident cats, has seemed to many people to enshrine the residual rural charms of the area.

"I go to the General Store every day just to hear the creak of the screen door opening and closing on those rusty hinges," one customer observed recently as he was demonstrating the automatic top on his new Porsche Carrera 4 for the owner of an older, less automated Carrera. "That's how I know I'm in the country." One man's country, however, is another man's Teutonic traffic jam. "The store is a symbol of what's happened to the entire area," one of its nearest neighbors complained. "It used to be a place where kids walking home from the one-room schoolhouse could buy penny candy, and now it's a parking lot for Range Rovers and Mercedeses. Only people from New York would think this is a cute country store."

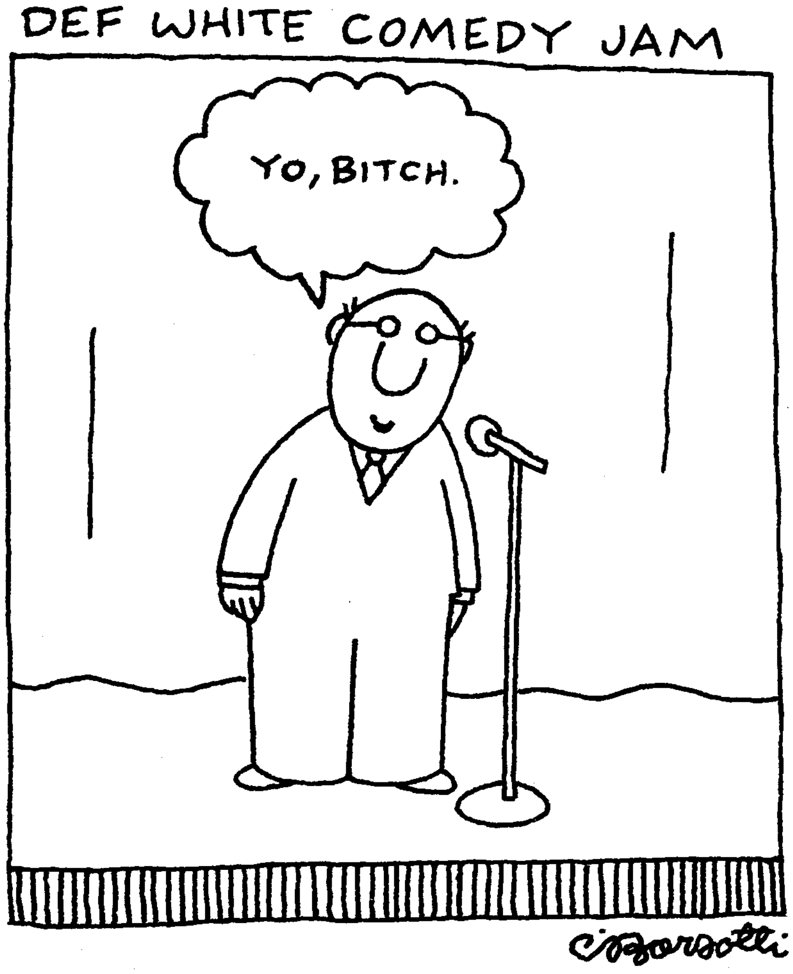
Spellman is the first to admit that his is not quite your typical general



PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

store. He stocks the basics: Ohio Blue Tip kitchen matches, emergency candles, 3-In-One oil, light bulbs, string, Ronson flints, and Ajax unbreakable pocket combs. But a peckish New Yorker will feel right at home in front of the deli counter, which features asparagus vinaigrette, fusilli with pesto, Szechwan noodles, pasta primavera, guacamole, and lemon chicken. The cognoscenti order the meat loaf; they're on holiday, after all. "When we took over the store, we knew that it was going to be the second homeowners who would sustain us," Spellman says. "The local people go where the prices are better. But we've tried to strike a balance. I've tried to make this the kind of place where people can meet and hang out, the way I did when I was a kid." Spellman accepts Federal Express and U.P.S. packages for his customers and serves as a matchmaker between plumbers and homesteaders, parents and babysitters. Loitering is not discouraged: there's a bench out front. "I like to think I run the kind of store where a guy who makes seven-fifty an hour and a guy who makes seven-fifty a minute can come in and talk about the weather," Spellman says. He is unfailingly patient and polite with both kinds of customers—even those who stamp their patent Belgian loafers and howl when they are informed that there are no more cooked ducklings.

Not many country-store proprietors have rescued Truman Capote after he suffered a seizure in front of their stores: Spellman's father, visiting from New Jersey, used his wallet to hold the novelist's mouth open while Spellman called an ambulance. Kurt Vonnegut, who lives in a seventeenth-century farmhouse a few doors down Sagg Main Street, comes in almost every morning for the papers, and Roy Scheider and Peter Matthiessen are regular customers. So is Jigger Howe, forty-six, a garrulous and cheerful farmhand: he stops in three times a day to pick up coffee and sandwiches for the men at Foster's Farm. Jigger also raises chickens and supplies the eggs for the store—about three dozen a day. Standing in line beside Robert Morton, an executive producer of the David Letterman show, Jigger opines that the meat loaf is the best in the world, "even though it's instant indigestion for me," and adds, "The chicken salad's great, too." He waves to a harried, aproned Mrs. Spellman as she pokes her head in from the kitchen out back. "It's a damn shame that a couple of people can close down a business," he says, alluding to rumors of the store's imminent demise.



The little gray building is owned by Merrall Hildreth, who lives next door, and the grass in front of his house is often encroached on by Jaguars, BMWs, and pickups. The Hildreths are a venerable family in these parts, and Merrall himself served as both the postmaster and the proprietor of the store until shortly before he turned the lease over to Spellman. Although Hildreth chooses not to say what his plans are, he admits that he has felt pressure from neighbors who are unhappy with the traffic generated by the store, and that he's definitely going to give additional space to the Post Office. "The store's got too big for its facilities," he says. His reticence is interpreted by Spellman and others as an indication that the lease on the premises, which ends in February, will not be renewed.

Spellman doesn't know what he will do if this happens. "This has been my life for fifteen years. I've spent more time here than I have in my own house," he says as he lights up a Kool. He has closed up for the night, but he unlocks the door for a customer who needs a bag of ice. "This is my living room. This is where we do most of our socializing and entertaining. To think about what to do next would be an admission that it's over."

HISTORY MAKER

STEVEN HOFFENBERG, who briefly controlled the *Post* during its brush with death earlier this year, is returning to the newspaper business. From offices that occupy the fifteenth floor of Trump Tower, he is planning on October 1st to launch *Her New York*, a weekday tabloid that will be designed specifically to appeal to working women. "What can I say?" he said the other day. "I got bitten by the newspaper bug. When I was at the *Post*, my editor Pete Hamill and I were planning on adding a new section, because the paper didn't have anything to attract women readers. No one listened to us, but I stayed with the concept."

Mr. Hoffenberg's effort to acquire the *Post* went awry in February, shortly after the Securities and Exchange Commission charged that he and his debt-collection company, the Towers Financial Corporation, had used false financial statements to sell more than four hundred million dollars' worth of securities. In March, Towers and five of its subsidiaries declared bankruptcy, claiming that their liabilities exceeded their assets by about fifty million dollars. As he sat behind his mahogany desk, wearing an expensive dark suit and a Baume & Mercier watch, Mr. Hoffenberg waved aside his financial difficulties as things of the past. "I'm a pretty rich guy," he said. "I'm worth millions and millions of dollars. I was just the chairman of Towers. Those debts—those are Towers' debts, not mine." Nor does he plan to run up any debts of his own with *Her New York*. "I'm just the publisher, just an employee," he said. "The owner is my uncle's group. We've got a three-million-dollar loan to cover our start-up costs—our lenders prefer to remain unidentified—and we'll be in the black within a year."

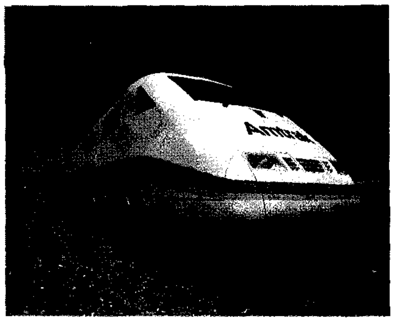
About half a dozen newly hired editors share a small office next to a much larger area where three dozen or so smartly dressed people carry on the business of another debt-collection enterprise in which Mr. Hoffenberg is involved. The editor-in-chief of *Her New York* is Marcia Cohen, a former life-style editor at the *News*. "We're going to have some hard news every day," she said, "but there will be a lot about fashion and life-style issues, too—and three full pages about television." The paper will be priced at fifty cents, and the early goal is for a circulation of around a hundred thousand. "We're making history here," Ms. Cohen said.

As the publisher, Mr. Hoffenberg is playing an active role. The other day, Lisa Sliwa, of Guardian Angels fame, was in his office, proposing a column on self-defense for women. Mr. Hoffenberg was enthusiastic. "We'll have letters to you, with questions," he told Ms. Sliwa. " 'Dear Lisa.' I like that. I like that." Moments later, he walked Ms. Sliwa out to the area where the debt-

MARTY KATZ

THE ICE TRAIN COMETH

RIDING last month through the cornfields of upper New York State as the only passenger on a special run of the ICE Train—that's the nickname of a gleaming-white two-year-old high-speed German InterCityExpress train that Amtrak may start using over here in about four years—turned out to be a lazy, cozy day of dipping casually into the future. For one thing, I had to imagine the high speed; the trip was more like taking a race-horse for a long, languid walk on a leash.



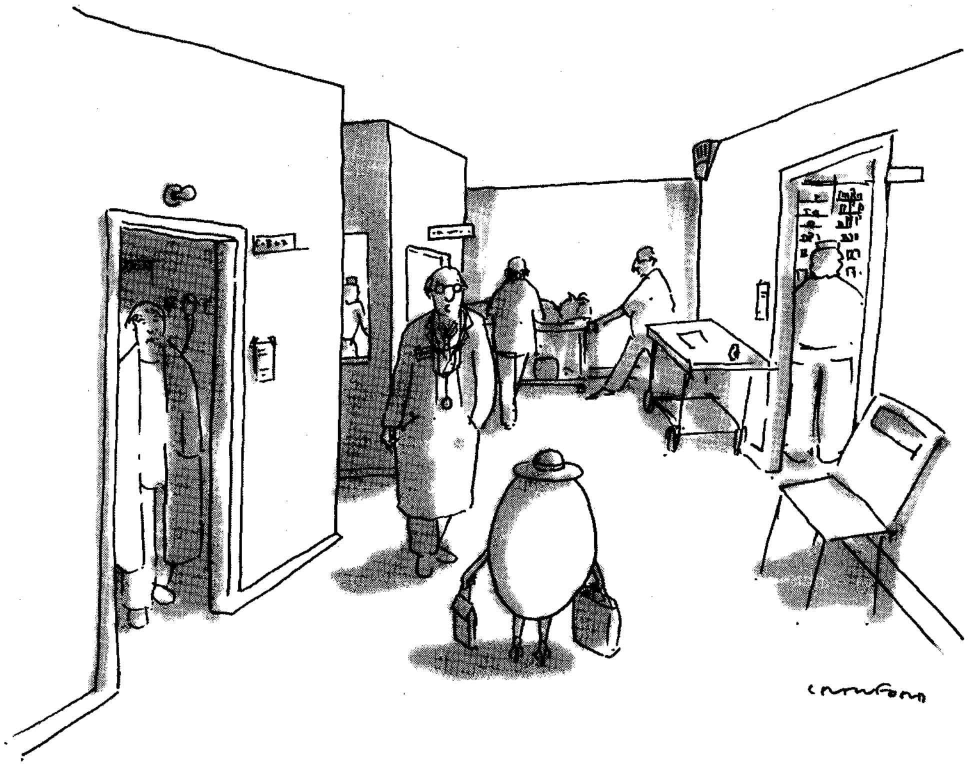
Starting in early October and continuing until almost Christmastime, the ICE Train, which can operate at two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and routinely cruises at a hundred and sixty in Germany, will be running weekdays and some Saturdays between New York and Washington as a substitute Metroliner—and hitting a hundred and forty on some of the straight stretches. But at the moment it's only making whistle stops on an introductory publicity tour across the country, and the speed limit of the line between Albany and Buffalo, which a hundred years ago gloried in the May day when Steam Engine No. 999 reportedly got up to a hundred and twelve miles an hour, is at present set at a poky seventy-nine.

The point of high-speed trains is that they can go twice as fast as a car and half as fast as a plane, and so are perfect for those in-between distances of anything from a hundred to five hundred miles, excruciating to cover if you're either driving or flying. Germany already has six high-speed corridors and sixty ICE Trains; in 1997, the United States is expected to have two such routes—Boston to New York in under three hours, and New York to Washington in two hours and a quarter—and twenty-six high-speed trains, which will probably be American-built versions of either the ICE Train or its archrival, the Swedish X2000, which goes only a hundred and fifty but can take curves a lot faster, because it tilts as it swings into them, so you don't feel the motion.

From the outside, the ICE Train has the kind of aerodynamic, slant-snouted, startled-earthworm look that American automobiles have already assumed. Entering the train, I was instantly wrapped in effortlessness—and that's because there's nothing here that is confining or awkward or roaring or confusing or dark or cramped or narrow. Glass doors luxuriously slide open, automatically, as you approach them; coach seats in soft blues, purples, and greens are wider than the first-class seats on a plane; the train is almost eerily silent; the bottom of the luggage racks is made of glass, part etched, part clear, so you won't have to hop up and down to see whether you've left anything behind. The dining car is lofty, with big picture windows and with window strips in the ceiling, so I could look up at clouds and treetops and out to closeup views of dads and small sons fishing along the Erie Canal. But other parts of the train seem to be telling you not to get too comfortable, because you really won't have very much time on board: the frames of the seats are a hard molded plastic; the floor of the fast-food/bistro car is easy-mopping vinyl.

Just as with most forms of American transportation, I had the choice of blotting out the entire ICE Train experience: many of the seats have headphones with five-inch television screens, to show first-run movies, mounted on the backs of the seats in front. During the run from Albany to Buffalo, the movie was "Dave."

—TONY HISS



"You might want to sit down, Mrs. Dumpty."

• •

collection employees were at work. He raised his hand to call for silence and then announced, "I want to introduce you all to Lisa Sliwa. She's going to be doing a column for us." They all applauded.

BIKE WARFARE

If automobiles in New York are like an army of occupation (as Transportation Commissioner Lucius Riccio recently said), then the mounted band of eco-warriors who on a recent Thursday evening rode out from under the arch in Washington Square Park to confront the fume-choked rush-hour traffic seemed like a tiny, romantic, hopelessly outgunned guerrilla force. As the riders turned onto Waverly Place and then north onto University, some of them let out war whoops and shouted slogans, but otherwise the band moved quietly and stealthily uptown. You could hear the clicking of their derailleurs and the jingle of bicycle bells.

Just before the bicycle corps left the park, its leader, Jon Orcutt, had expressed surprise at the lack of police surveillance; indeed, the loose, block-long band proceeded unmolested toward Union Square, while behind it a phalanx of cars, taxis, and buses slowed into a traffic jam. This was hardly a sneak attack, however. It was the fifth in a series of monthly mobile demonstrations organized by Transportation Alternatives, a plucky bicycle-advocacy group that has been battling the hegemony of the automobile in New York since 1986. "Auto-Free New York!" was its battle cry. The idea was to roll through the midtown rush-hour traffic passing out leaflets that attacked municipal favoritism toward cars.

Orcutt, the director of Transportation Alternatives, is a soft-spoken young man with shaggy brown hair and an earnest-graduate-student manner. As befits the leader of an ecologically pure organization engaged in creative nonviolence, he presents a Gandhi-like appearance of voluntary poverty. On the Thursday evening in question, Orcutt wore a T-shirt that said "Cars Kill Everything," khaki shorts, and sandals. Some of his comrades were riding expensive mountain bikes or sleek racing bikes, but he was leading the procession on a battered 1959 one-speed Schwinn with balloon tires.

The ride's intended destination was the Sixth Avenue entrance to Central Park, where the bicyclists would block the intersection, preventing cars from entering the Park. About sixty people—a diverse group of Lycra-clad messengers and racing types, environmentalists, bike commuters, and mild-mannered anarchists—took part, and it was possible for most of them to carry on conversations as they made their way north at a leisurely pace. Bob McGlynn, a dour, bearded activist who belongs to an ad-hoc group called Bike Messengers United, reminisced about the bike-messenger demonstrations in the summer of 1987, when hundreds of messengers rolled through midtown to protest attempts by the mayor, Ed Koch, to ban them from Fifth, Park, and Madison Avenues. McGlynn said he had read that the fax machine was going to kill off the bicycle-messenger trade, but he didn't believe it. "No, we ain't extinct," he said. "There's just too much we carry that you can't fax. I've carried sperm samples, millions-of-years-old trilobite fossils, live sea horses. We carry shoes—I mean, can you fax a shoe?"

The bikers had moved onto Madison Avenue, where an enormous traffic jam developed. Then, as they approached Forty-seventh Street, a police car appeared behind them, at the head of the traffic column. A loudspeaker ordered the bikes to clear Madison Avenue immediately. Orcutt made a tactical decision to lead his troops west onto Forty-ninth, but the light had changed at Forty-eighth, trapping a few straggling cyclists next to the police cruiser. Several officers jumped out and arrested one of them, slapping handcuffs on him and confiscating his bike.

The bikes rolled on to Central Park South without further incident. But the police had already barricaded the entrance to the Park, so the protestors decided to block the flow of traffic along Central Park South. They brandished their bikes and gave victory cries, while cars, taxis, buses, and a very large and very loud red dump truck added a chorus of honking to the din, and drivers leaned out of their windows and shouted insults. The scene lasted for about five minutes before the bicyclists circumvented the barriers and beat a retreat into the Park. Then the clotted traffic began to move again. ♦

IWC watches available at these fine jewelers:
Austin, TX
Donald Wilson Jewelers, 5010 Burnet Road
78756-2697 (512) 451-2105
Bal Harbour, FL
Tourneau Inc., 9700 Collins Avenue
33154 (305) 866-4312
Beaver, PA
Orr's Jewelers, 690 Third Street
15009-2116 (412) 728-3800
Beverly Hills, CA
Princess Jewels Collection, 9876 Wilshire Blvd.
90210 (310) 276-5556
Boston, MA
Dorfman Jewelers, 24 Newbury Street
02116 (617) 536-2022
Carmel, CA
Hesselbein's Inc., 202 Crossroad Blvd.
93923 (408) 625-2522
Chicago, IL
Henry Kay Jewelers, Water Tower Plaza, 3rd level
835 North Michigan, 60611 (312) 266-7600
Cincinnati, OH
Swiss Time Ltd., 9393 Montgomery Road
45242 (513) 793-4330
Denver, CO
Hyde Park Jewelers, 7777 E. Hampden Avenue
80231 (303) 755-3541
Fargo, ND
Royal Jewelers, 73 Broadway
58102 (701) 232-2491
Glastonbury, CT
[illegible]aribault Jewelers, 361 New London Turnpike
06033 (203) 633-1727
Great Neck, NY
Jewels by Viggi Ltd., 26 Middleneck Road
11021 (516) 829-6161
Greenwich, CT
Manfredi Jewelers, 121 Greenwich Avenue
06830 (203) 622-1414
La Jolla, CA
Little Switzerland, 7910 Girard Avenue
92037 (619) 454-5145
Honolulu, HI
Royal Hawaiian Gems, 2301 Kalakaua Avenue
Suite C-105, 96815 (808) 926-2722
Lincolnwood, IL
Smart Jewelers, 3350 W. Devon Avenue
60659 (708) 673-6000
Los Angeles, CA
Chong Hing Goldsmith, 659 North Hill Street
90012 (213) 623-3645
Miami, FL
Moray's Jewelers, 224 S.E. 1st Street
33131 (305) 374-0739
New Orleans, LA
Adler's, 722 Canal Street
70130-2310 (504) 523-5292
Newport Beach, CA
Traditional Jewelers, 203 Newport Drive
Fashion Island, 92660 (714) 721-9010
New York, NY
Barthman, 174 Broadway
10038 (212) 732-0890
Cellini Jewelers, 509 Madison Avenue
10022 (212) 888-0505
Cellini Jewelers, Waldorf Astoria Hotel
301 Park Avenue, 10022 (212) 751-9824
Tourneau Inc., 500 Madison Avenue
10022 (212) 758-3265
Tourneau Inc., 635 Madison Avenue
10022 (212) 563-6880
Palm Beach, FL
Embassy Palm Beach, 337 Worth Avenue
33480 (407) 655-4844
Tourneau Inc., 175 Worth Avenue
33480 (407) 832-8812
Palm Desert, CA
Nielsen Jewelers, 73-151 El Paseo Blvd.
92260-4217 (619) 346-5608
Pasadena, CA
Troy & Company Jewelers, 527 S. Lake Avenue
91101 (818) 449-8414
Philadelphia, PA
Albert Govberg & Sons, 1428 Walnut Street
19102 (215) 546-6505
Raleigh, NC
Haydon & Company Inc., 1803 Oberlin Road
27622 (919) 781-1293
Richmond, VA
[illegible]reras Ltd., Omni Salon, 1041 East Cary Street
23219 (804) 780-9191
Salt Lake City, UT
O. C. Tanner, 20 E. Temple
84101 (801) 532-3222
San Antonio, TX
Moretti's Fine Jewelry, 174 North Star Mall
78279 (512) 340-4074
San Francisco, CA
Shapur, 245 Post Street
94108 (415) 392-1200
St. Thomas, VI
Jewels at A. H. Riise, 37 Main Street
00802 (809) 777-4222
Tempe, AZ
Ganem Jewelers, 4409 So. Rural Road
85282-7012 (602) 820-1122
Troy, MI
Schubot, 3001 W. Big Beaver Road
48084 (313) 649-1122
Winter Haven, FL
Griner's Jewelers, 195 Ave., "A" NW
33881 (813) 293-0151

The Split-Second Chronograph
from IWC.
Two stopwatches in one.

IWC
SCHAFFHAUSEN
MON 22
DOPPELCHRONOGRAPH
AUTOMATIC

18 kt. yellow gold $ 17,500
stainless steel $ 8,995
Suggested retail prices

Anyone planning to surpass the Pilot's Chronograph from IWC is going to have to set their sights pretty high.

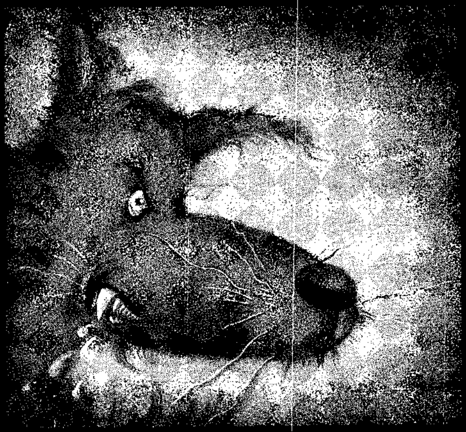
In the end, we decided no one was better qualified to accomplish the job than IWC.

Now, after three years of intensive development and testing, the Split-Second Chronograph – or the «Doppelchronograph» to use its proper name – is ready to step in when a stopwatch with a single function isn't enough.

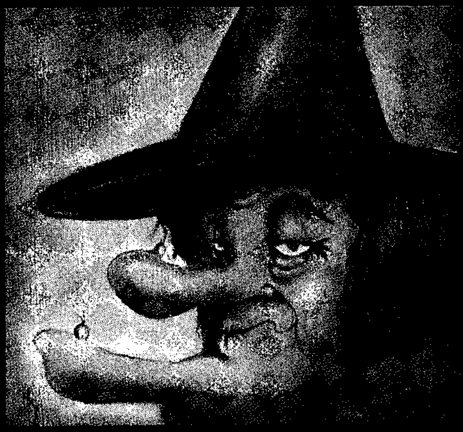
The Split-Second Chronograph has two 'stop' buttons at the 2 and 4 o'clock positions to measure lap times or unit distances accurately, independent of the main hand. With its sophisticated split-second feature, the chronograph is one of watchmaking's greatest achievements.

Advanced mechanical chronographs like this, of course, are extraordinary. But you can always console yourself with the thought that you're getting twice as much stopwatch for your money.

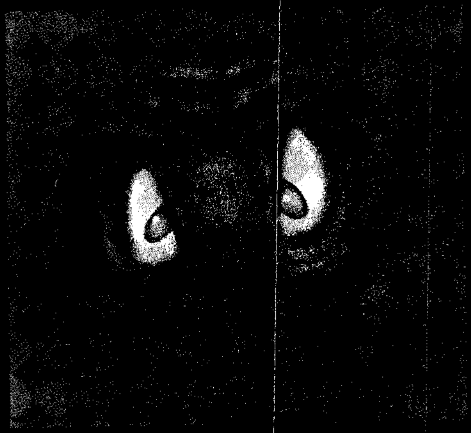
125
YEARS
IWC
International Watch Co Ltd, Schaffhausen . Switzerland
Since 1868
For complete catalog please call (800) 432-9330



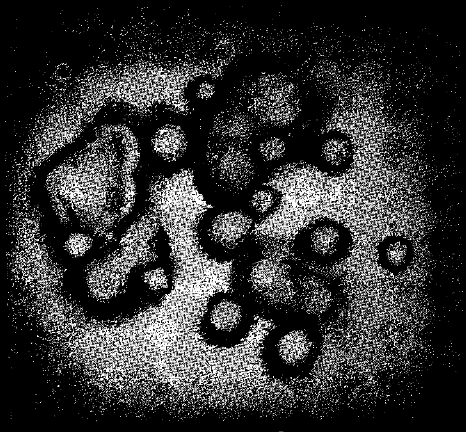
The Big Bad Wolf



The Wicked Witch



The Thing Under the Bed



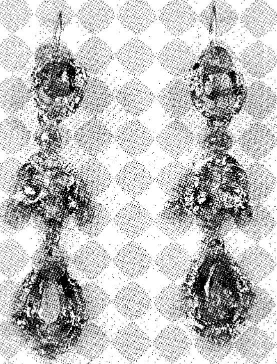
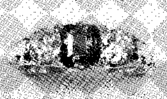
The Measles

Not all monsters
are make-believe.

Measles is a very *real* threat to your child. Complications can lead to blindness or even brain damage. But measles can be prevented. That's why we're giving millions of dollars through 1996 to educate and encourage parents to vaccinate their kids. Preventive care is included in many Aetna Health Plans programs. After all, prevention is the best form of health care. For our brochure, "A Parent's Guide to Childhood Vaccinations," call 1-800-AETNA-HC.

Aetna. A policy to do more.®

© 1993 Aetna Life Insurance Company

From our collection of Emerald & Diamond Jewelry

Earrings, Victorian, c. 1830,
18kt, Emeralds (3.50cts TW),
Diamonds (.75ct), $13,500

Victorian, c. 1890, 18kt,
Emerald (.65ct),
Diamonds (.75ct), $4750

Edwardian, c. 1900, 18kt,
Emerald (.50ct), Diamond
(.50ct; sides .65ct) $5200

S. J. SHRUBSOLE
ESTABLISHED 1910
104 EAST 57TH STREET • NY 10022 • (212) 753-8920

BASQUE TOURS
SPANISH & FRENCH PYRENEES
Small groups, gourmet food, great guide
UNDISCOVERED
1-800-227-7889
BACKROADS INTERNATIONAL
New Orleans LA 70130

Virginia Is For Lovers.
If you love warm, sandy beaches, majestic mountain ranges and storybook history, call 1-800-248-4833 Ext. V08 for a free guide to *Virginia from the Appalachians to the Atlantic.* Or write Virginia Tourism, Dept. V08, Richmond, VA 23219.
VIRGINIA

JANESVILLE®
DOLL BUNK BED
$35
+ $4.50 UPS
($5.50 West Coast)
Visa, MC or Check
Use single
stack two
as a doubledecker
Solid Oak
20" Long,
11-3/4" Wide
11" High
Oil Finish
Free
Brochure
(608)754-0026
Wisconsin Wagon Co., 507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545

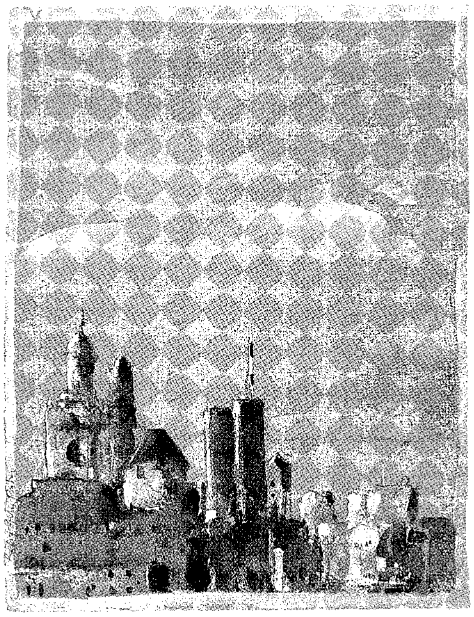
AROUND CITY HALL

THE REMATCH

While even the Mayor's beloved U.S. Open becomes a political liability, Giuliani can't shake his image, and the voters are getting uneasy.

BY ANDY LOGAN

QUITE a few of the New Yorkers who in 1989 cast enough votes to elect David Dinkins—born poor, the son of a barber and a domestic worker—are surely astonished that four years later, in his race for reëlection, two of the words most often used by those who are campaigning against him or who only wonder about his being up to running the city are "tennis" and "tuxedo." In mid-July, Ronnie Eldridge, a City Council member who represents the Upper West Side, and strongly supported Dinkins in 1989, reported that this year her campaign workers had had trouble getting residents in her heavily Democratic district to sign the necessary nominating petitions for the Mayor. "He's become so inaccessible he's almost regal," she complained. "You don't see him around. You see him on TV, which is unfortunately often in the evening and in a tuxedo." As mayor, Dinkins has often attended three or four black-tie events in a night—an activity he has described as part of his duties to the community. (Luckily, he has four tuxedos.) In the matter of tennis, which Dinkins plays well, he had announced even before he was sworn in as mayor that he would be playing tennis most mornings, as usual, and he has generally kept his promise. A particular problem comes up at the end of each summer, when the U.S. Open is played, in Flushing Meadows–Corona Park, in Queens, and the Mayor, it has seemed, can't bear to be anywhere else. Sometimes, unable to wait to get there by car, he has commandeered a police helicopter for the trip. His daily tennis games with friends are rarely covered by the press, but several times a day during past Opens television cameras, moving around the crowd, have lingered on the Mayor, his face intent on the play, as if absolutely nothing else—murders, financial crises, incipient riots—were happening in the city.

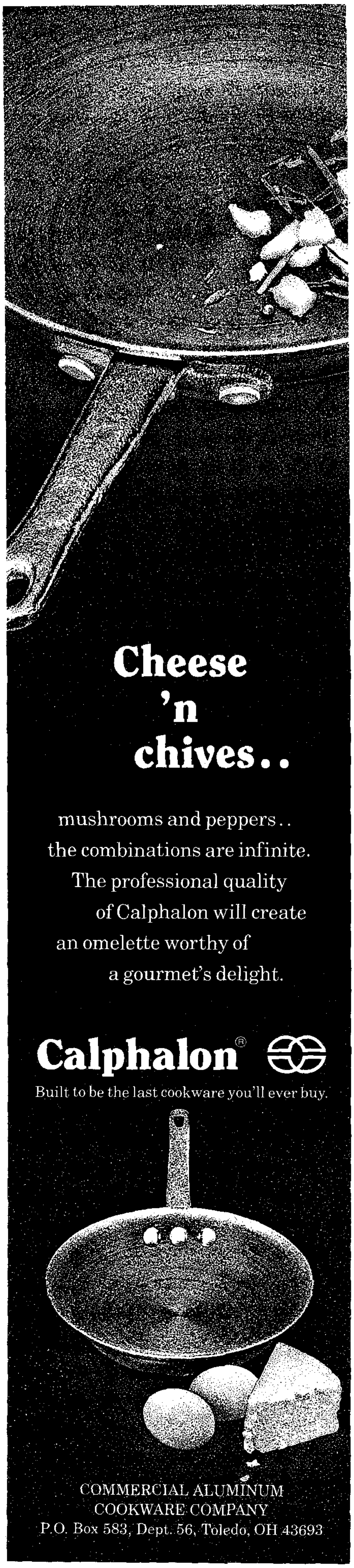


ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

That Dinkins' mind is often on matters other than his mayoral duties is a major campaign theme of Rudolph Giuliani, a former United States attorney, who is Dinkins' Republican opponent in the current mayoral race, as he was four years ago. A clip of Dinkins courtside at Flushing Meadows would make a perfect centerpiece for a Giuliani campaign commercial. Late last month, Giuliani, who has been going around town playing stickball and boccie, which may be where the votes are, announced that Dinkins was looking very tired and testy. The challenger seemed to be trying to sound sad and sympathetic, but he shed no crocodile tears. (Such tears get their name, of course, from the myth that the crocodile sheds tears over the victim he is devouring.) What the Mayor needed, Giuliani said, was to "look forward to the vacation he'll have" at the U.S. Open, where he "usually spends all his time." Dinkins' response to this prescription was "He may not know that I have the capacity to play better than two hours of singles—and I'm sixty-six years old—without a break." He went on to say that he worked seven days a week, and that he hoped Giuliani—who is forty-nine—had "the stamina to stay the course." He declared, "I will not be intimidated into not going to the Open, or not playing tennis, or not wearing a tuxedo because Mr. Giuliani thinks that he can suggest that that's an image of a mayor who doesn't work." He conceded, however, that he would not be going to the Open as often as he had in the past—and his campaign managers were furiously spreading the word to this effect.

In *Newsday*, the columnist Jimmy Breslin, who is married to Councilwoman Eldridge, took another tack. His point of outrage was the fact that the U.S. Tennis Association, which runs and maintains the city-owned tennis center where the Open is played, had concluded that the center needed expanding, and the city administration seemed about to agree to allow it to take over twenty-five additional acres of Flushing Meadows–Corona Park. The city points out that the Open provides about a hundred and twelve million dollars annually in economic benefits. Under the new lease, the Open would pay rent of close to half a million dollars, and would contribute eight million dollars to a trust fund for the park and expand its public tennis programs. Except during the Open, eleven of the new courts would be available free to holders of Parks Department tennis permits. According to the résumé of Ellen Baer, First Deputy Mayor Norman Steisel's chief of staff, she had been the city's principal negotiator on the lease. At the moment, however, that was not the best of references. She had just been demoted as the result of a report by Dinkins' Department of Investigation, which questioned her involvement in the awarding of a huge contract for privatizing operations of the Parking Violations Bureau. The report referred to her "close personal and professional relationship" with Sid Davidoff, the Mayor's good friend and occasional tennis-playing companion. Davidoff is also the highest-paid lobbyist doing business with the city, and among his clients is the U.S. Tennis Association. Breslin wrote of the Open, "Rich people like it a lot," and the people who go "wear clothes by Ellesse, Le Coq Sportif, Tacchini." All this would have startled F. Scott Fitzgerald. In the early nineteen-twenties, the area of Queens where the Open is played was a desolate stretch of land known as the valley of ashes. The workers in the ash heap could be seen from the train Nick Carraway took from Manhattan to the West and East Egg estates of Gatsby and the golden Daisy—who would doubtless have worn Ellesse clothes if they had then been available. In contrast, according to Breslin, "the average yearly income of a person using Flushing Meadows Park is about $9,000," and the local residents are mostly busboys and waiters with large families. "Now these greedy people, whose arrogance is displayed on their faces and in their clothes, feel that they must reach out and for the good of the community brush these little families away, like so many common ants." As for the Mayor of the city, Breslin said, he "has nothing to do with all this because he has nothing to do with anything in City Hall."

In the mayoral election four years ago, New Yorkers had a chance to make history whichever way they voted. They could elect Dinkins as the first black mayor of the city. Or they could elect a Republican. Registered Democrats outnumber registered Republicans here by more than five to one, and the doctrine that voting for a Republican is against nature is so compelling that no Republican Presidential candidate has carried the city since Calvin Coolidge, in 1924. New Yorkers do choose Republican mayors once in a while. In the last ninety-two years, they have elected two: Fiorello LaGuardia and John Lindsay. At a Lincoln's Birthday gathering in Manhattan in 1989, Lee Atwater, the Republican National Committee chairman, told a Manhattan crowd, "It's time for the Republican Party to take campaigns right to the inner cities," and added that there was no better place to establish what he later called a "political beachhead" than New York. A G.O.P. victory in the mayoral race, he said, would "turn this country spinning." However, by mid-October, when President Bush arrived in town to boost the candidacy of the Republican nominee, a *Daily News* poll was showing Giuliani with thirty-four per cent of the vote, to fifty-three per cent for his opponent, David Dinkins. Bush called Giuliani (whose name he had to be coached to pronounce correctly; Wasps are like that) "an American hero," and compared him to Theodore Roosevelt, Eliot Ness, and, of course, LaGuardia. (When Giuliani announced his candidacy in 1989, he said he was doing so "in the spirit of Fiorello LaGuardia." The Little



Cheese
'n
chives..

mushrooms and peppers..
the combinations are infinite.
The professional quality
of Calphalon will create
an omelette worthy of
a gourmet's delight.

Calphalon®
Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM
COOKWARE COMPANY
P.O. Box 583, Dept. 56, Toledo, OH 43693

Flower was not only a fellow-Republican but also New York's first Italian-American mayor.) To encourage the hopes of the Republican crowd, the President invoked the memory of the 1969 New York Mets, who in mid-August of that year were nine and a half games out of first place in the National League East but went on to win the pennant and the World Series. Lindsay's reëlection as mayor is often credited to the resulting local exhilaration.

This year, when the mayoral contest is a Dinkins-Giuliani rerun, no one in his senses would invoke the name of the Mets in association with any political scenario other than hopeless disaster. Giuliani, however, is a lifelong supporter of the Yankees, whose prospects offer a far more propitious political metaphor: if the Yankees should bring off a big win, and Giuliani should, too, a local baseball team would doubtless once again be hailed as having helped bring about a Republican mayoral victory. One of Giuliani's first campaign commercials this year showed him wearing a Yankee jacket. In the commercial, which was filmed in Brooklyn, he mentions that he was born there. In another commercial, he mentions having also lived in Queens, and speaks of his sympathy with the boroughs outside Manhattan (where he now lives), because "I've been there." He does not mention that when he was seven his family moved to the Long Island suburbs. In the Yankee commercial, he describes how when he was very young—that is, in the early fifties—his father dressed him in a Yankee uniform and sent him out into the Brooklyn streets, then total Dodger territory, and the other kids immediately threw him in the mud. "I was the only Yankee fan in Brooklyn," he concludes, with a rueful smile. The commercial is part of a campaign drive to show what has been described as the warm and fuzzy side of the former prosecutor, to counter the efforts of the Democratic opposition, which, Giuliani complains, keeps confusing the voters by portraying him as Torquemada.

This year, the Republicans have their hopes up. Although for most of the spring and summer polls had shown Dinkins and Giuliani in a virtual dead heat, a *Daily News*/WNBC/Harris poll of probable voters published on August 17th gave Giuliani a ten-point lead—fifty-one per cent to forty-one per cent. The poll was taken after the release of a six-hundred-page report by the state director of criminal justice on the 1991 riots in Crown Heights, which concluded that Dinkins "did not act in a timely and decisive manner," and that by his slow response he had failed to protect "the lives, safety, and property of the residents of Crown Heights." The poll also followed an announcement by the state's School Construction Authority that critical tests for asbestos had not been conducted properly, if at all, in many local schools (of which there are more than a thousand), as inspectors had claimed, and would have to be redone—costing a sum estimated at twelve million dollars and delaying the reopening of the schools by at least a week and a half. Although the Mayor correctly pointed out that the fraud dated back to the days of his predecessor, Ed Koch, Dinkins, in his four years in office, had never got around to appointing a city representative to the board of the School Construction Authority, as was legally required. That representative might have been expected to keep an eye out for such costly and dangerous derelictions—whose consequences, come Election Day, will be vividly in the minds of parents, especially working parents, who have had to cope with their fears of asbestos, and with arrangements for children whom they had counted on being in school.

After the Harris poll came out, there was more bad news, which was likely to depress the Mayor's ratings even further. There was the revelation that a band of city cops in Brooklyn's Seventy-third Precinct were under investigation for having run what amounted to a criminal racketeering operation, in which the law-and-order representatives preyed on drug dealers, conducting illegal raids and grabbing cash and also drugs, and then sold the drugs or parcelled them out to friends—all, apparently, without the New York Police Department's having noticed. And there was the release of the report by the Mayor's Department of Investigation about the Parking Violations Bureau contract. The report, two hundred and nine pages long, revealed that Lockheed Information Management Services, a division of the aviation company, had received the contract (in effect, skipping the requirements for competitive bidding) to privatize most of the operations of the city's Parking Violations Bureau, although the only study made showed that such privatization—the contract, for more than a hundred and fifty million dollars, was the largest service contract in the city's history—would cost the city sixty-one million dollars instead of saving it money. The day after the report was released, the Mayor dismissed Philip Michael, his budget director, who had helped oversee the Lockheed discussions, and cancelled the contract (the fact that all this occurred on the second anniversary of the beginning of the Crown Heights riots didn't brighten his day). This was the report that caused Ellen Baer to be demoted—during the contract talks, she had been negotiating with Lockheed about a job. The Mayor also had to try to fend off demands that he fire First Deputy Mayor Steisel. Steisel is an abrasive sort, but firing him would be a disaster for the Mayor, who, as has often been noted, tends to confuse photo opportunities with governing. While he is busy with other matters, Steisel, by common judgment, governs the city.

Although Dinkins unilaterally declared the highly suspect P.V.B. contract maneuvers to be *not* corruption and *not* a scandal, they necessarily evoked the days of the municipal-corruption scandals of 1986, which helped bring down the Koch administration. The company that had been awarded the current contract—now rescinded—was a lineal descendant of one of the companies involved in turning the P.V.B. into a private racketeering enterprise; some of the Lockheed principals had even been participants seven years ago. Though the contract in the most famous of those earlier cases was for only twenty-one million dollars, it had resulted in a twelve-year jail sentence for the Bronx Democratic boss, Stanley Friedman, who had a sign on his office wall saying "Crime Doesn't Pay—As Well As Politics," and who became a free man only last January. More distressing—even mortifying—to the Dinkins forces was the fact that the U.S. attorney who had personally, and very ably, prosecuted Friedman and several others who went to jail was Giuliani, as, of course, he could be counted on to mention frequently during the present campaign.

In July of 1991, *Newsday* had published a detailed account of many of the dubious maneuvers in the contract negotiations between Lockheed and the present P.V.B.; nevertheless, the process had continued. By far the most influential press coverage was in the *Village Voice* in April of this year. It included much of the evidence that subsequently reappeared in the D.O.I. report—and, indeed, led to the Mayor's request to the D.O.I. to investigate what had gone on. "THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAYOR" was the *Voice's* front-page headline the week after the report came out, and the paper was delighted to reprint an exchange at a City Hall press conference in which Joan Shepard, of the *City Sun*, a black-owned paper in Brooklyn, asked the Mayor "Do you have to read the *Village Voice* to find out what is going on at City Hall?" and Dinkins angrily responded, "I am *not* required to read the *Village Voice* to find out what goes on at City Hall." In fact, each of the summer's long reports on the governing process at the Dinkins City Hall portrayed the Mayor as inattentive to the point of being disengaged when leadership was badly needed, or, as a *Post* headline put it after the Crown Heights report, "OUT TO LUNCH!"

"My sense of humor needs bringing up to date. Do you think the New School might have something?"

• •

"MAYOR DAVID N. DINKINS had a bad week. He's also had a bad month. In fact, he's had a pretty bad year, and even his friends agree that he badly needs a couple of weeks of favorable breaks—and soon—if he is to avoid the worst break of all: defeat on Nov. 2nd" was the lead paragraph of a front-page *Times* story by Todd Purdum on August 22nd. According to Purdum, the political consensus was that "the race for mayor might well be Rudolph W. Giuliani's to lose." The headline over the story in the first edition was apparently by a headline writer sympathetic to the Mayor, whose daily message at City Hall is that whatever untoward thing happens to him is certainly not the result of any inadequacies of his own. (When he announced, in discussing the city's failures in Crown Heights, "The buck stops here," he acknowledged that the Police Department had made many mistakes, and explained that his only mistake was in trusting what the police had said.) The first edition described him as the "HARD-LUCK MAYOR," but a later edition made it "TROUBLED." In the next issue of the *Amsterdam News*, Dinkins' good friend Wilbert Tatum, who is its publisher and editor-in-chief, pronounced the *Times* article "gibberish" and denounced "White-think," which, Tatum said, holds that "no Black is competent to run this city."

Four years ago, many New Yorkers who voted for Dinkins did so in the hope that he would be able to bring together the residents of a city torn by bitter racial divisions. If polls are any indication, it has not worked out that way. In the recent Harris poll, sixty-eight per cent of the whites in the survey said they were for Giuliani and twenty-two per cent for Dinkins. Of the blacks surveyed, eighty-seven per cent were for Dinkins and eight per cent for Giuliani. These numbers, reflecting a city sharply, even adamantly, divided by race, made Dinkins' campaign slogan—"One city. One future"—seem, though well intended, out of touch with reality. In 1989, Hispanics, who, like blacks, account for about a quarter of New York's population, but whose percentage of the vote, because of their relative youth and lack of citizenship, is much less—perhaps fifteen per cent—gave Dinkins close to seventy per cent of their vote and, along with liberal-minded white voters, including Jews, swung the election to Dinkins. In the Harris survey, Hispanics, who often complain that the Mayor favors his fellow-blacks, gave Dinkins only thirty-nine per cent, to fifty-two per cent for Giuliani. In a further blow, on August 30th Carlos Rivera, Dinkins' fire commissioner, who is Puerto Rican, and whom the Mayor has often cited as an example of his elevation of Latinos to high office, resigned to become a leading adviser to Giuliani, saying that top mayoral aides had made decisions that endangered the safety of firefighters and the people of the city, and that they "tend to treat Hispanics with disdain and disrespect." Dinkins said that Rivera's decision to support Giuliani over him was "bizarre," and proof that the fire commissioner was a "very troubled" man. As he is well aware, it doesn't take too many Republican-voting Hispanics, along with disaffected whites, to add up to more than forty-seven thousand—his margin of victory four years ago.

If Dinkins should lose, he would be the first African-American mayor of a major American city to be defeated after a first term. Dinkins maintained that the Harris-poll results didn't bother him at all, since he had polls of his own (he did not hand them around) showing that he was ahead. Meanwhile, quite a few New Yorkers are not at all happy with the choice that confronts them: couldn't a great city do better? Despite the warm and fuzzy commercials, Giuliani is best remembered by some local citizens as the United States attorney who—in a demonstration of prosecutorial overkill that David Garth, the veteran local political consultant who oversees Giuliani's campaign, has called "a mistake and unfair"—had had one Wall Street figure arrested, and paraded across his firm's headquarters in handcuffs, and then never came up with the evidence to indict him. (Nevertheless, Giuliani's support from Wall Street is said to be high. Republicans are like that.) Though in old movies zealous prosecutors often go far in politics, this has not usually been the case in New York. The last famously zealous New York prosecutor who went anywhere was Thomas E. Dewey, who later became governor and almost President. After Giuliani resigned as United States attorney to run for mayor in 1989, reporters found in his former office an old newspaper open to a page that featured the headline "GIULIANI AND DEWEY—CAREERS COMPARED."

Although political campaigns often dwell portentously on the future, New York's mayoral candidates this year often seemed to be far more preoccupied with the need to win over voting blocs before November 2nd. There was, for example, the selection of a new chancellor for the city's schools. Last February, the seven-member Board of Education voted four to three not to renew the contract of Chancellor Joseph Fernandez, and he left office on June 30th. Of the three, all from Manhattan, who voted to keep him on, two were black and had been named to the board by Dinkins, who, before he was mayor, was Manhattan borough president, and one was Hispanic, named by the present Manhattan borough president, Ruth Messinger. Of the four in the majority, who voted against Fernandez, three were whites and one was Hispanic, and all were from boroughs other than Manhattan and eager to make a point of it; the Hispanic member, Ninfa Segarra, is one of two active supporters of Giuliani on the board, the other being Michael Petrides, of Staten Island. The point against Fernandez that the majority bore down on most heavily was his support for school programs that included condom distribution and AIDS education, and encouraged tolerance toward the children of gays. Early in the summer, Dinkins had announced that, other things being equal, a Latino chancellor would be preferable. (More than eighty per cent of the city's public-school children are non-white.) The Mayor's statement was immediately criticized as pandering to the Hispanic vote. On August 20th, Dinkins, who had not supported any of the other finalists in the long chancellor-search process, sent a letter to the board president saying that he thought the best choice would be Gerald Tirozzi, who had been the head of the Connecticut school system. Immediately, Petrides charged that Dinkins was backing Tirozzi, an Italian-American, to court white ethnic voters. Late in the evening of August 31st, the board voted to award the chancellorship to a Mexican-American—Ramon Cortines, the former head of the San Francisco school system. The vote was again four to three, the three in the minority again being those named by Dinkins and Ruth Messinger, and the four in the majority including the Giuliani supporters. Giuliani would now be able to point out that his allies on the board had supported the Hispanic candidate, while Dinkins' friends had not. There was a complication, however. Even before the vote, rumor began to spread—although apparently not to most members of the board—that the new chancellor might be gay. Reports to this effect from San Francisco were cited. When Cortines was asked by a television reporter about it at his first press conference here after he was chosen, he said that the question had come up in San Francisco, and "I've said previously that I'm not going to discuss that. And I won't discuss it now." The Dinkins and Messinger appointees would have been expected to take the position that his sexual orientation should not be an issue. On the other hand, the majority on the board who put Cortines over, most of whom had spent much of the year railing against what they had seen as Fernandez's immoral tolerance of the gay life style, would have some adjustments to make if the reports were true. No one knows how all this will play with the substantial local gay vote. For better or for worse, whoever wins the election, the city will apparently have Cortines as its schools chancellor until June, 1995, when his contract runs out.

On August 25th, the *Post* ran a Rigby cartoon that showed a frantic-looking Dinkins trying to move through deep ooze in a busted boat with a tennis racquet for a paddle while being threatened from all sides by huge crocodiles labelled Tennis Center, Asbestos, PVB, Education, and Crown Hts. (cont.). That same week, most of the front page of the *City Sun* was given over to "An Open Letter to David Dinkins" from Andrew Cooper, the *Sun's* publisher and editor-in-chief, who is black. Cooper noted that he had known the Mayor for more than forty years and wanted him to be reëlected, and he made a number of recommendations to the Mayor that he believed would have this result: "FIRE Norman Steisel immediately! . . . Close the door on Sid Davidoff . . . and do not allow him into City Hall. . . . Get back to your natural constituency, the white liberals, Blacks, Latinos, and grass-roots people who need to communicate with you face to face. Take off your tuxedo and white shorts. . . . Visit every housing development in the city of New York and talk to those people who love and admire you and need your inspiring presence. Your weeklong appearance at the U.S. Open is a 'Davidoff' setup. When you attend the U.S. Open tennis tournament, take the No. 7 train, forget the helicopter. . . . There is a perception, by many, that you are lazy. You must begin to dispel that. Stay in the streets. . . . Stop being so stubborn and listen. Listen intently."

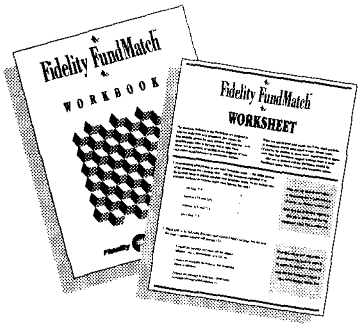
One of the worst blows to Dinkins' campaign had been the news last January that Giuliani's chief strategist would be David Garth. Garth has been on the winning side of five of the last seven mayoral races. He was not involved in the 1973 election of Abraham Beame, but he steered Lindsay to victory twice and Koch three times. Of course, Garth was also in charge of Koch's Democratic primary campaign in 1989, when Koch lost to Dinkins. And Dinkins supporters can remind themselves that in 1982 he ran Koch's losing campaign against Mario Cuomo for the nomination for governor. After a bad day for his client in that campaign, Garth quoted onetime Brooklyn Dodgers pitcher Preacher Roe, who said of a bad day on the mound, "Some days you eat the bear. Some days the bear eats you." In only a few weeks, New Yorkers will know which candidate the bear has made a meal of. ♦

"How Do I Know Which Mutual Funds May Be Right For Me?"

Introducing Fidelity FundMatch℠

Fidelity's do-it-yourself program helps you build a diversified portfolio to match your needs.

Our FundMatch Kit Has Everything You Need To Start



You'll receive an easy-to-use workbook that helps you understand the importance of diversification. The accompanying worksheet takes your input on your time horizon and risk profile to help you choose an investment mix that matches your own needs. Then, the FundMatch Action Plan lays out some of your investment options.

There are many ways to build a diversified portfolio. You can create a portfolio using Fidelity mutual funds. Any of our representatives can help you get started. You can choose one of our Asset Manager funds, or for investment advice and someone to choose the funds for you, consider Fidelity Portfolio Advisory Services.

Fidelity's Asset Manager Funds Make Diversification Simple

Fidelity's Asset Manager funds provide one way you can take advantage of the benefits of diversification – with one simple investment and **no sales charge.** Each of these funds is managed by professionals who decide how to allocate investments between foreign and domestic stocks, bonds and short-term/money market instruments based on changing market conditions in accordance with each fund's investment objective. Start your investment in a Fidelity Asset Manager fund with just $2,500, or $500 for an IRA.

If an asset allocation fund is what you're looking for, the FundMatch Kit can help you choose the Fidelity Asset Manager fund that best meets your needs.

It's Easy To Transfer Your IRA To Fidelity

If you're looking for a new approach to investing for retirement, consider moving your IRA to Fidelity. Call today for a FundMatch IRA Fact Kit.

Call 24 Hours For Your FREE Worksheet and Workbook

1-800-544-8888

Fidelity Investments®

Common sense. Uncommon results.

2r
For more complete information on any Fidelity fund, including charges, expenses and applicable redemption fees, call or write for a free prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. Share prices (except on money market funds), yields and returns will vary, and you may have a gain or loss when you sell your shares. Fidelity Portfolio Advisory Services is a service of Strategic Advisers, Inc., a Fidelity Investments company. Portfolio Advisory Services charges an annual advisory fee of .25% to 1% depending on account size. The minimum investment for Portfolio Advisory Services is $200,000, $100,000 for retirement accounts. Fidelity Distributors Corporation, 82 Devonshire Street, Boston, MA 02109.

"THE BEST TRAVEL CLOTHING IN THE WORLD"

The Tilley Hat was CHOSEN FOR THE 1992 OLYMPICS. Our Founder wasn't.

Alex Tilley in the trusty Tilley T3 Hat ($45, $3 s/h). World's best: it floats, ties on, repels rain, won't shrink and lasts. Every size. Four-page Owner's Manual.

Begun as a hobby in January 1980, **TILLEY ENDURABLES** is considered to make the best travel and adventure clothing in the world. *Sir Edmund Hillary: "I wear it; it's jolly good stuff."*

Smart-looking, long-lasting, classically styled, comfortable clothes with Velcro-closed **security pockets** for your valuables, **secret pockets** for your peace of mind, and washing instructions you can *swear* by: **"Give 'em hell!"** *And they're not just for travel!*

The free, 64-page catalogue will give you many a smile; phone or write for yours today!

1-800-338-2797

Tilley Endurables

3525 Seneca Street,
West Seneca, N.Y. 14224

FREE GIFT WRAP! CARD TOO!

STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, VANCOUVER AND BUFFALO

We do not solicit the patronage of those who make or promote tobacco products.

Maui's best kept secret? Not anymore.

Enjoy Maui's most coveted resort, with a rental car thrown into the bargain.

- Mid-sized Rental Car
- Partial Oceanview Room
- Breakfast Buffet

$189 per night, double occupancy. Effective through 12/22/93.

Call 1-800-321-MAUI for the "Prince Special."

MAUI PRINCE HOTEL

MAKENA RESORT

one of The Leading Hotels of the World

PREFERRED HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

LETTER FROM BROWNSVILLE

MURDER ON THE BORDER

Joey Fischer was a teen-age honor student who flourished in the Texas border culture, but his death revealed a side of that culture he'd never imagined.

BY MARIE BRENNER

LAST fall, my eighteen-year-old cousin Joey Fischer was assigned to read Gabriel García Márquez's "Chronicle of a Death Foretold." Joey's English teacher, Janice Johnson, believed that her honors students at St. Joseph Academy, a private school in Brownsville, Texas, on the Mexican border, needed to stretch themselves by taking on serious themes, such as the notion of mortality. In the book, Santiago Nasar, an amicable and rather feckless twenty-one-year-old, is murdered because he has possibly violated a daughter of the local town. Mrs. Johnson didn't care that her students might not appreciate Márquez's literary style of magic realism—his baroque chronicle of this particular killing which gradually reveals more and more details—but she was hoping that they would understand, and even be intrigued by, the subtext: that of a Latin culture in which a murder might be considered morally justifiable when it is motivated by the loss of a young woman's honor. "This couldn't happen," Mrs. Johnson later recalled Joey and his friends saying of the García Márquez novel. "This kind of thing only happens on soap operas."

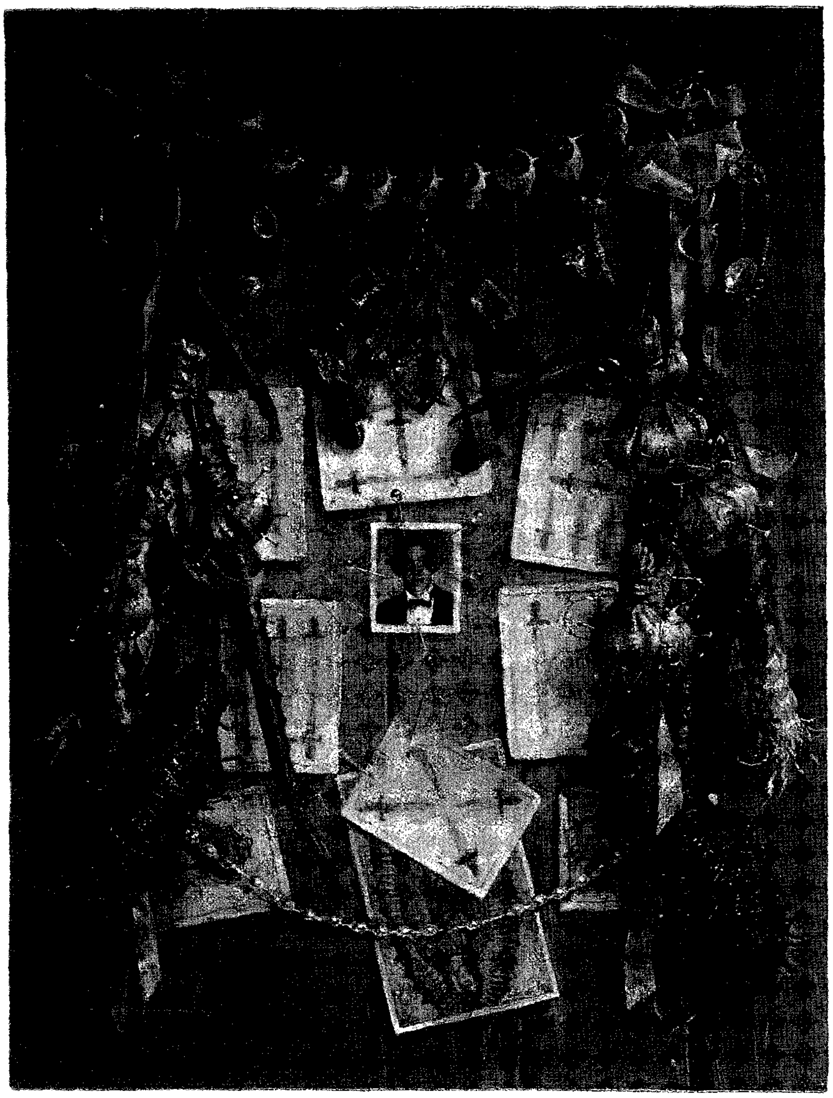
Joey, whose full name was Albert Joseph Fischer, Jr., was slim and had neatly trimmed brown hair, a narrow face, and a wry smile; he was one of Mrs. Johnson's most challenging students. At times, he could be as heedless as any other teen-ager, but she was impressed by his conversation, which was often serious. Joey had a deep voice and loved to bounce big words like "plethora," "lugubrious," and "pusillanimous" around with Mrs. Johnson. People who knew him often talked about him first in terms of his accomplishments: he had a 98.5 grade-point average for his senior year; he was eleventh in his class; and he had been immediately accepted into the honors program at the University of Texas at Austin. It could be argued that Joey's confidence in his academic abilities gave him a certain margin to try to push his teachers to their limits. Joey always had a remark to make, on any subject. "One of these days, your mouth is going to get you in trouble," Mrs. Johnson often teased him.

However much Mrs. Johnson tried last year, she had a hard time getting Joey's class to appreciate the rich ironies of "Chronicle of a Death Foretold." Joey told a friend of his that he thought all the omens were "ridiculous." He gave the friend the impression that he regarded the García Márquez novel as an anachronism, a throwback to the repressive sexual mores of Catholic mothers who chanted endless Rosaries to purify their daughters who had been *degradadas*. Joey said to Mrs. Johnson, "All the books you seem to pick for us are so morbid."

Mrs. Johnson was not originally from the border. As an outsider, she had a sharp sense of all the many contradictory aspects of the culture. St. Joseph Academy—and, for that matter, Brownsville—was at least eighty-five per cent Mexican-American. It was frequently said that the school, like the city, was "a mix of cultures," but it was impossible to think of either St. Joe, as the school is known, or Brownsville as an Anglo-versus-Hispanic world. Outside South Texas, it is often presumed that there is a continuing culture clash between the local Anglos and the Mexican-Americans. In fact, the closer you are to the border, the more the worlds meld together; ethnic and racial considerations are secondary to how rich a family is or how long it has lived in the area. On the border, the assumptions that outsiders make about the area often seem patronizing, because the Mexican-Americans define the culture and are its political power structure. It is common for the Mexican-Americans to tease their Anglo friends affectionately by calling them gringos, or even *bolillos*, meaning "white bread."

As an Anglo, Joey was most friendly with the Mexican-Americans in the school who were "second or third generation from across"—middle-class children whose last names were Ayala or Gonzalez, the kind of kids who wore boat shoes and polo shirts, sometimes applied to the Wharton School or Brown, and, at home, spoke Spanish mostly with their grandparents. This Brownsville world of established families does not show up in movies like "The Border" or "El Norte," for it is a society of subtle distinctions, in which Mexican-Americans and Anglos live in the same neighborhoods and go to the same schools and dances.

Joey and his friends could speak a perfect border Spanish, trilling their "r"s like natives, but for all their fluency in the language Mrs. Johnson remained convinced that they were unaware of the oddity of their environment. Brownsville is at the southern tip of Texas, across the Rio Grande from the Mexican city of Matamoros, and twenty-five miles from the Gulf of Mexico and the beaches of South Padre Island. It is a community of Bonanza restaurants, cineplexes, department stores, yogurt shops, and malls, where a small but significant number of the population truly believe that they have seen the Miracle Virgin of Guadalupe appearing in the clouds, on their tortillas, or, just recently, in the knot of a tree. It is a city where there are *curanderos* and *curanderas*—Mexican medicine men and women, sometimes benign but sometimes somewhat sinister, who practice *brujería*, or witchcraft. For a fee, the local *curanderas* will prescribe herbs for indigestion or employ spells, oils, and incantations—and, on occasion, tarot cards—to put the *mal ojo*, or evil eye, on straying boyfriends or unfaithful wives. A few miles from St. Joe, there are several storefronts advertising *velas mágicas, aceite de suerte, sahumerio*—magic candles, lucky oil, specially prepared incense—and other tools of *curanderismo*. Neither Joey nor his private-school friends appear to have ever shown the slightest interest in these things.

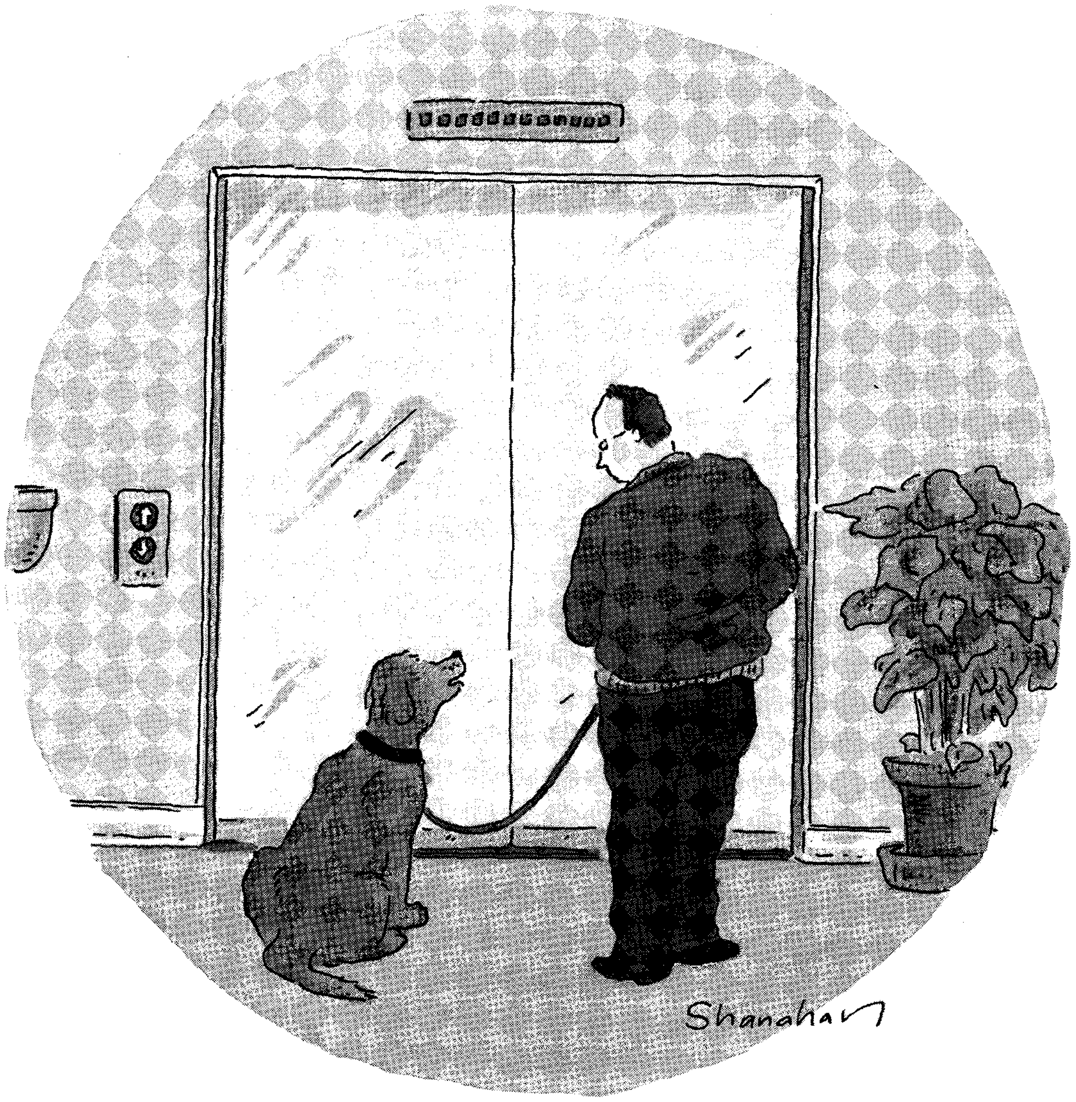


THOMAS WOODRUFF

ON Wednesday, March 3rd, in the sweet, nervous time of his last months of high school, Joey was up early, as usual. He put on one of the St. Joe uniforms—navy trousers and blue-and-white button-down—and then tried to get his younger brother, Eric, out the door; Joey always drove Eric to school. Just before seven o'clock, Joey went into the garage and backed his mother's car into the circular driveway. The traffic was light on Highway 77/83, visible just beyond an allée of palm trees in front of his house, on Cortez Avenue, in Rancho Viejo, an upper-middle-class community to the north of Brownsville. By Brownsville standards, Joey's neighborhood was rich. A number of doctors and lawyers lived there, and so did executives of the local *maquiladoras*, the factories of vast American and Taiwanese companies, such as A.T. & T. and Zenith, in Matamoros. Rancho Viejo was the kind of place where people describe the houses by their measurements, as in "Look at the Hernándezes'—they have fourteen thousand square feet." One next-door neighbor, a Mexican national, had in his front yard a dozen plaster statues of ancient Greek goddesses holding urns. Compared with some of its neighbors, Joey's house, a stucco ranch, was modest; it had a swimming pool, but a relatively small one.

Joey was one of only a few teen-age boys at St. Joe who did not have cars of their own, but his mother, Corinne, regularly let him borrow hers. After Joey backed the car up, he parked and got out to wash the dust off the car windows—a morning ritual. He walked to the front corner of the house, where the garden hose was curled on the ground. Suddenly, someone came up to the house with a .38-calibre pistol. As Joey stood with the hose in his hand, he was shot twice. The killer fired at close range, and one bullet tore into Joey's chest and the other lodged in his brain. The killer did not use a silencer—the gunshots could be heard inside the house. It was later obvious to the sheriff that Joey's killing was some kind of hit: the assassin had clearly sought him out.

Inside the house, Corinne went to



"We get in, we go down, we walk to the Park. I do my business; we're in and out in ten minutes. Anyone asks, you're with me."

the window to see what was going on. She thought, she later told Joey's father, Buddy, that maybe some palm fronds had fallen on the roof or a car had backfired. She looked out the kitchen door but didn't see her car. For a moment, she thought Joey might have gone to a convenience store to pick up something, but Eric told her that he saw her car in the driveway. Then Corinne, not moving much more quickly than usual, walked from the kitchen to the garage. When she opened the unopened door of the two-door garage, she saw Joey, lying face up, in the driveway. Later, Eric told his father that his mother's scream was so terrifying that it would haunt him for the rest of his life.

"Call 911!" Corinne shouted to Eric. "Call your father!" she shouted to Joey's older sister, Kathy. Immediately, Kathy rushed to the telephone and called her father, who lived only a few miles away. (Corinne and Buddy were divorced six years ago, and both had remarried.) It was a few minutes past seven. Buddy was still sleeping, and Joey's stepmother, Connie, was getting ready for work. Their five-month-old baby, Michael, was asleep in the next room. From the bathroom, Connie heard Buddy answer the phone. "What happened?" she asked. Buddy told her, "My son has been shot!" Connie had to stay with the baby, so Buddy pulled on a pair of jeans and a shirt and raced his car down Tandy Road, a shortcut to Highway 77/83, which led to Joey's house. He sped past the Rancho Viejo National Bank and Kay's Cactus. He had no idea how fast he was going; at some point he looked down at the speedometer and noticed that it registered a hundred and ten miles an hour. He made frantic gestures with his left hand, as if to brush other cars out of his way. At that early hour, the highway was almost deserted. As he approached the red tile roofs of Rancho Viejo, he didn't wait to get to the exit; he crossed the grass divider and careered through the allée of palm trees. He could see the flashing red lights of the Rancho Viejo police patrol cars; he felt himself go numb. He saw Corinne, sobbing, in the garage with Eric. Then he saw Joey lying in the driveway. When he got near his child, he saw that Joey was holding the garden hose. Nonsensically, he waited for Joey to see him and to say, "Hey, Dad, what's up?"—his standard greeting. The flow of the water from the hose had covered the driveway with blood.

In the kitchen, Kathy telephoned Joey's closest friend, Patrick Aziz. She was crying hysterically, "Patrick, did Joey have any enemies?"

Patrick couldn't think of anyone who disliked Joey. By the time Patrick got to school, he was almost incoherent, and stammered badly when he encountered Mrs. Johnson in the teachers' workroom.

"My word, what is the matter with you?" Janice Johnson remembered asking him.

"They killed Joey," he told her.

Mrs. Johnson said, "*What?*" Then, "Do you have any idea who would want to do this?"

"Yes," Patrick said, remembering some boys he and Joey had got into a fight with at a football game.

Mrs. Johnson had a strange feeling that "this is going to come right back to our doorstep," she told me much later.

Corinne, Eric, and Kathy immediately moved into Corinne's mother's house. According to Buddy, Corinne was in shock, but she knew, she later

ADVERTISEMENT

R. S. V. P.

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

An invitation to receive more information from *New Yorker* advertisers.
Simply circle the corresponding number(s) on the attached card and mail.

TRAVEL & RESORTS

1. Angkor Wat Adventures. On November 1st, at the Museum of Natural History, NYC, there will be a presentation on the present-day realities of the monuments of Angkor and travel to this fabulous destination.

2. Arkansas. Arkansas is a colorful place to visit during the fall season. Send for your free Vacation Planning Kit. Call (800)-NATURAL.

3. Aruba Tourism Authority. Visit the island where it hardly ever rains. Enjoy beautiful beaches and blue water. Call your travel agent or (800) TO-ARUBA.

4. Australian Tourist Commission. Come to Australia. Experience the wonder of a world that evolved differently. Send for your 130-page travel guide.

5. Campton Place Kempinski Hotel. Elegant, European-style luxury hotel in the heart of Union Square. Send for your color brochure or call (800) 426-3135.

6. The Cloister. 5-Star, 5-Diamond resort on Sea Island. Ideal for couples and families. Free brochure for special spa, golf, tennis, honeymoon, and anniversary packages.

7. Cunard's Exotic Winter Vacations. Be pampered as you sail to South America, Antarctica, Africa, or the Orient aboard the 5-Plus Star Sagafjord. From January - April, for 14- to 37-day vacations. Free brochure.

8. Doral Tuscany. Enjoy all the charms of this turn-of-the-century brownstone with the special attentions of a small hotel. Murray Hill location. Call (800) 22-DORAL.

9. Elegant Resorts of Jamaica. Half Moon, Round Hill, Tryall, and Trident. Four world-famous hotels and clubs on the coastlines of Montego Bay and Port Antonio.

10. Kiawah Island by Pam Harrington Exclusives. 30 minutes from Charleston. One to five bedroom accommodations in choice island locations. Call (800) 845-6966 for real estate or rental information.

11. Long Bay Beach Tortola, BVI. Our barefoot paradise spoils you with a choice of tropical accommodations, oceanfront rooms, our own secluded beach, and the Islands' finest food. Free brochure.

12. Louisiana, the food, the music, the people, the places. It's like nothing you've ever experienced, but will want again and again. Call (800) 879-9219 today for your free travel guide and highway map.

13. Monaco Government Tourist Office. Spin a storybook romance all your own in Monaco, the fairy tale that doesn't end at the stroke of midnight. For a free brochure and more, call (800) 753-9696.

14. New Orleans Tourism. The Spirit of New Orleans. It's in her food and music but mostly in the hearts of her people. For the most exciting time of your life... Come Join the Parade.

15. Park City Chamber/Visitors Bureau. Park City, Utah, is winter's gift to skiers. Call the Park City Chamber/Visitors Bureau at (800) 453-1360, Dept. PC43, for a free Winter Vacation Planner.

16. Passport Newsletter®. Hard-to-find information and recommendations about the best travel destinations. Free issue. Passport Newsletter, 350 Hubbard Street, Suite 440, Chicago, IL 60610; (800) 542-6670.

17. Provence, Hostellerie de Crillon le Brave. Small, luxurious country house hotel. Make Crillon le Brave your home base while we help you discover the heart of Provence.

18. Queen Elizabeth 2 Winter Vacations. Set sail aboard Cunard's legendary QE2 this January - April for a 13- to 44-day vacation to wondrous ports of call in Australia, the South Pacific, the Orient, India, and Africa.

19. San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau. 56-page book contains offers for Visa Cardholders at more than 115 participating merchants. Call (800) 442-CITY (2489) for your free booklet.

20. The Savoy Group of Hotels and Restaurants. Experience the best, staying 7 or more nights at one or more Savoy Group Hotels in London, the Cotswolds, or Paris. Call (800) 63-SAVOY.

21. Secret Harbour Beach Resort. Caribbean oceanfront deluxe studio, 1- and 2-bedroom suites with private patio/terrace. Dive Shop, Boutique, beachfront restaurants. Guaranteed sunsets too! (800) 524-2250.

22. Settlers' Beach Villas, Barbados. Private 2 bedroom, 2 bath, kitchen, lounge, terrace, and a staff to "do it all." Beach, pool, and tennis will keep you busy when not "chaiseing in the shade." (800) 223-1108.

23. South African Airways Costcutters Tours offer many unforgettable vacations featuring 12-day "Sensational South Africa" tour for only $2699 including airfare.

24. South African Tourism Board. Experience South Africa -- safari adventures, breathtaking wildflowers, enchanting winelands, and traditional tribal villages -- the diversity of "A World in One Country!"

25. South Carolina. This is your day in the sun. Free travel guide and map. 120 pages of beautiful beaches, championship golf, historic plantations, scenic foothills, gracious gardens, and events. (800) 346-3634.

26. Star Clippers. Romantic and adventurous clipper ship cruising. 7- and 14-day Caribbean and Mediterranean sailings. TransAtlantic crossings. 172 guests. For a free color brochure, call (800) 442-0551.

27. Texas Department of Tourism. TEXAS is like a whole other country. To see why, call (800) 8888-TEX for your free 264-page TEXAS Travel Book.

28. Tourisme Québec. A holiday in the Province of Québec... FantastiQue! For a winter travel brochure, information, or reservations, call (800) 363-7777, operator 297.

29. Virgin Atlantic Airways. Send for more information about Virgin Atlantic Airways and our premium economy class, "Mid Class." Call your travel agent or (800) 862-8621.

30. Virginia. For lovers of beaches, mountains, and history, write for a free, full-color vacation planning guidebook. Virginia is For Lovers.

31. Washington, D.C. Weekends. Washington is America's playground. Visit the free museums, monuments, and extraordinary neighborhoods. Senior discounts and reduced weekend rates. Call (800) 422-8644.

32. Willard Inter-Continental Washington. A landmark hotel just two blocks from the White House. Enjoy luxury accommodations and world-class cuisine. Call (800) 327-0200.

33. Windsor Court Hotel. The only 5-Diamond rated hotel and restaurant in New Orleans. Excellent views of the city and river. World-renowned cuisine. (800) 262-2662.

34. World Explorer Cruises. A 14-day cultural and educational cruise of Alaska aboard the S.S. Universe. Fares begin at $2395 per person. Call for our free 1994 brochure. (800) 854-3835.

35. Young Island - The Grenadines. A private island. Guests only. No town, roads, cars, or crowds. A beach and pool to soak up sun and island beauty. Yachts available to cruise the Grenadines. Call (800) 223-1108.

NEW YORK CITY

36. The Essex House on Central Park, meticulously restored to its original Art Deco splendor, is once again one of New York's most luxurious hotels. The Essex House, everything you remember. And more.

37. Hotel Inter-Continental New York. A landmark hotel in the heart of midtown Manhattan. Near the world's finest stores, galleries, theatres, and restaurants. For reservations, call (800) 327-0200.

38. Hotel Millenium. Welcome to downtown. New York's first world-class executive hotel. Here the business traveller can expect razor-sharp efficiency amid incomparable comfort. The Hotel Millenium – it's about time.

39. Manhattan East Surrey Hotel. Exceptional Upper East Side value for sophisticated travellers: spacious suites, fitness center, acclaimed restaurant Daniel. (212) 288-3700.

40. The Regency Hotel. Located on exclusive Park Avenue, the Regency Hotel promises an enclave of quiet elegance... and of course, uncompromising service.

41. The Sherry Netherland, New York's legendary private hotel featuring exquisite rooms and suites at moderate prices. On Fifth Avenue and Central Park at 59th Street. Call (800) 247-4377; in New York, (212) 355-2800.

42. Tourneau, one of the world's leading watch establishments presents the world's finest timepieces. For a shop-at-home catalog, call toll-free (800) 348-3332. Free.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

43. The Franklin/Templeton Group. For more information on any of the Franklin or Templeton Funds please call (800) 342-FUND, ext. 1496.

44. John Nuveen & Co. Incorporated. To learn more about Nuveen's tax-free municipal bond funds send for a prospectus or call your financial advisor.

MISCELLANEOUS

45. Chef'sChoice® Diamond Hone® Knife Sharpener Professional Model 110 puts long-lasting, sharp edges on your knives. Sharpens entire blade length on cooking, sporting, and pocket knives.

46. Chef'sChoice® Trizor® Professional 10X™ Kitchen Knives retain sharp edges up to ten times longer and are two to three times sharper than most popular brands.

47. Chef'sChoice® Sharpener and Knives. For free information and store listings for both, circle number 47.

48. J. Murphy. Stylish footwear for the man who's sure of every step he takes. From casual to dress casual. Unsurpassed comfort, quality, and durability. Shoes made to last... because they're made by Johnston & Murphy.

49. L.L. Bean. Free Christmas Catalog: Features active and casual wear, winter sporting equipment, furnishings for home and camp. We offer toll-free telephone services.

50. Levenger. Enhance your environment. Specializing in furniture, lighting, and equipment designed to make you more comfortable at home and more productive at work.

51. Saab Cars. For information and the location of the nearest Saab dealer call (800) 582-SAAB.

52. Tilley Endurables. Secret pockets, security pockets, "Give'em hell" washing instructions. "The best travel clothing in the world." Free unique 64-page catalog.

53. U.S. Postal Service. You'll find terrific stamps and great gift ideas in the U.S. Postal Service's "Not Just Stamps" catalog. For this free catalog, call (800) 528-1993.

Note: If response card is missing, send your request to THE NEW YORKER, P.O. Box 5347, Pittsfield, MA 01203-9892. Offer valid until December 6, 1993.

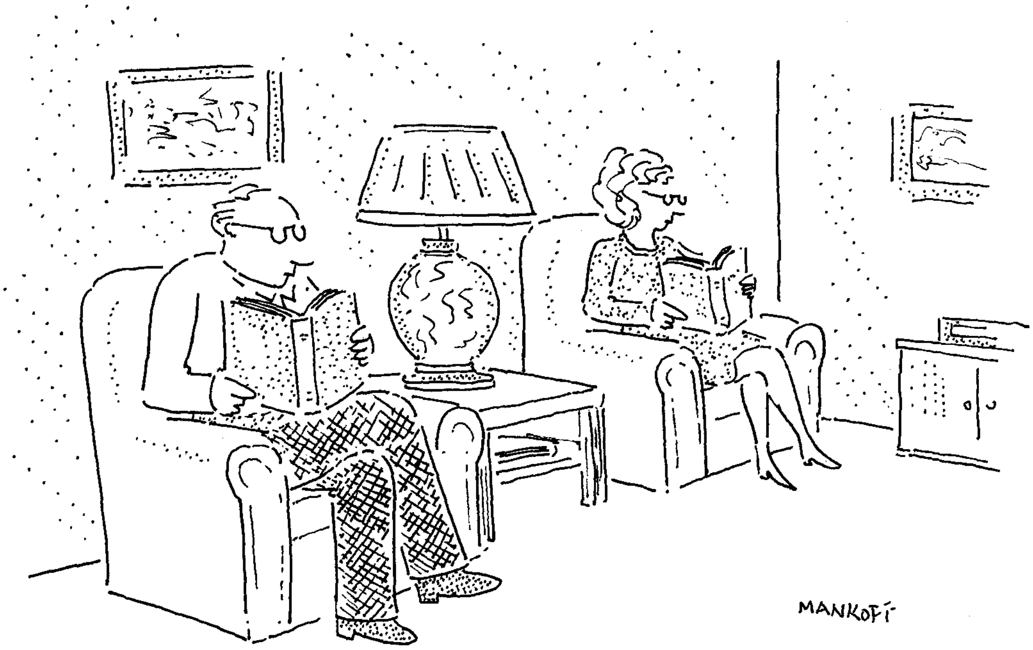
told friends, that she could never spend one more night in the house where her son had been murdered.

I GREW up with Buddy, in San Antonio. My father owned a small chain of discount department stores which had been started by my grandfather, Buddy's great-uncle. Buddy's father, Albert Fischer, was a surgeon, the chief of surgery of a local hospital. Buddy's mother, Ella Zuschlag, was a highly respected pediatrician. His father and my father, both of whom still live in San Antonio, are first cousins, and so close that they are more like brothers; their connection is powerful, rooted in the nineteenth century in central Mexico, where their fathers, best friends from a small town in the duchy of Kurland, on the Baltic Sea, married two sisters and settled in Aguascalientes, hoping to strike it rich. By 1911, during the revolution, four Brenner children and two Fischer children were living in Aguascalientes. Pancho Villa's troops massed in front of their ranch. Our grandmothers were often frightened by the local superstitions and folkways. From time to time, my grandmother told me years later, they found on their porches dead chickens or bananas wrapped in red cloths. They had no idea what the chickens and bananas meant. In the years when the revolution was brewing, a comet streaked across the sky, and my aunt Anita Brenner's nurse, Serapia, held her up to look and said, "It means war, death, misery, hunger, and disease." Soon after, it rained ashes for a night and a day from a distant erupting volcano. Nearly two decades later, Anita wrote of these events in "Idols Behind Altars," a study of Mexican art and anthropology, published in 1929. The Brenners and the Fischers stayed in Mexico for only eleven years (they left during the revolution), but for eighty years most of my family has been unable to move any farther away from Mexico than South Texas. With time, the closeness of the clan weakened, but many of us have been drawn to the totems of the culture that drew our grandparents; our houses are full of Mexican paintings and religious kitsch. "For the dust of Mexico on a human heart corrodes, precipitates. But with the dust of Mexico upon it, that heart can find no rest in any other land," Anita wrote in "Idols Behind Altars."

Since the Brenners and the Fischers left Mexico, many interesting things have happened in our family. We have had relatives who achieved a degree of notoriety in Mexico for their various accomplishments; we have had the usual family betrayals, leading to arguments that wound up in litigation and court fights. There have been, as in most families, happy times and chilly remarks, broken relationships, money made, money lost and made again. We have had doctors, writers, newspaper editors, total failures, revolutionaries, merchants, lawyers, Communists, right-wingers. But until Joey was killed we had never had a murder in the family.

Some weeks after the killing, Buddy sounded withdrawn and tired on the telephone. A man who had always prided himself on his stoicism, he was now trying to stay in control of his emotions. The death of a child is every parent's nightmare; the murder of a child is almost unimaginable. I had a sense from my father that my cousin was not only grief-stricken but also concerned that Joey's killer, whoever he was, might never be brought to justice. Corinne, who may have shared his concern, had withdrawn completely, grieving in solitude.

BUDDY and I had known each other well as children, but I hadn't seen him in nearly twenty years. On my first morning in Brownsville, I waited in the lobby of the Sheraton for my cousin and his wife to pick me up. Buddy and Connie work at a local *maquiladora*, KEMET de Mexico, a South Carolina electronics company that manufactures millions of electrical capacitors a day in Mexico. Buddy, a former banker, is a buyer and is implementing a new automated purchasing system for the factories in Mexico; Connie is an executive in charge of maintaining the quality of the product for all the Mexican factories. She worked her way through college and then took an M.B.A. in South Carolina. Connie's intelligence and direct manner are not unlike those of Buddy's mother, the only woman interne in her year at Robert B. Greene Hospital, in San Antonio.



THE EVEN COUPLE

As I waited for Buddy and Connie, tropical storm clouds from the Gulf of Mexico darkened the sky; the air was heavy, as if hurricane season were near. The palm trees in front of the

Sheraton were bending in the wind. Many of the men who walked into the hotel were wearing guayaberas, shirts with pockets and pleated fronts. Suddenly, an athletic-looking man with a mustache, accompanied by a pretty blonde, walked up to me. It took me a moment to realize that they were my cousin and his wife. We walked through the parking lot to his car, a Subaru with a baby's seat in the back. I noticed a plastic shopping bag filled with newspapers in it. "You need to read all of them," Buddy said. "These are all the clippings that have been in the papers since Joey was shot."

"IT'S BROWNSVILLE" is an expression used by local Anglos and Mexican-Americans alike. It is meant to explain the lassitude of the city, the mañana attitude. "It's Brownsville" is the reason given that, some years ago, Pan Am, after using the city as its South American headquarters for twenty-five years, finally moved away; Southwest Airlines lands in nearby Harlingen, which remodelled its airport and will be able to service the boom that the region has been anticipating if the North American Free Trade Agreement takes effect.

For a long time, there has been a feeling that Brownsville will become a boomtown at any moment, but in the last few years the city's economy has been depressed. "I think it's getting better," a friend of Buddy's remarked to me. "It used to be when we would go through town there were no cars at the light. Now there are at least six." Since 1985, nearly a hundred major factories have opened in the industrial parks of Matamoros and the nearby Valle Hermoso. Matamoros is now a large industrial city with a population of almost a million. Brownsville's development has been slower, although the city now has about a hundred thousand residents. "If General Motors has twelve thousand people at its plants in Matamoros, they might have eighteen working in Brownsville," a local businessman told me. It is often difficult for outsiders in Brownsville to understand that the city's power structure, which has slowly favored the ascent of Mexican-Americans, who now dominate political office, is representative of the city's melded culture. These local politicians, like those anywhere in the United States, concern themselves with such matters as passing bond issues for a new convention center.

The closer you are to downtown Brownsville, the closer you are to Mexico. Just two or three blocks in any direction from Market Square and the cathedral, it is difficult to tell that you aren't in Mexico. In downtown Brownsville, most of the signs are in Spanish. Soap operas blare out from dusty shops of *ropa segunda;* dozens of these secondhand-clothes stores line Adams Street, one of the town's main thoroughfares. Fat blossoms of bougainvillea trail off Cyclone fences around many of the small frame houses a few blocks from the Rio Grande.

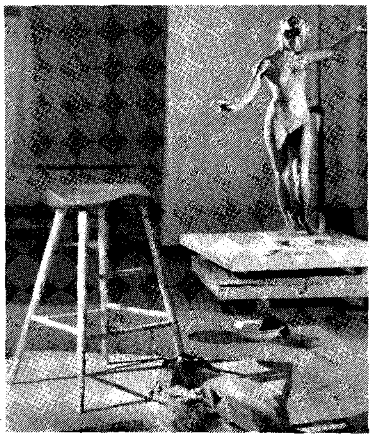
Many women who come to Brownsville with their husbands join a group called Border Maquiladora Wives. It is intended to help Anglo newcomers become acclimated, but it occasionally becomes a forum for anxious discussion about the area's drug smuggling and violent deaths, which are often reported in the Brownsville *Herald.* On some level, these newcomers may actually be baffled by what they view as the heavy folk-Catholic underboil to the culture—a sense that some ideas from *el otro lado* ("the other side") remain completely unassimilated.

On my flight to Harlingen, I overheard a well-dressed Anglo woman talking to the woman next to her: "You go to a restaurant and all they speak is Spanish. You go to the beauty shop and all they speak is Spanish. I don't know if they are laughing at me. I don't know what they are saying." Like our grandmothers at the turn of the century, some of the *maquiladora* wives are put off by the local customs. They worry about the *coyotes,* sinister-looking men who sometimes circle the good neighborhoods to collect their weekly payment from illegals they have smuggled across, who now work as maids in the air-conditioned houses of the Anglos. And there are wives who find nothing charming about the local H.E.B. grocery chain, which has cafés that sell *gorditas,* fried-cornmeal pockets filled with beans and cheese or whatever you want. There are times when you cannot see an Anglo face in a grocery store. At the meetings of the wives' group, the women sometimes

The Glory of Christmas
Joseph $235
7½" H
Mary $250
6" H
Jesus $95
2" L

Exclusively from Baccarat, New York
Original designs by Bernard Augst, renowned for his cathedral restorations.
Order now for delivery by October 31st.
Tel:1-800-777-0100 Fax:1-212-826-5043
The Brilliance of
Baccarat
© Baccarat, Inc. 1993

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS



At Thos. Moser, we design and build elegant hardwood furnishings. Each piece is created by hand, and captures the comfort and beauty of classic American styling. Designed for both traditional and contemporary homes, Thos. Moser furniture will endure gracefully for generations to come.

CATALOG $10

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
SAN FRANCISCO 415-931-8131

415R CUMBERLAND AVE., PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

talk as if they were expatriates, trying to cope in a colonial outpost.

In Brownsville, the story of Joey Fischer's murder was given a banner headline on the front page of the *Herald:* "ST. JOE PUPIL SHOT TO DEATH IN DRIVEWAY." A photograph of his body covered in a bloodstained coroner's cloth took most of the width of the front page. Buddy is prominent in town—he used to be the president of a local Rotary Club and was also active in a community group called Leadership Brownsville—and Joey's grandfather on his mother's side, Louis Lapeyre, had once been mayor of Brownsville, so it was not hard to understand why Joey's death was big news in the Rio Grande Valley. Already, his short life was reduced to sound-bites. He was "the honor student," "eleventh in his class."

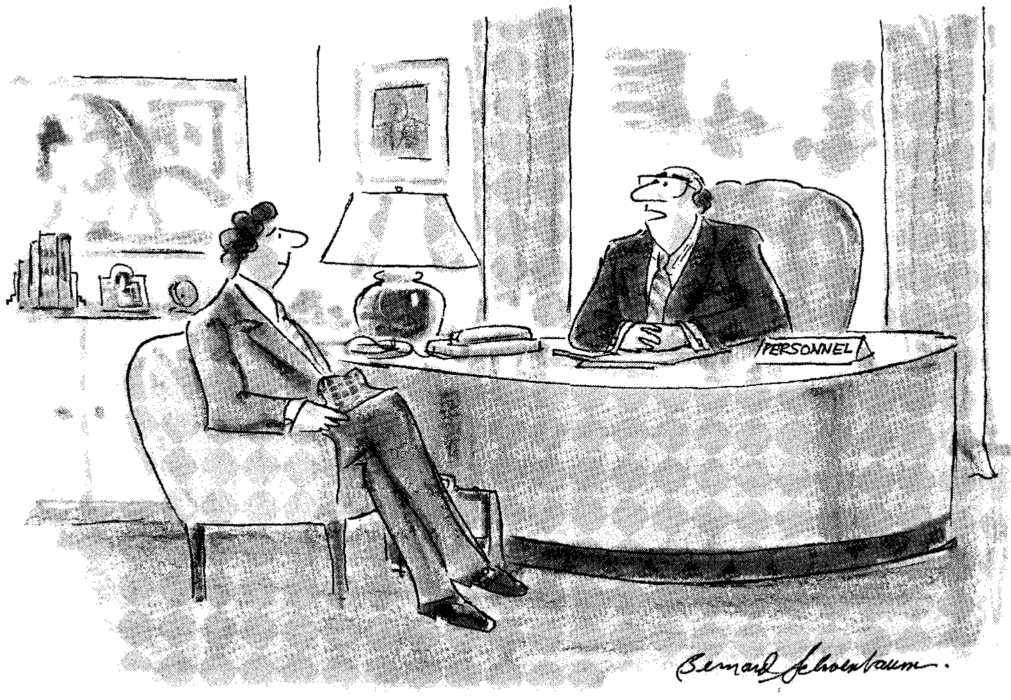
On the night before his funeral, more than six hundred people came to a Rosary service for him at St. Mary's Church. His parents had decided that there should be an open casket with a kneeler, so that whoever wanted to could pray by the coffin, in the traditional Catholic manner. Corinne's family, who were originally "Louisiana French," as one friend put it, were devout Catholics. Although Buddy's father is Jewish, when Buddy married Corinne he converted to Catholicism and became active in his church. The funeral, also at St. Mary's Church, was jammed with friends. Besides all of Corinne's and Buddy's acquaintances, many people from St. Joseph Academy appeared. Joey's girlfriend Marianela Caballero and her mother attended both the Rosary and the funeral, and sat in a pew, sobbing. Joey's family came up to Marianela to reassure her, saying, "Don't worry, he looks just like himself." Nearby sat a former girlfriend, Cristina Cisneros, also weeping. Although many parents of St. Joe students came, Cristina's mother was nowhere to be seen. Victor Ayala, who had been a friend of Joey's since kindergarten, had volunteered to give a eulogy. Victor suddenly found himself having to reconstruct the history of a childhood friendship, and he was so worried about writing the speech that he felt unable to bring his close friend into focus.

For days after the funeral, Buddy and Connie's house filled with friends. It was a long weekend, one of them told me, during which the parents of the teenagers who had known one another since they were toddlers felt so intimately connected with Joey's death that they could think of little besides their inability to protect their own children. Joey's murder came to represent their own fears and sense of powerlessness. Buddy's neighbor Mike Gonzalez, a partner in a local advertising agency, had seen Joey almost every weekend at his father's house. His own son went to Pace, a public high school in Brownsville. After Joey was killed, Gonzalez became very strict with his son. "If it could happen to Joey Fischer, it could happen to any of our children," Gonzalez said. Another friend recalled, "We left Buddy's house sobbing, imagining our own children lying in our driveways."

"How are you sleeping?" I asked Buddy on our first afternoon together.

"Not well," he said. "I have terrible dreams. Often I stay up all night long just so I won't have nightmares." Buddy and I were sitting in the living room of his house—a modern house, with comfortable beige sofas and a large kitchen filled with cooking equipment and a sheaf of recipes clipped from *Southern Living*. He was smoking cigarette after cigarette and got up many times to show me yet another picture of Joey. "It's like I am living somebody else's life," he said. "I had a wonderful son for eighteen years."

Later that night, Buddy and I drove by Joey's house. Buddy was driving fast; he wanted to show me the route he had travelled when he learned that Joey had been killed. We drove north on Highway 77/83; Buddy's face was hard in the darkness. He took the exit for Rancho Viejo and then parked in front of the small house on Cortez Avenue. A "For Sale" sign stood in front of the house. Suddenly, Buddy said, "Another father might say, 'If Joey came back, I would make this right with him.' Or 'I would make that right with him.' But I don't feel that way." He waited a moment. "I wouldn't change anything about Joey," he went on. "Not one thing. I want my son back just the way he was." For the only time in the days we were together, I saw Buddy's eyes fill with tears.



"The job comes with a thirty-day guarantee."

At eighteen, Joey's personality was still in formation, but he loved basketball and computers, and often talked about his desire to become an engineer. At school, his class voted him, along with two others, "most sarcastic," and they posed for their picture carrying a sign that read "What Us Sarcastic?" He had a fine sense of the absurdity of high school. Once, a teacher took two balloons away from Joey and put them in a closet. A few days later, Joey asked for his balloons back. The teacher opened the closet and a bunch of balloons floated out. Joey waited a full beat. "That's what happens when you leave two balloons alone," he said.

For an adolescent, Joey sometimes showed a surprising concern for his parents. In the spring of 1992, when his stepmother, Connie, was six months pregnant, she received a note from him. "So the baby is due in late September. I wonder if he'll look like Mikey from 'Look Who's Talking' or like Wally from 'The Beaver.' Either way, he should look pretty funny. But don't you worry, I'll take good care of him." Joey was twelve when his parents divorced, and he had had a hard time, but he and his father maintained their close relationship. There was never a Lakers game that Joey did not try to watch with Buddy.

Joey and his friends often complained that there was almost nothing to do in Brownsville. The parents of the girls they dated did not want them to drive to the beaches of South Padre Island except on special occasions. Across the Rio Grande was Matamoros, long the equivalent of a theme park for Texas teen-agers, with its easy liquor and, before the age of AIDS, quick and memorable sex in the red-light section. Soon after Joey and many of his friends got their driver's licenses, at age sixteen, they visited the bars in "Mata" from time to time—places like Blanca White's and Hobie. By the end of their junior year, the raffish atmosphere of Matamoros had become less appealing to them. Joey and his friends knew that their parents worried about occasional shootings in the bars and about people being kidnapped off the streets. Matamoros had had a lot of bad publicity in 1989, when Mark Kilroy, a University of Texas student, on the border for spring break, disappeared from a bar in Matamoros. His body and at least a dozen others were found buried on a desolate ranch nearby, apparently the victims of a cult involved in the drug trade whose members believed that sacrifice would make them invincible. The appearance of a satanic cult a few miles from their quiet neighborhoods had terrified many of the

In Fall, Our Local Color Is At Its Peak

In Fall, Maine is awash in color.
Our ocean is brighter than ever.
Our foliage rolls in brilliant waves
from the mountains to the sea.
Our designer and discount outlets
and harvest festivals are alive
with excitement.

MAINE
The Way Fall Should Be
1-800-835-0232

Our fall guide has hundreds of events, tours, activities, places to stay and to shop.
For your free copy, call the toll-free number above or write to MPB, Box 2300-YKR, Hallowell, ME 04347

$499
Factory-direct price. Not available in stores.

Available in three finishes. Quantities limited.

Price Breakthrough!

Our new Model Six speakers by Henry Kloss with Sony CD player & receiver for less than competing speakers *alone!*

Why compromise on a "shelf system," when for the same price you can own a complete high-performance stereo system featuring the Model Six loudspeakers by Henry Kloss (founder of AR, KLH & Advent). This is a *serious* music system for serious listeners. The Sony receiver has 40 watts per channel and a remote. The Sony CD player uses 1-bit technology for accurate sound. The system reproduces music accurately and naturally over the entire frequency range – including deep bass. We feel it's the best system *ever* offered for under $500. Optional Sony cassette deck with Dolby B&C NR, $99. Backed by 30 day satisfaction guarantee. We ship within 24 hours.

FREE AUDIO CATALOG

Products by Pioneer, Sony, Philips, Denon, Cambridge SoundWorks and more. Includes guide to surround sound.

Just Call 1-800-FOR-HIFI

CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS

Suite 132, 154 California Street
Newton, MA 02158 Fax 617-332-9229

RAOUL & ROXANNE

They needed to get out of town, to reduce the stress, to travel light, fast and hassle free. They wore their lightweight 11 Pocket Traveller's Vests for comfort and style. Everything was organized; tickets and passports in a safe pocket, money and traveler's checks in another, sunglasses easy to reach, special pockets for small binoculars, compact cameras, pocket guides and other essentials. Wore them over T-shirts when it was hot, over sweaters when it cooled off. Always looked great. They kept moving, started in Italy, finished in Africa. They returned to the city relaxed, happy and refreshed-the Traveller's Vests really helped. Tri-blend fabric, cotton soft; contains enough nylon to be user/abuser friendly. Black, Gray, Tan, S, M, L, XL
Made In USA, $129+s/h, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

To order: 1-800-826-7221
The Authentic Traveller™
Travel Gear By Tamrac
9240 Jordan Ave., Chatsworth, CA 91311, Dept. NR5

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.

Diet and Fitness Center

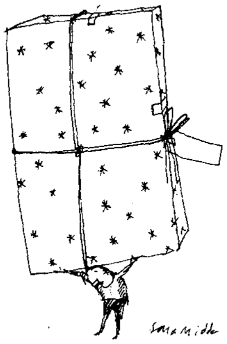
Duke University Medical Center
804 W. Trinity Avenue
Durham, NC 27701
800-362-8446

HARD TO FIND
SCREW DOWN HOOPS
Solid, simple, sturdy, screw-down hoop earrings, A welcome gift. (6 sizes available)
actual size
Spring City Craftsman
190 N. Main, Spring City, Utah 84662
1-800-262-6026
Free Catalogue Available
Sterling $20.00 pr., 14k $68.00 pr., $3.00 S&H MC, Visa, Check, MO

EXPLORE ANTARCTICA...
... A land like no other in the geography and history of the world...aboard the legendary 138-passenger *World Discoverer.*
1-800-227-4099
CLIPPER ADVENTURE CRUISES
7711 Bonhomme Ave. ✦ St. Louis, MO 63105
World Discoverer, Liberian Registry

St. Joe parents whose children were old enough to get their driver's licenses.

People in Brownsville sometimes say that the parents who send their children to St. Joseph Academy want them to be "part of the St. Joe mafia" and "meet the right kind of people." St. Joe is one of the few private schools in Brownsville; the tuition is three thousand dollars a year, and ninety-eight per cent of the students go on to college. The school occupies a red brick building in Rio Viejo, one of the most elegant of the Brownsville neighborhoods. The building, which has open-air corridors and patios, to take advantage of the mild Brownsville winters, stands near a *resaca*, one of many charming old cutoff river channels to be found all over Brownsville, and is surrounded with flowering *cenizo* shrubs, which are indigenous. Most of the children at St. Joe are wealthy: the sons and daughters of the rich families of the Rio Grande Valley; the children of Taiwanese entrepreneurs who came to the border to run the *maquiladoras;* and even the children of several rumored drug and arms dealers in the area. In the morning, the St. Joe parking lot fills with expensive cars, some of them, it has been thought, surely belonging to drug dealers' children. The counselling problems at the school are idiosyncratic in the extreme; guidance counsellors had to use special expressions like being "in the paper a lot" when one of the fathers—allegedly a member of a Matamoros-based drug ring linked to a Colombian drug cartel—was indicted last year. On the surface, all the different Hispanics, Taiwanese, and Anglos at St. Joe seem to get along with one another, but, as in every high school, there are cliques. Some of the more assimilated Mexican-American students have little to do with the Mexican-Americans from *el otro lado.*



In the view of one person who knows the school and its students well, the lack of much to do in Brownsville for the middle-class teen-agers leads to a great deal of early sex. "It is surprising that, with the Catholic doctrine and the Mexican-American doctrine, there is so much sex going on, but the parents and the school refuse to talk about the problems," this person told me. "They say, 'That doesn't happen here, and neither does anorexia, or drug or alcohol abuse.' " Some of the Anglo boys at St. Joe who get involved with the girls from the old-fashioned families have no idea of the expectations and pressures that are put on the Mexican-American daughters. In Brownsville, Mexican-American girls are often pushed to marry as soon as possible after high school.

Joey was often attracted to the more Latina girls of the school. During his junior year, he asked out Cristina Cisneros, a sophomore. The other boys were surprised. "I didn't really know that much about her," a close friend of Joey's told me. Cristina, the youngest of five children, had long curly dark hair and a pretty face with small features. Although she once tried out for cheerleader, for the most part she seemed to keep to herself. "In the cafeteria at lunch," one of her friends told me, "when all of us would be laughing, Cristina would be very quiet." Another friend saw her differently: "Cristina could be quiet when you didn't know her, but when you know her she's bouncy, happy, and friendly."

Joey may have appeared to Cristina's mother, Dora Cisneros, to be a catch: he was an ambitious student from a good family, and he wasn't wild, like many of the St. Joe boys. Cristina and Joey often played tennis together or swam in his pool. His stepmother, Connie, thought they were "just friends." Some weekends when Cristina was at Joey's house, she would sit by herself playing video games while Joey did his homework in the dining room. "It was strange," Connie told me. "I never saw anything remotely intimate between them. They didn't even hold hands."

One day, Joey told one of his closest friends that he and Cristina had gone alone to South Padre Island, to a condo her parents had there. It is impossible to know exactly what went on there between Cristina and Joey, but Joey later told his friends that they had slept together. He didn't brag about it, his friends told me, and one friend said that he even seemed to regret it. His friends think that Joey and Cristina slept together only once or twice, but they have no doubt that Joey was telling them the truth. Cristina later denied that anything had happened between them, according to a friend of hers. In any case, later that spring Joey took Cristina to the junior prom; a photograph of Joey in his tuxedo was taken.

That June, Joey broke up with Cristina. One of his closest friends told me that he thought Joey had decided that it had been just a physical attraction, and that there weren't many emotional ties between them. He wanted to get out honorably, without "hurting her feelings," he told his father. He had given Cristina his ring, and when he broke up with her he asked for it back, but she refused. During the first few weeks of the summer, Buddy told me, Dora Cisneros began to call Joey. She was very polite on the telephone. "Why have you broken up with Cristina?" she would ask. Joey, uncomfortable at hearing from Cristina's mother, was apparently almost excessively polite, using his Catholic-school manners. "Well, Ma'am, I think she is very nice," he would say, "but I just want to see other girls." According to Buddy, Mrs. Cisneros called *him* and asked him why Joey had broken up with her daughter. At first, Buddy remembers, he thought Mrs. Cisneros was just being "a concerned parent," but when he realized that she was truly concerned about a high-school romance that had fizzled he could not understand how a mother could risk humiliating her daughter by calling her boyfriend's parents.

Joey was angry that Cristina had not returned his ring, and he decided he would write her a polite but firm letter asking for it back. To his teen-age mind, the letter had a menacing legal tone. Buddy, who had seen the letter, recalled that it said, in effect, "You have ten days to return my ring or I am taking action."

After Joey sent the letter, according to Buddy, Dora Cisneros called Buddy at home and said, "I want to meet you and talk to you about Joey's ring and other things." Buddy agreed to meet her at a Burger King. When he got to the table, he saw Cristina sitting there with her mother. An outsider might have thought they had come to negotiate a marriage, an old-fashioned Mexican custom. Dora Cisneros again asked, "Why did Joey break up with Cristina?" Buddy answered, "This is really between Joey and Cristina. It has nothing to do with us." Buddy expressed the opinion that Joey was old enough to conduct his own personal affairs, and that, as the father, he had to stay out of it. Inexplicably to Buddy, as Mrs. Cisneros talked about her daughter's private life Cristina did not protest but remained silent for most of the meeting.

Then Dora Cisneros said to Buddy, "Are you aware that your son drinks?"

Buddy wasn't particularly upset. He remembered his own teen-age years in South Texas. "What eighteen-year-old doesn't?" he answered.

"I've seen him drunk once," Cristina said.

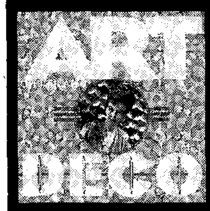
"Well," Buddy said, "if Joey has been drunk, he has never been drunk in front of me."

The meeting, however bizarre, was perfectly friendly, Buddy recalls. The subject of sex never came up. Buddy told Mrs. Cisneros that he would talk to Joey about being "a gentleman." Mrs. Cisneros told Buddy that Joey would get his ring back. "I just want him to sweat a little bit," she said. When Buddy got home, he told Joey, "If you are breaking up with Cristina, please be a gentleman about it. If you have done anything to offend her, please write her a note or call her to apologize. Tell her you want to be just friends." No one knows whether Joey took his father's advice. But, according to Joey's friends, Mrs. Cisneros continued to call him. Joey told a friend that she had offered him five hundred dollars a month to take Cristina out. Eventually, the situation reached a point where he later confided to another friend, "I have never told an adult off before, but, yeah, I told her off."

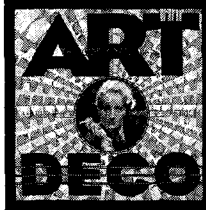
At the beginning of his senior year, Joey met Marianela Caballero, a new girl in school. Marianela had long, dark hair and an infectious laugh. Her mother, who was originally from San Luis Potosí, spoke Spanish with her daughter, and Marianela had a Mexican lilt to her voice. Joey invited Marianela to homecoming, but the relationship did not take off. "I didn't want a commitment then," Marianela told me. But during February their flirtation intensified. The Saturday before Joey was killed, he attended a friend's *quinceañera*, the traditional coming-out party given for a Mexican-American girl's fifteenth birthday, and became confused that Marianela paid more attention to another boy than to him. Marianela might have been unsure that Joey really cared

LEGACY
"This Is Art Deco"
CT/CK 57111
20 classics that capture the essence of Art Deco.

"The Crooners"
C2T/C2K 52942
Bing, Frank and much more on 2 CDs.



"Sophisticated Ladies"
C2T/C2K 52943
The best of the female vocalists on 2 CDs.



"The Cosmopolitan Marlene Dietrich"
CT/CK 53209
Before Madonna there was Marlene.

"Can't Help Lovin' That Man"
CT/CK 52855
Featuring "Gay Love" and much more.

MUSICAL WONDERS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE.
INTRODUCING LEGACY'S
ART DECO
SERIES—
LIVELY, HIGH-SPIRITED AND IN RECORD STORES NOW.

For more information on these and other Legacy releases, write to:
Legacy, Radio City Station, P.O. Box 1526,
New York, N.Y. 10101-1526
"Legacy" and L Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./©1993 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

AVAILABLE AT...
TOWER RECORDS | VIDEO
OR ORDER BY PHONE
CALL 1-800-648-4844
TOWER RECORDS MAIL ORDER
AVAILABLE EVERYDAY 8AM-5PM EST

SEASON

This hour along the valley this light at the end
of summer lengthening as it begins to go
this whisper in the tawny grass this feather floating
in the air this house of half a life or so
this blue door open to the lingering sun this stillness
echoing from the rooms like an unfinished sound
this fraying of voices at the edge of the village
beyond the dusty gardens this breath of knowing
without knowing anything this old branch from which
years and faces go on falling this presence already
far away this restless alien in the cherished place
this motion with no measure this moment peopled
with absences with everything that I remember here
eyes the wheeze of the gate greetings birdsongs in winter
the heart dividing dividing and everything
that has slipped my mind as I consider the shadow
all this has occurred to somebody else who has gone
as I am told and indeed it has happened again
and again and I go on trying to understand
how that could ever be and all I know of them
is what they felt in the light here in this late summer

—W. S. Merwin

for her. Like many of the more traditional Mexican-American girls, she did not want the sort of casual romance favored by the Anglo boys. Her mother had talked to her at great length about "reputation." On the Monday after the *quinceañera*, Joey wrote her a long letter explaining his intentions: "I know how I feel, and it's all up to you. You need to let me know. You wanted sincere, this is how I feel. I like you alot, but it's all up to you. . . . Please let me know how you feel. I sincerely care for you." On Tuesday—the night before he was murdered—Joey and Marianela were on the telephone for more than three hours. His friends Patrick Aziz and Erika Borrego were over at his house, as they often were, ostensibly to study calculus but really just to hang out. Before Patrick and Erika left, the three friends started kidding around with Joey's electric razor. They held Joey down and tried to shave his legs. At one point during the evening, Joey said that he had heard that another boy was now taking Cristina Cisneros out. "Good luck," Joey said. On another occasion, he told that boy's cousin, "Tell him not to worry. If he wants to take Cristina out, that's fine." He also startled Patrick and Erika. "Did you know that Mrs. Cisneros offered me money to take Cristina out?" he asked. "God. Really, God, what a nut!" Patrick recalled telling him.

Joey was serious. He told them she'd offered him five hundred dollars a month. All three were casual about this information; their minds were on other things.

Alex Perez has been the sheriff of Cameron County, in which Brownsville is situated, for twelve years. Perez, in his fifties, is husky—what Mexicans on the border call *poco fuerte*—with strong muscles beginning to turn soft. He habitually wears gold aviator glasses, cowboy boots, a gold tie tack in the shape of handcuffs, and a large gold ring with rhinestones in the shape of a pistol.

On March 3rd, the morning that Joey was killed, Perez was eating breakfast at the Toddle Inn, a small restaurant he owns on Central Boulevard, not far from the Sheraton. In the early-morning hours, the Toddle Inn fills with local lawyers and police seeking to hear the morning courthouse *chisme*—gossip. It was, Perez told me, around seven o'clock, when the call came in: "1900," the code for murder. Immediately, he rushed to his car and, with sirens going full blast, headed for Rancho Viejo. There are twenty or so murders in Brownsville every year, but not many occur in the rich suburbs. When Perez arrived at the house, he saw Buddy Fischer standing in the driveway. Perez knew Buddy from when he was a client of Buddy's bank. His first thought was that Buddy lived in the area and must have accidentally happened on the crime.

At the house, police found what eventually turned out to be a crucial piece of evidence—a yellow business card lying near Joey's body. The card was from a bail-bond company in McKinney, Texas, not far from Dallas. The sheriff later theorized that Joey had tried to grab his assailant and the card had fallen from his pocket. On the card, Perez saw, was a handwritten telephone number with a 214 area code, the code for Dallas. "The four was written in a weird handwriting," he told me. "Very distinct. I was asking myself, 'Why would a young man like this, just starting life, a brilliant student, get shot?' Usually, it's either drugs or love." Perez thought it unlikely that Joey had any connection to the local drug trade, he told me, and it also seemed unlikely to him that the murder was a crime of passion. He said that in Brownsville it is unusual for someone so young to get killed over love. But Perez had been on the border long enough to know that anything was possible. He asked the family, "Did Joey ever have any problems with a girlfriend?" They told him about Cristina.

That morning, Marianela Caballero was interviewed at the sheriff's office. "Did Cristina Cisneros ever say words to you?"

"No," Marianela said. She had no idea why detectives would ask her about Joey's ex-girlfriend, whom she hardly knew.

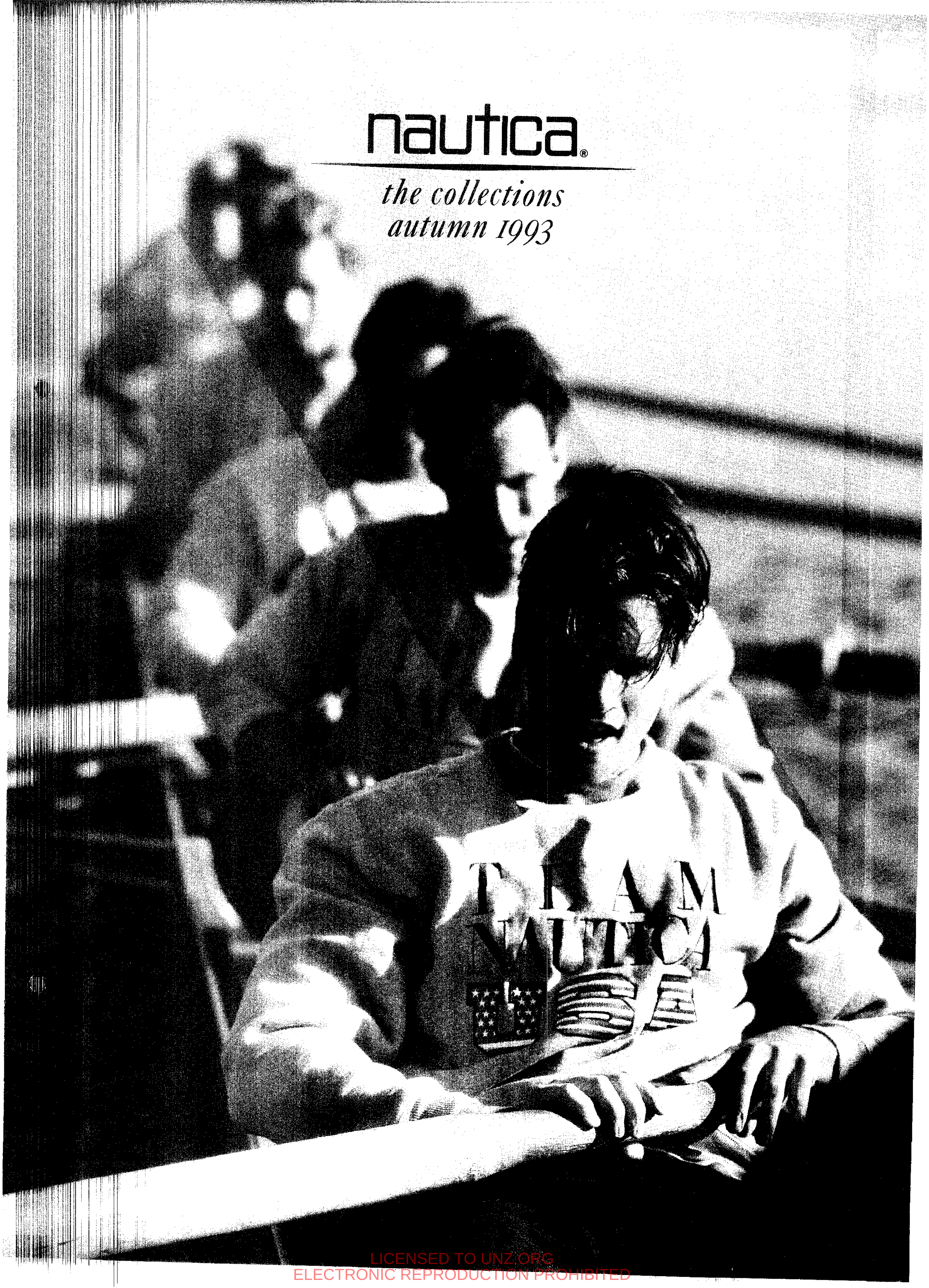
Later that day, Cristina appeared at Buddy's door to make a condolence call. "What happened?" Cristina asked Connie.

Connie was sharp with her. "What do *you* know about what happened? The sheriff wants to talk to you."

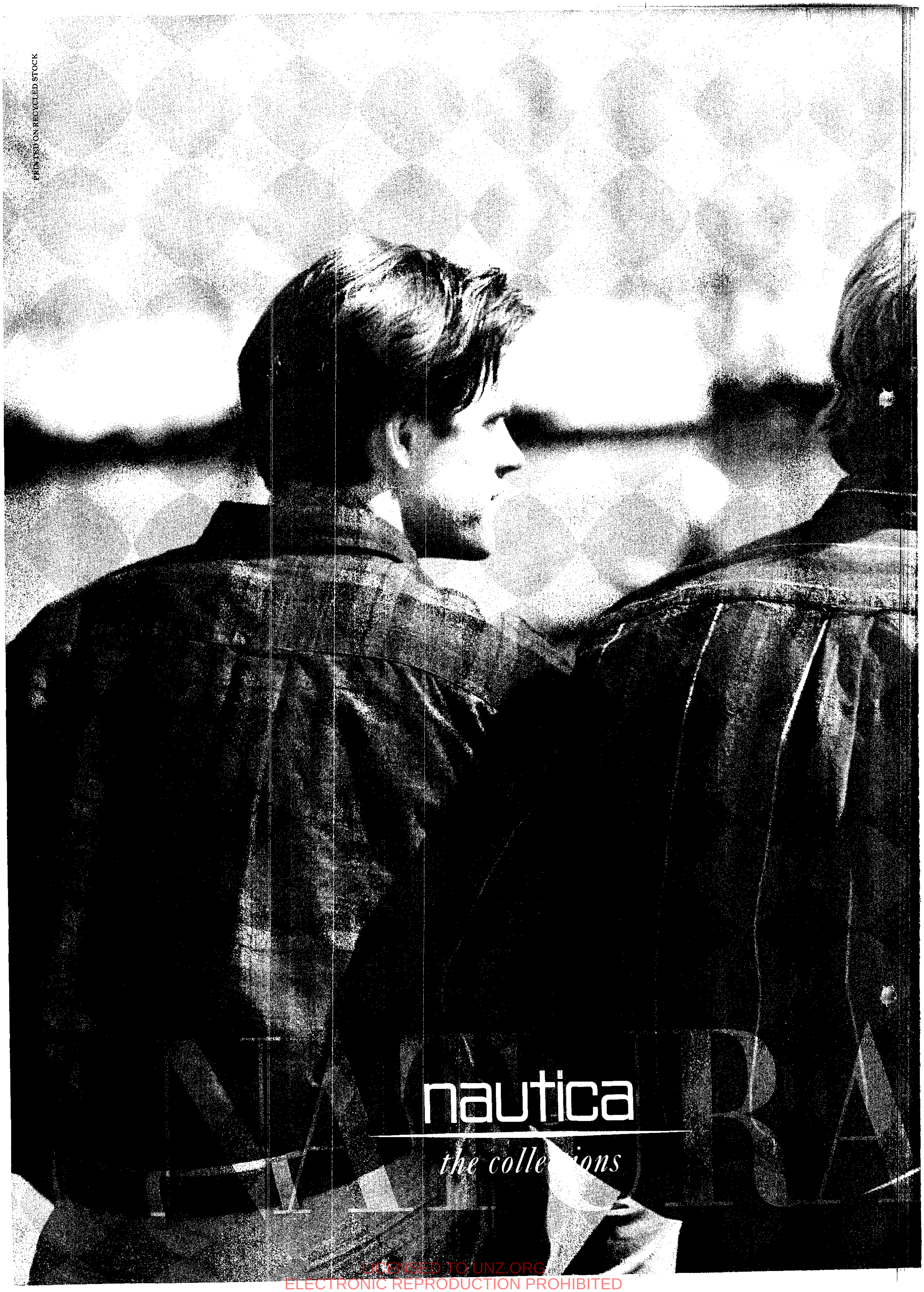
At first, the sheriff and the local district attorney, Luis V. Saenz, did not take the Cisneroses' connection with

nautica

the collections
autumn 1993


TEAM
NAUTICA

PRINTED ON RECYCLED STOCK


NAUTICA
nautica
the collections

nautica
NEW YORK • [illegible]PORT BEACH • MEXICO CITY • ANTWERP • LONDON • TOK[illegible] • SE[illegible] • AUCK[illegible]

© 1993 NAUTICA INTERNATIONAL, INC.

"I'll try to be more like the owl if you'll be more like the pussycat."

• •

Joey any more seriously than their other leads. "The family told me about the crazy calls," Perez said later, "but that didn't mean murder to me."

The sheriff and the district attorney were also considering the idea that Joey was killed by a drug dealer, who had mistaken him for someone else. Joey's stepfather, who worked for a Chinese-owned shrimp farm in Arroyo City, about forty miles away, had recently stopped the payment of a check for several hundred thousand dollars to another shrimping company because of a contract dispute. Joey's stepfather immediately assumed that Joey had been murdered out of revenge. For two days, he was overwrought, weeping uncontrollably, thinking that he was in some way to blame for his stepson's death. An early investigator on the case pushed the Chinese theory and told Buddy and Corinne that there was the possibility that their other children were in danger. "For two weeks, I would not let my baby out of the house," Connie told me. Buddy and Corinne debated sending Eric and Kathy to San Antonio to stay with their grandparents.

There is no specially trained homicide squad in Brownsville, and the investigation was rigorously pursued by Sheriff Perez's detectives, Ernesto Flores and Abel Perez. They immediately called McKinney, where the bail-bond company was based, hoping to find a recent application for bail that had been received from South Texas. The bond company gave them a man's name and a Dallas address and faxed a copy of the man's bail application. The handwriting had the same florid "4" that appeared on the yellow card. The detectives immediately left for McKinney and got a warrant to rescind the man's bond. He appeared at the bond company, unsure of what he had done wrong. He identified the yellow card. When they interviewed him, the man said that he had given the card to a friend at a motel in downtown Brownsville; the bail-bond company's card was a form of insurance if his friend should get arrested.

The detectives knew that this particular motel was a haven for the minor border criminals of the area. Perez's office began tracking down a few people who had stayed at the motel in the previous months and who they thought might be connected to the man in McKinney. Eventually, they came up with a man named Daniel Garza, a Mexican national who spends a lot of time in Brownsville and San Antonio, and whose nickname is El Güero (the Fair-Haired One). He told them he had a landscape business, but the authorities suspected he might be a small-time drug runner. After being questioned, Garza gave a statement acknowledging that he had arranged Joey Fischer's killing.

Police describe Garza as a middleman who was having family trouble and had gone to a *curandera*. Border drug dealers often consult the local *curanderas*, because they believe that such witchcraft can make them invisible to the federal authorities. "These people in the Mexican culture believe too much in the *curanderas*," Perez told me. The *curandera* that Daniel Garza had sought out for his problems, María Mercedes Martínez, had no special reputation. None of the other *curanderas* of Brownsville had ever heard of her. She was a seventy-two-year-old woman who made a living by charging five dollars to *tirar las barajas* ("throw the cards"), an unusual practice for a *curandera*. She did not operate in one of the brightly painted *yerberías* that advertised special oils and candles; instead, she had a table in a dim back room of a store where secondhand clothes were sold, named La Chuparosa (the Hummingbird), downtown. But, according to the sheriff, Martínez had had a long relationship with Dora Cisneros. Dr. Cisneros's former office was on a street a few blocks from La Chuparosa and perhaps a ten-minute walk from International Boulevard and the bridge to Mexico.

Although David Cisneros was born in Texas, he had gone to medical school in Mexico. There is a hierarchy among the doctors of the Rio Grande Valley which has to do with whether you attended medical school in the United States or "across." David and Dora Cisneros had lived in Brownsville for many years; they were considered well off but not rich. In 1974, their firstborn son, David, was killed when he was thrown from a vehicle driven by a friend during his senior year at St. Joe. It was said at the time that Dora Cisneros got pregnant again to try to overcome her grief at losing her child. However that

THE
NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

Clipper Adventure Cruises
Offers expedition voyages to Antarctica aboard the
138-passenger "World Discoverer".
For information, call: 1.800.227.4099

The Savoy Group
British hospitality at its best – The Berkeley Claridge's,
The Connaught, or The Savoy in London; The Lygon Arms in
The Cotswolds; or The Lancaster in Paris.
Call: 1.800.63.SAVOY

L.L. Bean
Free Christmas catalog: Features active and casual wear, winter sporting
equipment, furnishings for the home and camp.
Toll-free telephone services: 1.800.543.9071

Abercrombie & Kent
Simply the best travel values under the sun...
Safaris, Cruising, Luxury Train and Barging Tours.
For information, please call: 1.800.323.7308

South Shore Bank
The nation's first community development bank, rebuilding underinvested
communities since 1973, invites you to open an account. For competitive
financial returns and high social impact, call: 1.800.NOW.SSBK (1.800.669.7725)

Stonington Beach Hotel
The hotel of "The Hospitality & Culinary Institute of Bermuda".
Right on the beach in Paget, Bermuda.
Call: 1.800.447.7462 or 212.223.2848 in NYC

Gevalia Kaffe
Europe's premier coffee delivered fresh from our Swedish roastery to your door.
Roasts and blends available in 11 flavors.
Free, full-color catalog: 1.800.678.2687

Park City, Utah
Three resorts in one great town. From Alpine skiing to
Nordic ski jumping, you'll never run out of things to do.
Call for FREE Winter Vacation Planner: 1.800.453.1360 Dept. PC39

ADVERTISEMENT

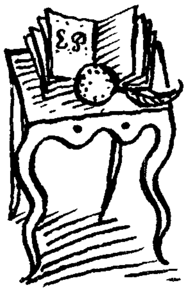
may be, when Cristina was born, Dora's friends called it a miracle.

In recalling Dora Cisneros, the people I talked with in Brownsville tended to describe her as "quiet." She usually wore simple clothes, and she spoke unaccented English; she certainly didn't seem to be *muy Mexicana*. She belonged, a friend told me, to a mall-walkers' club—the members took their exercise by strolling up and down the air-conditioned halls of the Sunrise Mall, across from the Sheraton. She seemed like the picture of middle-class respectability.

According to someone close to the family, Dora was a member of the Garcia family of Los Indios, a ranching community on the American side, close to the Rio Grande, near Brownsville. Los Indios was not a typical middle-class town; someone who grew up in the area told me that the children of the ranching communities close to the river were often strongly influenced by Mexican folktales and superstitions they learned from the braceros who worked on the ranches. In these communities on the border, Mexican traditions are maintained, and the belief in *curanderismo* is often stronger there than in town. Dora Cisneros spent her childhood in Los Indios but later moved to Brownsville and attended high school. A woman who knew the family remembers that the Garcias owned property and could afford to send Dora and her sister to Villa Maria, a private school, and their sons to St. Joe. In seeking to explain Dora's personality, this woman said that the family had experienced "much tragedy"; Dora's uncle is said to have committed suicide, and a brother drowned as a teen-ager. Mrs. Cisneros was ambitious, and was active in a club of local doctors' wives. She seemed to have become imperious: a former schoolmate told me that she often snubbed her old friends when she ran into them in town. A few people now maintain that in some way she "changed" or "flipped out" after David's death.

According to someone who knew the Cisneros family, she became more possessive of her other children. Her son Robert became a dentist, and she often called his office. Someone familiar with the office told me that once, when Mrs. Cisneros learned that he was in the middle of performing a root canal, she said, "Well, I don't care. He knows he needs to be here." When one of Mrs. Cisneros's sons was having problems in school, she went to talk to his teacher. The teacher told me that Mrs. Cisneros insisted that it was the teacher's fault, not her son's, and that her children could do no wrong. The teacher was left with the impression that Dora Cisneros was a woman who should not be crossed.

Mrs. Cisneros also became increasingly religious after David's death and, some say, began to visit local *curanderas.* But in the atmosphere of Brownsville seeing *curanderas* isn't all that odd—even respected professionals do it. *Curanderismo* and *brujería* have always been powerful elements in the cultural history of Mexico. Although Catholicism was well established in Mexico by the end of the eighteenth century, many of the native Mexicans never truly gave up their ancient beliefs, much to the annoyance of the local religious powers. A return to folk-based religious practices occurred during the Mexican Revolution, when the bishops and priests fled northern Mexico for the safety of South Texas. It was the fusion between the pagan beliefs and the theology of the Church that Anita Brenner described in "Idols Behind Altars": the pagan "idols" blended uneasily with the "altars" of Mexican Catholicism, she wrote. Magic continues to pervade daily life in Mexico: the marketplaces are filled with herbs and oils; a popular soap opera in the nineteen-eighties was "El Maleficio" ("The Evil One"), in which a Oaxaca businessman prayed nightly to Satan. Even in the high-tech factories in the Matamoros industrial parks, these superstitions are part of the ordinary routines of the border. Gary Cartwright, writing in *Texas Monthly,* reported that a *maquiladora* was spared being shut down because a *curandero* was able to "de-hex" a piece of machinery with which a worker had been injured. Pregnant women go to work daily at the *maquiladoras* with ribbons holding amulets and talismans, and *milagros,* small religious paintings, pinned to their underwear.



One morning, I went to talk with Antonio Zavaleta, the dean of liberal arts at the University of Texas at Brownsville. Zavaleta has a doctorate in anthropology, and his area of expertise is the folk medicine and witchcraft of the Mexican border. He is tall and has a rumpled look; in his office are religious *retablos* and baskets of the kinds of oil that the *curanderas* frequently use. During the Matamoros cult-killings case, Zavaleta, as the local expert on *palo mayombe,* the particular type of black magic employed, received national attention. At the time, he was also on the Brownsville city council, and was thinking about running for mayor. Zavaleta grew up in Brownsville and at his grandparents' ranch in northern Mexico, and, like many other Mexican-Americans of the border, he considers folk medicine and spells part of his culture. "As I got older," Zavaleta told me, "I became so fascinated by the other side of Brownsville that I have spent my entire adult life studying it."

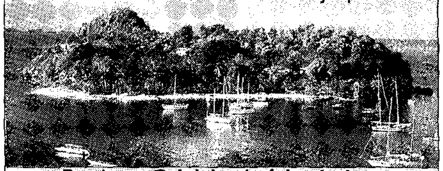
In rural Mexico, the *curandera* is the practitioner of health care, a respected healer. There are several types of *curanderas,* among them those who work "on the material level," giving massage, and those who work "on the mental level," using a form of visualization, like many New Age therapists. A common treatment of these *curanderas* is to roll an egg over the body, then crack the egg into water for some kind of divination. In Brownsville and Matamoros, there are also *curanderas* whose specialty is *trabajos,* works of "white magic and black magic." By Zavaleta's definition, anyone who is doing *trabajos* is practicing *brujería.* Clients seek out these *curanderas* to affect a relationship—to bring about love, to end a marriage, to attract a husband or a boyfriend, or to harm someone. "There's a general theme, but individual practitioners develop individual style," Zavaleta said. "If they are trying to harm someone, they use a combination of rituals. Usually, they will use a doll made of wax or rags. They may get hair, an eyelash, or clothing. Then, through a series of incantations, they try to encapsulate that, along with a picture of the person, in a clay jar or some other kind of vessel. The concept of a knot is very common. So is the process of tying and enclosing their spells." Zavaleta's research has taken him to Catemaco, in southeastern Mexico, where the great witches are

Why Hornsby Prefers Baldwin.

"The Baldwin is my constant companion. Its keyboard action responds equally well when creating a subtle melodic line or a strong driving rhythm."
Bruce R. Hornsby

Baldwin®
P.O. Box 310, Dept. NY 913, Loveland, OH 45140-0310

YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
"Impossibly romantic private island resort with yachts for Grenadines sailaway options."



Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

BYRON and POOLE
We Make Great Shirts.
AND WE SELL THEM AT AMAZING PRICES.
Call For Our Free Cotton Dress Shirt Catalog with FABRIC SWATCHES.
1-800-54-BYRON

GEORGETOWN WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE GEORGETOWN INN
IN THE HEART OF HISTORIC GEORGETOWN
MINUTES AWAY FROM CAPITOL HILL
NEWLY RENOVATED 95 ROOM EUROPEAN BOUTIQUE HOTEL
FOR BROCHURE & RESERVATION CALL 800-424-2979
1310 WISCONSIN AVE., WASHINGTON D.C. 20007

TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!®

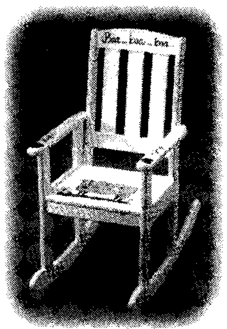
Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS, each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 9/30/93
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD3092 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

Handpainted Children's Furniture



Choose from ten whimsical coordinating designs and six classic furniture pieces.
Solid pine construction
Made in the U.S.A.
$40-250 (plus shipping)
FREE BROCHURE

Henry's Room Ltd.
P.O. Box 1346, Evergreen, CO 80439 1-800-766-9705 • MC/VISA/Check

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295

based, and into the dim *yerberías* of Matamoros to observe the lesbian channellers of Pancho Villa. Ever since the Matamoros cult killings, Zavaleta told me, he will not cross the border without wearing a cross around his neck.

Police investigating Joey's death speculate that the *curandera*, as Martínez is now known in Brownsville, made a deal with Daniel Garza when he came to see her about his family trouble. She said, according to a source close to the D.A.'s office, that she would help him if he took care of someone for her. Garza, according to the subsequent indictment, hired two men named Israel Bazaldua Cepeda and Heriberto Puentes Pizana. The indictment goes on to say that Garza gave Bazaldua Cepeda and Puentes Pizana the prom photograph of Joey so they would make no mistake about their target. There are conflicting reports of how much they were allegedly paid; it could have been as much as four thousand dollars.

On April 5th, a month after Joey was killed, the sheriff's office arrested Martínez at her house, a small pink building in a barrio near downtown Brownsville. At La Chuparosa, detectives confiscated candles, tarot cards, and oils in the tiny room behind the shop containing racks of used clothes. Reportedly, the sheriff's office found a piece of paper bearing the name "Cristina Cisneros." Almost immediately, Martínez, who had no prior police record, told the detectives that she had a relationship with Dora Cisneros. At seven-thirty the next morning, according to a source in the D.A.'s office, Martínez, wearing a wire provided by the sheriff's office, met Dora Cisneros. When Cisneros handed Martínez five hundred dollars in cash, the sheriff of Cameron County moved in and arrested Cisneros for capital murder, a charge that carries the possibility of life imprisonment or death by lethal injection. Martínez was also charged with capital murder.

WHEN news reports about the arrests of Dora Cisneros and María Mercedes Martínez first went out in Brownsville, Buddy was in the warehouse at KEMET. A close friend had called Connie, and Connie immediately went out to tell Buddy. Some time before, Buddy had decided that he would not bother the D.A. or the sheriff. He had referred to the process of finding Joey's killer as a "roller coaster" and had said that it would upset him too much when there were slowdowns in the investigation.

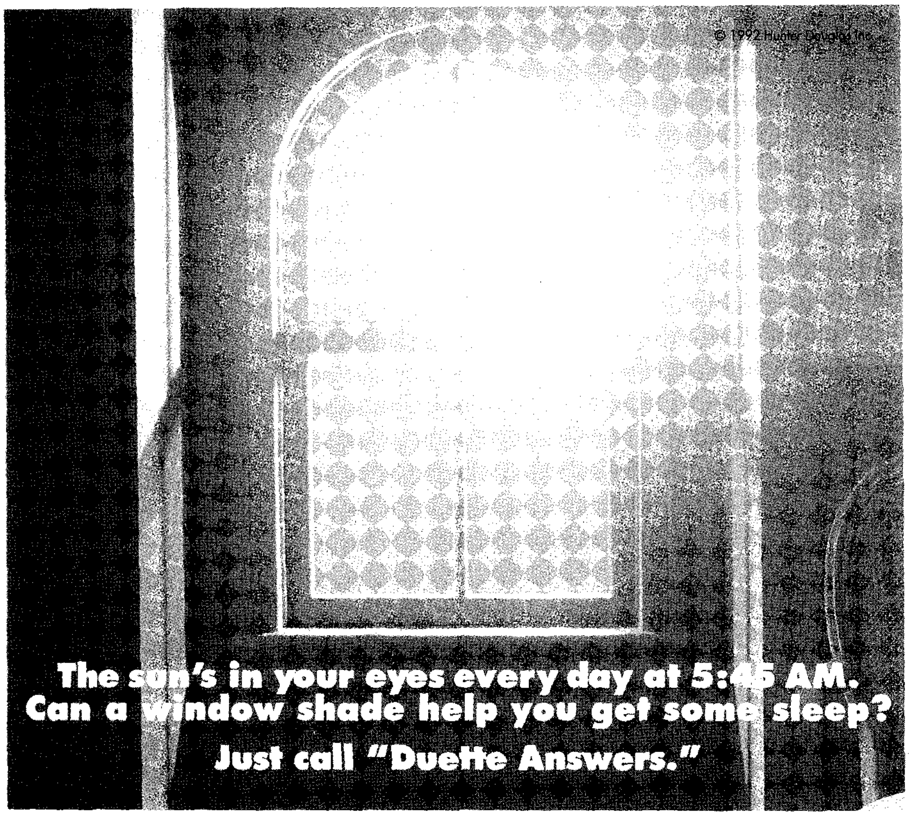
In the weeks before her mother was arrested, friends of Cristina Cisneros said she was having a hard time handling Joey's death and seemed very distressed. Once, seeing Marianela in a school hallway, she hugged her. Although Cristina had started dating the other boy, a friend of hers later told me that whenever anyone mentioned Joey's name she "started crying," and often brought out pictures of him.

On the morning Joey was killed, Dora Cisneros had gone to St. Joe to take Cristina home. According to a teacher, the assistant principal said to Mrs. Cisneros, "You, of all people, should know how a mother feels." The assistant principal meant the comment to refer sympathetically to the death of her son David, but Mrs. Cisneros just "stared and stared," the teacher told me. The assistant principal thought Mrs. Cisneros had misunderstood what she'd said, and added, "You lost a son, remember?" After learning about the charges against Mrs. Cisneros, the teacher said, the assistant principal was horrified that she had said that to her.

On the morning that Cristina's mother was arrested, Dr. Cisneros called the school and asked that Cristina be brought into the guidance office, so that local reporters would not swarm around her. Several of the teachers were concerned about how Cristina would now be treated by the other students. Since Joey's death, the grief counselling at the school had been intense. Several of Joey's friends who were in Mrs. Johnson's English class discussed "Murder in the Cathedral" and Eliot's observation that death could come in a thousand different ways. It did not surprise Mrs. Johnson that none of the students mentioned García Márquez's observation on Santiago Nasar's death—"There had never been a death more foretold"—for the sexual taboos implicit in García Márquez's chronicle had never seemed to apply to the middle-class teen-age world of St. Joseph Academy.

At St. Joe, there was a great deal of gossip about Mrs. Cisneros. It was quickly recalled that Dora Cisneros's other daughter had had a boyfriend who had broken up with her. Soon afterward, it was rumored, someone stopped his car and stabbed him repeatedly, but he survived. Although Sheriff Perez traced the boyfriend to a distant city, he could not prove that the rumors were true. Some teachers at St. Joe who had known nothing about *brujería* accepted as fact the theory that Cristina and Joey had slept together and that the *curandera* had promised Mrs. Cisneros that if Joey was murdered Cristina would get her virginity back.

On April 6th, the *Herald* ran the story of the the arrests of Dora Cisneros and María Martínez at the top of the front page. That day, a woman dumped a bulky brown paper shopping bag into a *resaca* near downtown Brownsville. As luck would have it, park employees were working on the grounds nearby, and noticed the woman dumping the bag and then hurrying away. They went over and took the bag out of the water, moving so quickly that the paper was hardly wet. The bag's contents frightened them: a full collection of the paraphernalia of *brujería* required for the most evil of spells, illness and death. There was a garland consisting of three heads of garlic with pins stuck in them and wrapped in yellow cloth; a vial of *Embrujo de Sevilla* perfume; horseshoes wrapped with red ribbons; an aloe-vera plant, also wrapped in ribbons; two doll-size figures that looked like miniature corpses made of black wax and covered with many pins; and a deck of Mexican tarot cards. The park workers reported the discovery to the Brownsville police, and the police called Antonio Zavaleta. By now, almost everyone in South Texas knows that Zavaleta is the person to call about anything having to do with *brujería* and the local *curanderas*. Zavaleta photographed and documented all the items in the bag. Whoever its owner may have been, this was "very secret stuff," Zavaleta told me. "A practitioner would not have kept these sorts of things in her shop. She wouldn't have it out for people to see. The pins are there, of course, to inflict pain. The aloe-vera plant wrapped with the ribbon would represent the person asking for the *trabajo*." Although Zavaleta emphasized that, despite the "amazing coincidence," there was no evidence linking the bag to María Mercedes Martínez, the tarot cards


© 1992 Hunter Douglas Inc.
The sun's in your eyes every day at 5:45 AM.
Can a window shade help you get some sleep?
Just call "Duette Answers."

1-800-32-STYLE, ext. 20 (M–F, 8AM–8PM EST). And get the inside story on our Duette Eclipse™ blackout shade. Or write Two Duette Way, Broomfield, CO 80020. In Canada, 1-800-265-1363. Hunter Douglas: your source for Duette® shades, Silhouette® shadings, pleated shades, horizontal and vertical blinds, and coordinated fabrics.

HunterDouglas DUETTE® WINDOW FASHIONS

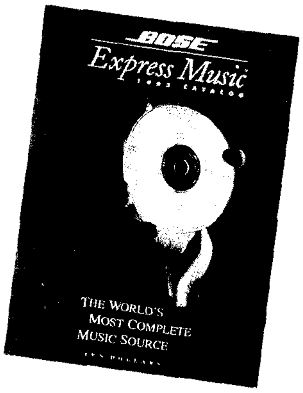
The Ultimate CD, Tape & Video Catalog

VIRTUALLY EVERY TITLE IN PRINT!

MAJOR LABELS – AND OVER 1,000 INDEPENDENTS Including Chesky, Telarc and Nimbus!

EVERY STYLE OF MUSIC 288 pages of Rock, Classical, Jazz, Blues, Nashville, Opera, World Music.

THIS IS NOT A CLUB! No unrequested shipments of CDs or tapes.



1-800-451-BOSE
Outside U.S. 1-(508)-879-1916 x2008

***FREE* MUSIC UPDATES** for active Bose® music buyers featuring bestsellers, new releases, recommendations and more.

ONLY $6 – completely refunded with 1st purchase from catalog*.

COMPETITIVE PRICES: And special sales. Save on future orders with our catalog coupons.

Subscription/Mail Order Form

☐ **YES!** Send me the current Bose® Express Music® catalog for just $6.00, refundable on my first order from the catalog*. (Additional $8.00 S&H charge for orders outside U.S. except APO/FPO.)
*Some restrictions.

☐ Check (International Orders – Credit Card Only)
☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover
C.C.# ____________ exp. ____

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________

BOSE Express Music®
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9323
1-800-451-BOSE • Fax: 508-875-0604
KEY: NY09

made him wonder, since she was one of the few *curanderas* who used them.

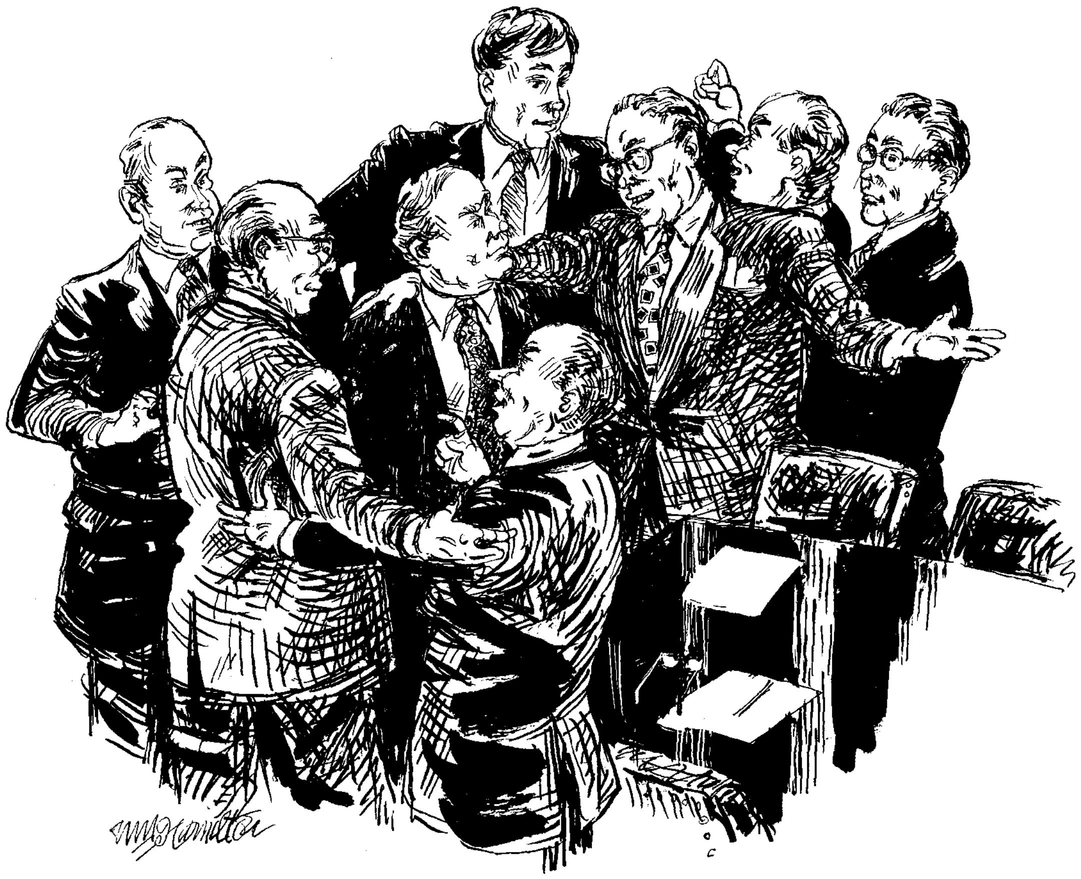
AFTER less than a week in Brownsville, I learned to walk in and out of offices without bothering to make appointments; the telephone and standard office procedures clearly meant little on the border. Sheriff Perez could often be found at the Toddle Inn. District Attorney Saenz was either at his office or in one of the many courtrooms of Brownsville's modern limestone courthouse; local jurisprudence appeared to depend almost exclusively on his administrative abilities.

Saenz is a former Brownsville schoolteacher who decided at the age of twenty-nine to go to law school. He now has the cautious mien of a man who is always thinking about the possibility that his convictions might be reversed by a higher court. Although the sheriff's office arrested Dora Cisneros on April 6th and it was the middle of June when I arrived in Brownsville, Saenz had yet to present the case to the grand jury of Cameron County. Saenz has been told repeatedly that this case could make his career or ruin it. As reporters have telephoned him from around the state, he has burrowed in, refusing to return most calls. Some local reporters faulted Saenz for his slowness in seeking an indictment, but his seeming inactivity has camouflaged an obsession with the case. He told me, "I'd rather delay the indictment six months than be forced to trial with a sloppy case."

For Saenz to obtain convictions on capital-murder charges, he will have to successfully navigate the state's accomplice-testimony rule. In Texas, a conviction cannot be sustained with only the testimony of an accomplice. Saenz explained to me, "If A gets on the stand and implicates B, we, the state, must corroborate the evidence." Prosecutors would need to be able to tie the defendant to the crime with other evidence. In the view of Rey Cantu, a former district attorney of Cameron County, prosecuting Dora Cisneros and María Mercedes Martínez will be a challenge for Luis Saenz. Cantu was the prosecutor in a similar case in Brownsville, in which a well-known doctor, Victor Leal, was accused of hiring a killer to murder his brother-in-law, an elderly landowner, with whom he was having a property dispute. Just before they were to go to court to settle the land matters, the brother-in-law was murdered. "So we tracked it down, and it took us two years," Cantu said. "We caught the shooter and we caught the finger man and we caught the driver. The driver flipped, and gave us the shooter and the finger man. Then we went to trial on the shooter. He flipped, and then we went to trial on Leal, who's a doctor and very generous and a very prominent member of the community. He was convicted, and then the conviction was on appeal for five years. It was affirmed by the Court of Appeals, but the Court of Criminal Appeals, the state's highest court, reversed it, because of the accomplice-testimony rule."

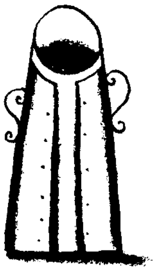
Cantu, however, is optimistic about Saenz's potential for success with the Fischer case. Besides the testimony of Martínez, Saenz has Daniel Garza's "possession of knowledge"—the knowledge being that Joey had worn a tuxedo in the photograph. "He knows something, and the only way he would have known that is from the conduit, but it had to have come through one of the Cisneroses," Cantu says. "It is crucial evidence in front of the jury. Who the hell is going to have a picture of this kid in a prom outfit? And, of course, we have the tape. It is enough."

In the pathology of criminal cases, there is often behavior that is inexplicable. Still, several questions occurred to me about the strength of the D.A.'s case as I talked with Luis Saenz. Why would Martínez enter into a conspiracy for murder? And, if she did, what debt was she paying off to Dora Cisneros? Was it a question of money? Will Martínez testify that Dora Cisneros somehow suspected that her daughter was no longer a virgin? Saenz, who is the father of a teen-age son, believes that "if they had sex the



"Now, what do you say we send some of our women over there to meet with some of yours?"

fact that they had sex is within the range of normal teen-age behavior." However repressive the culture, nothing justifies a murder—except, possibly, self-defense. "There are shootings in Brownsville every day of the week," Saenz went on. "But this one is so senseless. You go full circle with this thing and you keep coming back to the same fact: This killing is sick. Pointless. Such a waste. I am obsessed with this case. Buddy is my neighbor. You know, I can't get over how controlled Buddy and Corinne are when they come into this office. If it were my teen-age son, I would be hysterical. I don't mean to sound racist, but what is it with you gringos? How can you be so calm over the death of a child?"



In late July, a week before Saenz finally obtained the indictments of Dora Cisneros, María Mercedes Martínez ("a/k/a *la curandera*," the original indictment noted), and Daniel Garza ("*el güero*"), authorities in Mexico detained one of the alleged hit men, Israel Bazaldua Cepeda, for questioning on a separate homicide charge. Bazaldua Cepeda can't have been surprised by the appearance of the Mexican police; he was reportedly carrying an *amparo*, a restraining order signed by a Mexican federal judge. An *amparo* is a guarantee of protection of civil rights. Although the case has been widely publicized, the Matamoros police released Bazaldua Cepeda before he could be questioned by the sheriff's office. "It's Brownsville" was the explanation I was given for how Bazaldua Cepeda could have eluded the D.A.

Extradition of Mexican citizens is a difficult if not virtually impossible process. Mexico operates under a form of Roman law: if a Mexican citizen commits a capital offense in another country he can be tried only in a Mexican court. (Mexico does not allow capital punishment.) I was surprised when Oscar Ponce, the lead prosecutor on the Fischer case, told me that the sealed indictment for the hit men was for capital murder, a fact that made their extradition impossible. "That's part of our charging strategy," he told me. Even if he had indicted the hit men on a lesser charge, he said, he doubted that the Mexican government would have released them. Additionally, the prosecutor didn't want to weaken the case against Cisneros and the others. "The extradition process is an incredible scandal," David Berg, a prominent Houston trial lawyer, says. "I don't know of a single instance in which the Mexican government has extradited a Mexican citizen for a major crime committed in the United States." Despite the growing number of connections between the two countries brought about by the *maquiladoras* and by NAFTA, the Mexican government hasn't changed its practices. On the border, most extradition requests have to do with drug crimes, and the local dealers efficiently pay off the politicians in the neighboring state of Tamaulipas. (In one famous case, a Drug Enforcement Administration agent pulled a suspect through a hole in a fence on the border to prosecute him.) Joey's murder is an exception for the border: no drugs are involved, and his family has influence in the area. On the face of it, nothing should have prevented the Mexican government from giving up Bazaldua Cepeda and Puentes Pizana, the other hit man, on a lesser charge. "We cannot go over and kidnap them," Alex Perez told me. "But, sooner or later, they will cross the border, and then we'll get them."

There was some surprise in the area when Dora Cisneros engaged J. A. (Tony) Canales to represent her. Canales, a former United States Attorney for the Southern District of Texas, has made a big reputation in South Texas by representing the area drug dealers. As a trial lawyer, Canales, according to Rey Cantu, "is not your usual flash-bang criminal-defense lawyer." He is the son of a prominent South Texas family of judges and lawyers; his mother is a doctor. He prides himself on his understanding of the arcana of Texas criminal law.

Canales's strategy will probably be to rely on the potential difficulty of proving capital murder given the state's accomplice-testimony rule. Several weeks ago, all three defendants pleaded not guilty, but Canales has to be concerned about the amount of evidence that Saenz has: the statements that María Martínez, the *curandera*, and Daniel Garza, the middleman, have given to the sheriff's department, including a statement by Garza that he was given Joey's prom

Look Younger Without Cosmetic Surgery

(8 week supply just $\$19^{95}$)

Before *15 Seconds Later*

"Hollywood's secret for young looking skin"

NOW IN JUST 15 SECONDS, you can make wrinkles and pores virtually disappear. Without cover-ups, hormones or hundred dollar treatments ... just a touch of *Illusion!*

New *Illusion* is a break-through. It works by the same technique employed by Hollywood directors to make actresses look younger using LIGHT to flatter your face. Wrinkles can be seen because they cast shadows on your skin. No cream will remove wrinkles. But *Illusion* actually "bends light" to make your shadows vanish.

The secret ingredient is a blend of microlayered silica ... tiny, high tech "light benders" . . . in a base of the same moisturizers used by expensive "miracle" creams. Just a dab makes your skin look smooth, younger.

Illusion is colorless and hypo-allergenic. Use it under your makeup, on top, or all by itself.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Test without risk! Order your 8-week supply for just $19.95. If not satisfied, return it for a prompt refund.

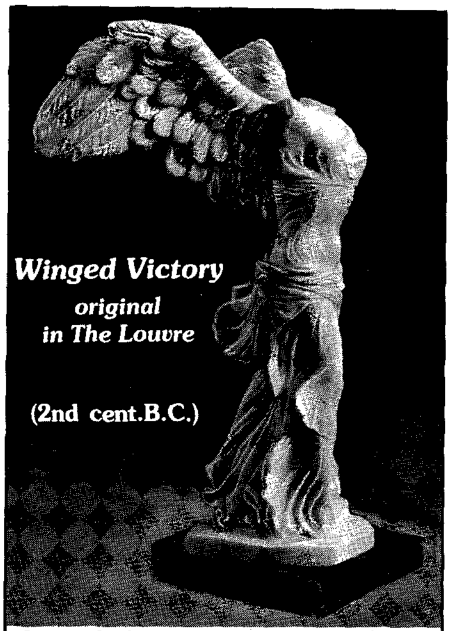
To order with Visa or MasterCard call toll-free **1-800-828-0998, ext. D31.** Or mail check for $19.95 plus $2.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to Illusion (Dept. **D31**), 10 Summer Street, Pawtucket, RI 02860

Princess Diana Wears this Necklace

Kenneth Jay Lane, "The King of Costume Jewelry", has designed for Royalty, First Ladies and movie stars. Now one of his most famous designs is available to you.

The "Princess Necklace" is made with individually hand-knotted, imported alabaster pearls, simulated diamonds and blue sapphire Austrian crystal. They all rest in a platinum-tone setting and fasten with a pavé clasp. Adjusts from 15" to 18". If made of real gems, this necklace would cost over $500,000. Available to you for only $95.00. Matching earrings only $40.00. Unconditional 30-day money back guarantee & Lifetime Warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free: **1-800-233-3489, ext.** N17 or mail your order, along with $3.95 shipping and handling to: **KJL by Kenneth Jay Lane** dept. N17
40 West 37th Street • New York, NY 10018



One of the most admired of all statues. Standing at the top of the great staircase in the Louvre Museum she appears to have just put down from flight. Her beauty is inspirational. Bonded marble. 15″..$207 ppd, 12″..$177 ppd with marble bases. 42½″ without marble base..$2870 FOB Seattle. Check, VISA, MC. Unqualified guarantee. **120 page artbook color catalogue $6. Gifts that endure!**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #149
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

CARING FOR GUESTS BECOMES
SECOND NATURE WHEN YOU'VE HAD
223 YEARS OF PRACTICE.

For reservations or more information, call
1-800-362-4747; in Vermont, 802-362-4700
or contact your travel agent.

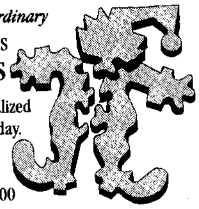
THE
EQUINOX
EST. 1769
Historic Route 7A, Manchester Village, VT 05254

CELTIC CROSS
"Simple beauty and superb workmanship shine in this classic cross on 18″ chain. From Newport silversmith James Breakell in sterling silver $30., 14k gold $174. Lapel pin or tie tac available. Add $3.50 handling. Major credit cards. Catalog on request. 1-800-767-6411

J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYCC Newport, RI 02840

Certain gifts must simply be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles

Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $95 - $2000. Call or write for free catalog. Stave Puzzles, Box 329A,
Norwich, VT 05055 ☎ 802-295-5200



photograph by the *curandera*; the wire; and statements to the D.A.'s office by Joey's friends about Joey and Cristina's putative sexual adventure. Saenz is expected to attempt to prove that Dora Cisneros's motive for having Joey murdered was that he had told his friends of that adventure. The conflict over the ring may play a role as well.

ONE afternoon, I drove to the Cisneros home, a brick ranch house. The neighborhood was quiet, middle-class, and respectable, but not quite as affluent as Rancho Viejo. Across the street, some children were playing basketball in a driveway. I walked up the sidewalk and rang the bell. I was surprised to hear laughter inside, as if a family gathering were going on. Dora Cisneros came to the door, smiling. She was shorter than I had expected and rather frail. She had dark hair cut so that thick bangs framed her face. When I told her I was a reporter, she said, "Call my lawyer," and shut the door. There was no particular hostility in her tone; she sounded polite.

There aren't many people in Brownsville who are willing to discuss the possibility that Dora Cisneros might be innocent—even though she might be.

Canales has declined to comment, but the Cisneros family lawyer and co-counsel, A. C. Nelson, told the Dallas *Morning News*, "This whole thing is illogical. This is a very traditional woman who built her life around her husband, her kids and her family. This has devastated her. I've known Dora Cisneros for more than twenty years, and she would never even dream of doing the things they say she did. . . . There was no animosity toward Joey. It was traumatic for the entire family when Joey died. They grieved for him. Nothing about these charges makes sense." Nelson told the Houston *Chronicle*, "I can't help but think it was a case of mistaken identity." He said that Dora Cisneros and Martínez knew each other only because Dora was in the habit of giving used clothes to Martínez. "My client has known this woman for fifteen years. As far as I know, she never read any cards for my client. What the woman had was a business where she sold old and used clothes." Since he gave these interviews, Nelson has stopped talking to the press.

"I think public opinion in Brownsville has crucified her already," a local priest told me. Dora Cisneros has been seen eating with her family at Luby's cafeteria in the Sunrise Mall. When they appeared, no one greeted them. One woman told me, "There was a conscious effort made not to look in their direction."

Cristina left St. Joe in the late spring. Apparently, she entered another school under an assumed name. "But everyone knew exactly who she was," one student told me. She appears to have become a pariah in Brownsville. It seems clear that both Joey and Cristina are victims.

After I left the Cisneros house, I drove down to Eleventh Street, where the *curandera* had her store. The scale of Brownsville is such that it is possible to drive from one point to almost any other in ten minutes or so; Cristina's house is ten minutes from Joey's house, north of the city; the Mexican part of town, close to the border, is ten minutes farther south of Joey's house, but it is a part of town where the cultures haven't melded. On Eleventh Street, the *curandera's* tiny shop was now chained shut, but next door was the Yerbería Indio Azteca, a storefront filled with the candles, oils, and herbs used by the *curanderas*. I bought two candles—Pancho Villa votives, which the text written on the glass promised would bring me "strength and luck." The shop was dusty, and was filled with memorabilia such as a portrait of Robert Kennedy that was at least twenty-five years old, and pictures of many Mexican children—the grandchildren of the woman at the register. At first, she appeared not to understand my Spanish, but after a while she grew more comfortable with me. When I asked her about the *curandera*, she hugged herself dramatically and said, "It gives me the chills when I read about it." She told me that the *curandera* "is deeply religious," always asking about the children whose pictures are all over the shop. Then she said, "I don't really know her." Later, I was told that the *curandera* had for years bought her supplies from the Yerbería Indio Azteca.

In South Texas, I was haunted by a remark my Aunt Anita once made: "Being an American brought up in Mexico gives one an obsession to try to reconcile two ways of life, two almost opposed points of view, two sets of emotions and interests. . . . It seems to me that if enough Americans know the story, the conflict would resolve on a plane of human friendliness and decency.” I wondered how Anita, long dead, would have interpreted Joey’s murder. Although the border towns have several generations of Mexican-Americans that seem assimilated—particularly the children—the contradiction of the society is that vestiges of the traditional shibboleths and the prejudices of both cultures remain. A private-school girl like Cristina may have seemed so assimilated that Joey, a normal American teen-age boy, had no reason to suspect that her family’s values may have differed in any way from his. If Joey had “known the story,” as my Aunt Anita put it, would he be alive today?

IN brochures distributed to families of murdered children, it is stated that the actual life of the dead child can be lost in the complexities of the legal process. The implication is that a son or a daughter who has been murdered becomes a noun, “the victim,” a phantom who begins to exist only as a name in the pages of an indictment or in the memory of family and friends, in black-and-white photographs in high-school yearbooks, in hasty letters written home. New occupations have arisen to protect the rights of murdered children. So many are killed each year that there are now “victimologists,” “victim advocates,” and “victim support groups” who will appear to “court-watch”; that is, to pack a courtroom, to remind a jury that the victim was once a person, surrounded by friends and family who could not imagine that they would ever have to get through their life without him.

The families of these children do not grieve in the predictable stages outlined by Elisabeth Kübler-Ross in “On Death and Dying.” A homicide leaves too many unanswered questions. Parents will torture themselves: What should we have seen that we didn’t see? For months after Joey was killed, Buddy asked himself, “If I had known that Dora Cisneros was such a possessive mother, would I have stopped Joey from seeing Cristina?” Anne Seymour, a spokeswoman of the National Victim Center, in Arlington, told me, “I don’t use Kübler-Ross’s word ‘acceptance’ when I counsel families of murdered children. There is never ‘acceptance’ when a child is killed.” Seymour, whose organization tries to change laws and attitudes about all victims, campaigns against “the societal bias against murder victims.” In many violent deaths, people blame the victim. “Friends will think, and may even say out loud, ‘Didn’t you know something like this would happen? Why didn’t you see this?’ The intensity of the sorrow and the frustration over the child’s death is so acute that parents do not get over this kind of grief.”

On my last night in Brownsville, Connie, Buddy, and I debated going to see “Like Water for Chocolate,” a Mexican movie about thwarted love and magic spells that takes place during the Mexican Revolution. I was curious about it because of our family history. Buddy, understandably, was not interested in our family history. Instead, he wanted to show me a video that Corinne had just been given by a relative, who had discovered footage of Joey at around eight years old playing with his grandfather and then, last spring, reading the Scriptures at his aunt’s wedding. Connie and I sat on the sofa as Buddy calmly inserted the video in the VCR. Suddenly, Joey appeared, smiling and sitting on his grandfather’s lap. His grandfather obviously had a way with children; Joey could hardly stop laughing. “What did the oil say to the vinegar?” Louis Lapeyre asked his grandson. “Close the door, I am dressing!” Then Joey yelled into the camera. Kathy and Eric and Joey sang a song with their grandfather: “If you get to Heaven before I do, just bore a hole and pull me through!” They let out the famous Texas rebel yell—“*Yay-hah!*” Buddy was stoic watching his child, but Connie cried. The video became scratchy for a moment and filled with static. Buddy got up to fix it. “I want to see Joey at the wedding taken last spring.” He played with the tracking on the VCR, and suddenly Joey, a handsome teen-ager, was standing at a podium. The sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows in the church and made it difficult for me to see Joey clearly. His voice was commanding: “I want to show you the way. . . . Without love it would do me no good. Love is always patient and kind. It is never jealous. Love is never boastful or conceited. It is never rude or selfish.” Buddy tried to bring the picture into better focus, but Joey faded in and out. ♦

Our world. Your pace.

Seaside No. 4 states it well: natural beauty, challenge, history. The Cloister, Sea Island and antebellum Retreat Plantation’s 54 holes of golf echo the themes.

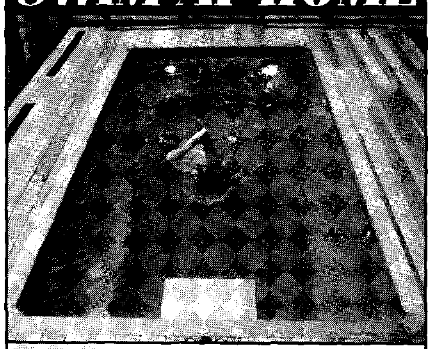
Relax. Visit the Beach Club spa. Lose yourself completely on five miles of private beach. Survey marsh and shore views by horseback. Marvelous dining options, dancing let you vary each day. Superb tennis, skeet, waterway outings invite too.

Our world. Your pace. The Cloister, Sea Island, GA 31561. Call 800-SEA-ISLAnd now for Fall and holiday visits.

Sea Island® THE CLOISTER®

Home Rentals: 912-638-5112

SWIM AT HOME



Swim or exercise against a smooth current that you control. In an Endless Pool™, the water moves and you stay in place.

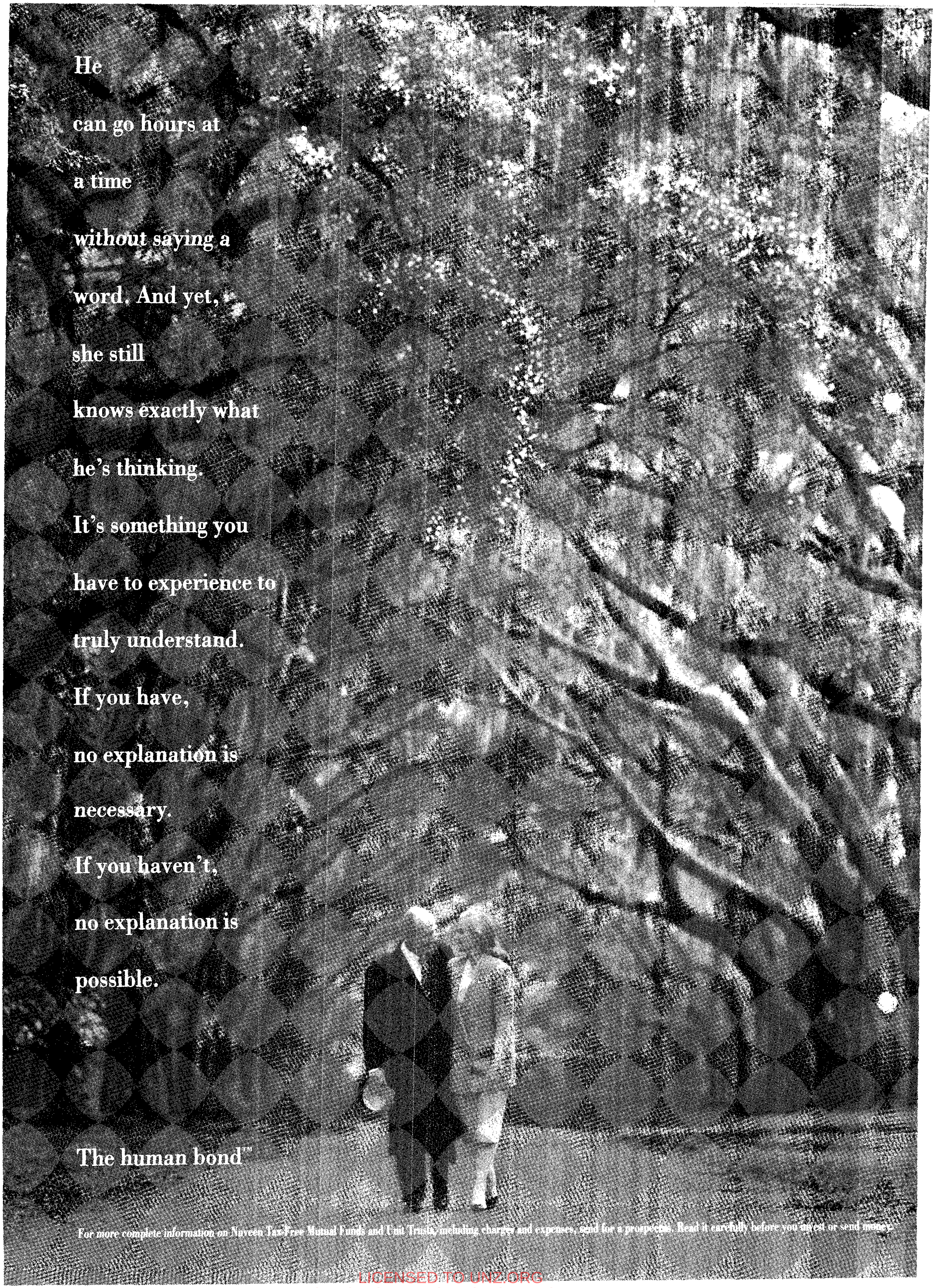
- ***Requires only an 8' x 15' space.***
- ***Simple to maintain, economical to run. Chlorine FREE.***
- ***Easy installation in an existing room or outdoors on a deck or patio.***

ENDLESS POOLS® **CALL: (800)732-8660**

200 EAST DUTTON'S MILL ROAD • ASTON, PA 19014

LOOKING FOR BEAUTIFUL POTS ?

Minoan Urns, Handmade in Crete
Many shapes and sizes, Catalog $2
Longshadow Gardens
Pomona, Illinois 62975
CLASSIC GARDEN ORNAMENTS, LTD.®
800 852 2299



He

can go hours at

a time

without saying a

word. And yet,

she still

knows exactly what

he's thinking.

It's something you

have to experience to

truly understand.

If you have,

no explanation is

necessary.

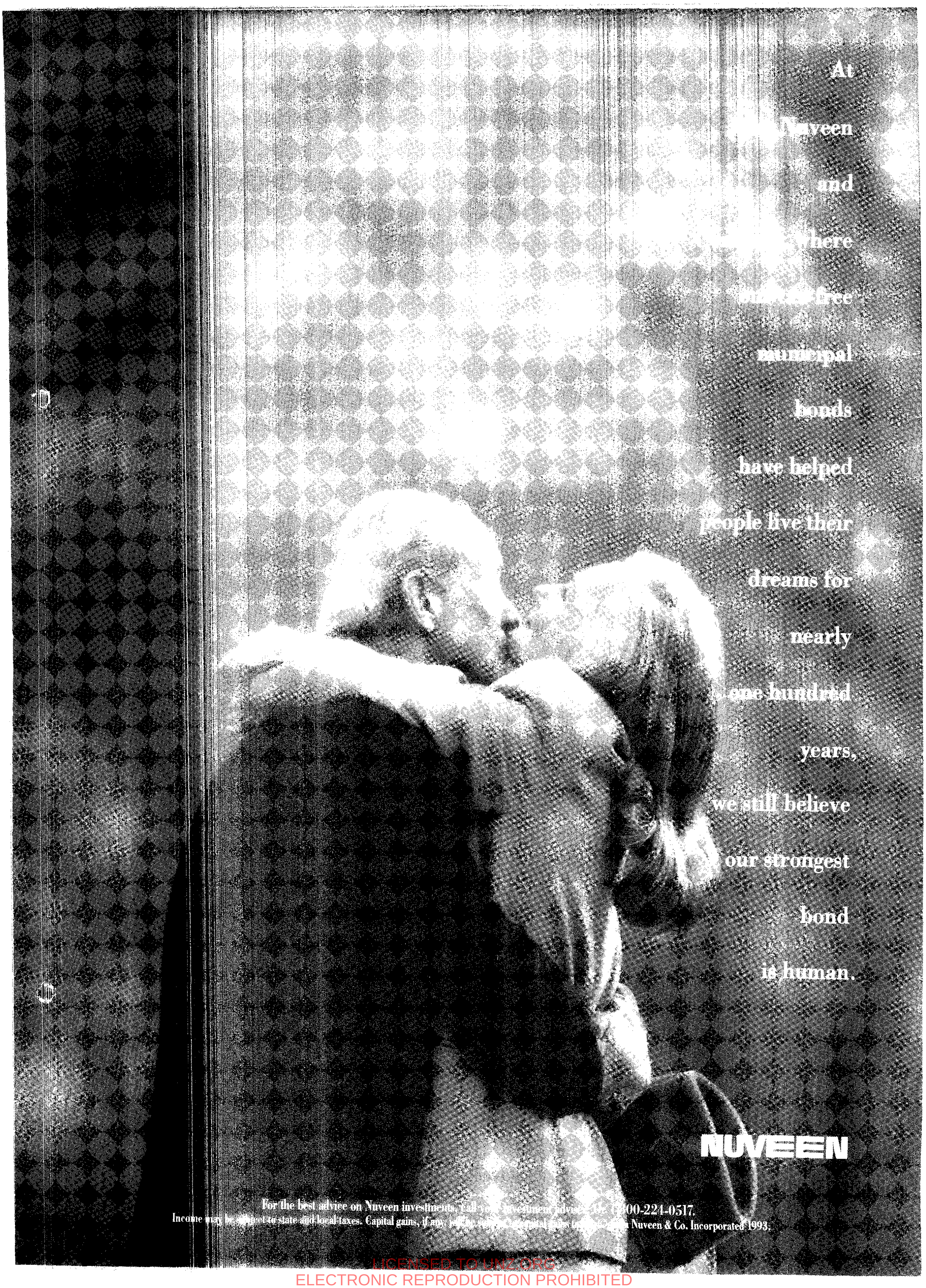
If you haven't,

no explanation is

possible.

The human bond™

For more complete information on Nuveen Tax-Free Mutual Funds and Unit Trusts, including charges and expenses, send for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

At
[illegible] Nuveen
and
where
tax-free
municipal
bonds
have helped
people live their
dreams for
nearly
one hundred
years,
we still believe
our strongest
bond
is human.

NUVEEN

For the best advice on Nuveen investments, call your investment adviser or 1-800-224-0517.
Income may be subject to state and local taxes. Capital gains, if any, will be [illegible] John Nuveen & Co. Incorporated 1993.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

OPIUM WAR REDUX

Americans may be smoking less, but the tobacco industry isn't worried. It's turning to Asia, where the United States government has already pressured four nations into opening their markets to American cigarettes. The industry's new target: a billion Chinese.

BY STAN SESSER

IN Shanghai, every day from noon to 1 P.M., Marlboro cigarettes sponsors a radio program called "The American Music Hour." I heard it recently while I was having lunch in the faculty dining room of Shanghai Medical University with two professors, and they got so upset each time a commercial came on that they stopped eating and glared at the battered portable radio on our table. It was always the same commercial, and it was repeated every ten minutes or so. It started with the Marlboro theme song, which is taken from the movie "The Magnificent Seven," and was accompanied by the sounds of cattle, horses, and shouting cowboys. Then the announcer said, in Chinese, "Jump and fly a thousand miles. Raise the whip so the horse will run faster. This is the world of Marlboro. Ride through the rivers and mountains with courage. Be called a hero throughout the thousand miles. This is the world of Marlboro."

Few people in Asia would normally think twice about such advertisements, or about promotions of any sort for American cigarettes. On towering billboards, in glossy magazine ads, and as logos on bluejeans and travel bags, names like Marlboro, Winston, Salem, and Kent have entered the vocabulary of every Asian nation. In a single week, I attended a Virginia Slims fashion show at a Taiwanese disco, watched the finals of the Salem Open tennis tournament in Hong Kong, and followed the progress of the Marlboro Tour '93, a bicycle race in the Philippines. But amidst this barrage of cigarette-related publicity the Chinese professors had two special reasons to be disturbed about the Marlboro commercials we were hearing in Shanghai. First, the commercials appear despite the fact that China has banned the advertising of cigarettes. Second, although the commercials are beamed to a mass audience, only the wealthy élite who have American dollars can legally buy Marlboros in China. Except for hard-currency transactions in hotels, airports, and the government-run Friendship Stores, China doesn't permit any foreign cigarettes to be sold.

Neither restriction seems to bother Philip Morris Companies, the maker of Marlboro. To get around the advertising ban, Philip Morris takes advantage of a loophole in the law, the sort of oversight that is common when a country with no experience starts legislating to protect public health. China's ad ban prohibits the display and the mention of a cigarette but not of a brand name. As a result, Philip Morris puts on radio commercials, sponsors sporting events on television, and erects billboards, all without ever referring to or showing a cigarette. Moreover, it has turned Shanghai, China's largest city, into Marlboro country. In a nation where a telephone is still a rarity, every few yards along Shanghai's Bund, the famous riverfront promenade, stands a stylish glass-walled phone booth covered on three sides with red-and-white Marlboro logos and with pictures of a cigarette-free Marlboro cowboy, sitting on his horse or walking with a saddle slung over his shoulder. Since Marlboro has been promoted heavily in China for years—by 1987, it had become the country's fourth-largest advertiser—it's unlikely that many Chinese need to see a cigarette to make the association. "Even my grandson, who is three years old, knows that Marlboro is a cigarette, though not a single member of my family smokes," Dr. Li Wan-xian, my host at lunch, who is a professor of epidemiology, says. "A cowboy symbolizes a strong, energetic young man with the freedom to do whatever he wants. It tells teen-agers that smoking Marlboros will make you fit and proud. The cowboy becomes a role model for youth."

Philip Morris clearly has no hesitation about advertising its cigarettes to an audience that mostly can't buy them, except on the black market, and it has good reason to suspect that its investment will soon pay off. Starting in 1985, the United States government, while discouraging smoking at home, successfully pressured Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, and Thailand into breaking their domestic tobacco monopolies and allowing the sale of American cigarettes. The monopolies didn't advertise or promote, and they sold largely to male adults, since smoking by women is socially unacceptable in most Asian societies. But through such tactics as rock concerts, fashion shows, and magazine ads featuring glamorous Western models, the American companies changed things in short order. In 1985, for instance, two years before the American invasion of Taiwan's cigarette market got under way, an anti-smoking organization in Taipei asked two thousand high-school students whether they had ever smoked a cigarette; twenty-six per cent of the boys and one per cent of the girls answered yes. Six years later, in a survey of eleven hundred high-school students, the figures had shot up to forty-eight per cent for boys and twenty per cent for girls.

China, the Pacific Rim's last holdout against cigarettes from the United States, is already wavering. In a broad agreement reached last fall to open China's markets to American goods, the Beijing government included cigarettes on a list of products it would allow starting no later than 1995. This agreement in principle is only a first step, however, since American arm-twisting over issues like taxes and the distribution of cigarettes will likely be necessary to make the pledge meaningful. If American cigarettes are ever sold freely in China, the potential will be great both for profits and, down the road, for millions of additional premature deaths. There are three hundred million smokers in China—more than the entire population of the United States. The fact that relatively few of them are women—just seven per cent of Chinese women smoke, compared with sixty-one per cent of the men—is important to the American tobacco companies, because established smokers rarely change brands, and the women represent a new market to recruit. The Chinese smokers, though they consume thirty per cent of the world's cigarettes, also include relatively few young people, most of whom can't afford the habit. (At some Chinese universities, students who are caught smoking can lose their scholarships—not for health reasons but because it's assumed that they're wealthy enough not to need aid.) But now China's economy is booming, and the application of Madison Avenue techniques, which were once so successful in luring American women and teen-agers into smoking, could produce sales of American cigarettes in China which could dwarf anything ever seen in the United States. Speaking at a Hong Kong conference on tobacco in 1985, Rene Scull, then a vice-president of Philip Morris Asia, said, "No discussion of the tobacco industry in the year 2000 would be complete without addressing what may be the most important feature on the landscape, the Chinese market. In every respect, China confounds the imagination."

MARK GAGNON

Even without China, Western tobacco companies are doing a brisk business in Asia: the continent consumes close to half the world's cigarettes. (In addition to Philip Morris and R. J. Reynolds, the two biggest exporters, the major beneficiaries are Brown & Williamson, which is the American subsidiary of a British firm, and two British companies—British American Tobacco and Rothmans.) In 1985, when the United States government was beginning its campaign to spur tobacco exports, American companies shipped eighteen billion cigarettes to the Pacific Rim; by last year, that figure had increased almost fivefold, to eighty-seven billion, representing twelve per cent of the entire American output. This April, *Forbes* reported that "the party is over for the U.S. cigarette industry," with domestic consumption dropping two to three per cent a year. But in Asia the party is just getting started. Philip Morris is in the process of completing a four-hundred-million-dollar expansion of its huge cigarette plant in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, increasing production capacity by almost fifty per cent; an executive said that the move was made to meet rising demand abroad, especially in Japan, Korea, and Hong Kong. In its 1992 annual report, the company, which is the world's second-largest cigarette producer—after the Chinese government's tobacco monopoly—stated that Marlboro "strengthened its position as the best-selling international cigarette brand," and noted, "In Japan, our volume increased by 5% . . . to account for nearly 12% of this large market. . . . Our combined unit sales in Hong Kong, Korea, Singapore, the Philippines, Malaysia, and Thailand increased by nearly 20%." When *Marketing News*, a publication of the American Marketing Association, looked at the Asian cigarette market in January of 1991, it reported that "Western models and lifestyles create glamorous standards to emulate, and Asian smokers can't get enough."

For the Bush Administration, the surge in cigarette exports to Asia represented a bright sign in an otherwise bleak foreign-trade picture. In 1990, Secretary of Agriculture Clayton Yeutter said at a press conference, "I just saw the figures on tobacco exports here a few days ago and, my, have they turned out to be a marvellous success story." But those concerned with protecting health are considerably less enthusiastic; viewing the problem on a global scale, they see the benefits of declining cigarette consumption in the United States wiped out by the shift across the Pacific. Dr. James Mason, who, as Assistant Secretary for Health in the Department of Health and Human Services, was a top health official in the Bush Administration, was allowed no say on the cigarette-export policy. In a recent interview, he told me, "Cigarettes become a health problem only when you combine addiction with greed—greed on the part of the tobacco industry and the advertising industry, who are willing to exchange dollars for the lives of others. Our country has been known for its humanitarian and health-related projects worldwide. This is a hundred and eighty degrees opposite. We're talking about millions of lives—and that totally outweighs and overwhelms what we've accomplished in the humanitarian field. It's outrageous for the United States to allow this misery and suffering to occur."

Because cigarette-related diseases can take decades to develop, today's sharp rise in cigarette consumption in Asia won't show up in the mortality tables until well into the twenty-first century. Epidemiologists attempting to chart the trend are coming up with numbers so startlingly high that the extent of future suffering and societal costs becomes difficult to comprehend. China serves as the prime example. Richard Peto, a professor

THE QUIÑERO SISTERS, 1968

Against the flares of falling stars
over the man-made lake
in the middle of which we were reclining
on a creaking raft, they sang a wicked
duet of "Be My Baby," swaying and dipping
in their identical white bikinis,
snapping their wrists like the Ronettes.
The water dripping from their hair.
They were twins who were not identical.
Victoria's eyes a deep blue.
Virginia's a pale brown.
(A genetic marvel, as I knew
from my biology texts.)
Virginia was a soprano.
Victoria, with her husky whisper, a contralto.
In the moonlight, their faces shone.
Lips gleaming. Teeth flashing like silver.
To our left, in the deep darkness,
the waterfall roared; one night in June
a rowboat had strayed over those falls
and two friends of ours were drowned,
their naked bodies, tightly embraced,
dredged up the next morning a mile downriver.
Now, on the last night of the summer,
we had come in a borrowed baby-blue
convertible, driving fast along the mountain
roads, the high-beam lights picking up
the red eyes of animals crouched
in the high grass—Victoria, Virginia,
her boyfriend, who was also named Nick,
and me, behind the wheel. The other Nick
was about to go to Vietnam, and I was
about to enter college, and side by side
on the raft we were passing a bottle
of red wine while the girls sang.
We were seventeen, except for Nick,
a carpenter's apprentice, who had turned
eighteen in July and been drafted in August.
And five months later, in a library in
Cambridge in dead of winter, I would see
his name listed among the dead in a newspaper—
killed in action outside Da Nang.
But that night, under the sky riddled
with stars, with the wind licking our lips
and the water lapping softly beneath
the raft, he and I (two boys with the same
name) never took our eyes off the Quiñero
sisters (twins who didn't even look
like sisters), revolving their open
palms in rhythmical circles, as if
they were trying to erase the night.
Oh, since the day I saw you,
I have been waiting for you,
You know I will adore you, till Eternity.
They harmonized in and around the melody,
until, hands on hips and hair flying,
they threw their heads back and held
the last sweet note. And held it. For hours,
it seemed, while the moon slid through
the clouds, and bats skimmed the water,
and the fish jumped, and then, reluctantly,
we left that raft, moored to the muddy lake
bottom, and two by two swam back to shore.
Virginia and Nick hurried up the hill,
and Victoria and I laid a blanket under
the trees, on the grass bank, and peeled off
our suits. Shuddering now, with the insects
buzzing around us like static, she opened
her arms and pulled me on top of her.
Ten years later, after two busted marriages,
her sister would open her wrists
and slip into a tub of blood-warm water.
And a year after that, to the day, Victoria
would be killed in a car crash, beside
a man she met at a party, who crossed
the double line into oncoming traffic
with a bottle cradled between his knees.
But when I held her that night,
breathing in the scent of her hair,
I felt her fingers dance along my spine
and her eyelashes moisten as she whispered
in my ear—I can hear it clearly—
her voice even then falling away from me,
Be my baby now

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

of medical statistics and epidemiology at Oxford and an expert on cigarette-induced mortality, estimates that in China lung-cancer deaths among men alone will rise from thirty thousand in 1975 to nine hundred thousand by about 2025, and total cigarette-related deaths will reach two million a year—almost five times the current level in the United States. "The Chinese smoked five hundred billion cigarettes in 1978 and seventeen hundred billion last year," he told me. "There are about four hundred and twenty million people under the age of twenty now living in China. On present smoking patterns, about forty per cent will be smokers, or a hundred and seventy million. The American evidence suggests that if people start smoking and keep going wholeheartedly, something like half will be killed by cigarettes. I don't know what that figure will be in China, but even if it's thirty per cent you're looking at fifty million deaths of people who are now kids." Even if American cigarettes gain only a toehold in China, the results will be catastrophic. If American promotional techniques serve to expand the number of Chinese smokers by just two per cent, for instance, that will represent six million people, of whom at least two million will die of cigarette-related diseases—

more than three times the number of Americans killed in wars in the twentieth century.

This year, the World Health Organization has estimated that deaths from cigarette smoking in developing countries, with China heading the list, will rise from a million a year currently to seven million a year within the next two or three decades. The W.H.O. has said, "Calculations based on the increased rate of smoking in the developing world show that deaths caused by smoking will soon wipe out gains made in preventing deaths from malnutrition and communicable diseases." This future epidemic, it states, "will result in the loss of more lives than those lost from all previous world epidemics."

In Manila, a thirteen-year-old boy I'll call Lito (he panicked halfway through the interview and ran away before my interpreter could ask him his name) shares the busy intersection of V. Mapa and Ramón Magsaysay Boulevard with several other boys and young men. In a run-down area crowded with squatters' shacks, they dart between lanes of stopped traffic, holding up open wooden boxes filled with packs of American cigarettes. Lito sells only Marlboro and Philip Morris, the two favorites of the street venders, but some others also stock Winston and Hope, a Filipino brand. Since most teen-agers and some adults can't afford entire packs, the venders open their packs and sell individual cigarettes. When the light turns green, they jump to the curb or splay themselves against the median barrier as Manila's notorious traffic roars past.

Short and skinny, with the soft, high-pitched voice of a child, Lito seems no older than nine or ten. He shares that trait with other teen-age venders, who, because they have never had enough to eat, look like small children, making all the more poignant the fact that many of them are puffing on cigarettes. Lito has no father, and his mother, who takes in laundry, can't make enough to support the family. A year ago, he started peddling rags, and eventually saved up enough money to buy two packs of cigarettes. Then, by selling the cigarettes individually, which allows a higher profit, he gradually worked his way up to an inventory of fifteen packs and a wooden box—costing four dollars—in which to display them. Now, Lito told me proudly, he was able to return to school part time, and was attending the fourth grade.

"It's an accepted practice," Dr. Daniel Tan, a pulmonary specialist, said as he drove me around Manila, pointing out the teen-age cigarette venders, who work the major intersections and also the big shopping malls. "There's no law against children selling cigarettes," he noted. "They range from ten to fifteen years old, and they're out on the street. Marlboro has an internal name for them: they're called the jump boys, because they jump in and out of traffic. Someone from the company told me this confidentially. These are the kids making America rich."

In most of Asia, children are considered fair game for marketers of cigarettes. With advertising geared to the young—sponsorship of sporting events and pop concerts, for instance, and promotional devices like free disco passes given out in return for empty cigarette packs—American tobacco companies search for new smokers with a variety of techniques that have long since grown stale in the United States but are novel and enticing to Asians. At least one Asian company has responded in kind to this new competition: after the Americans entered the Japanese market, in 1987, Japan Tobacco, Inc., the country's tobacco monopoly, introduced a cigarette called Dean, after James Dean, and also one called Misty, aimed at young women.

The sponsorship of sporting events, a long-established form of cigarette promotion in the United States, takes on a much greater intensity in Asia. Watching the Salem Open tennis tournament on television in Hong Kong, I saw Salem-cigarette logos displayed everywhere—along the walls of the stadium, on the ball girls' T-shirts, on the winner's trophy—so that every television shot had at least one logo in it. Ads for the tournament featured a photograph of one of the participants, the twenty-one-year-old Chinese-American tennis star Michael Chang, who is revered in the Chinese-speaking countries of Asia and is looked upon by tobacco companies as a potential Pied Piper. The *South China Morning Post*, Hong Kong's leading English-language newspaper, noted that this October the Salem Open in Beijing and the Marlboro Championships in Hong

Victoria Roberts

"If it isn't genetic at all, but just the upshot of growing up in Jersey, will you still love me, Mona?"

Kong would take place the same week, and that the two tournaments were vying to get Chang to participate. "Since winning the French Open in 1989, Chang has put himself forward as a role model for the youth in Asia," the newspaper said. In Manila, a burst of publicity surrounded the Marlboro Tour '93, a twenty-three-day bicycle race on several Philippine islands. "The Marlboro Tour is the biggest national summer sports spectacle held yearly in the Philippines for thirty-two years now," a special section on the race in the *Philippine Daily Inquirer* said. It called the participants "idols," and referred to them as "the boys of summer." Another paper noted, "The Tour inspires poor, young men. It gives them hope of making it big; it answers their dreams."

In Malaysia, which forbids cigarette advertising, tobacco companies attach their brand names to everything from watches to safari outfits, and advertise those instead. One brand, Salem, has achieved success in reaching teen-agers through a highly unusual route. One of Kuala Lumpur's leading record stores, which has two outlets, is called the Salem Power Station, and its motif—on signs, ashtrays, and plastic shopping bags—includes the Salem logo that appears on the cigarette packs in Malaysia. Salem cigarettes also use a green pine tree as an identifying symbol, and when I walked into a Salem Power Station a clerk checked my briefcase and handed me a green plastic pine tree with a number on it.

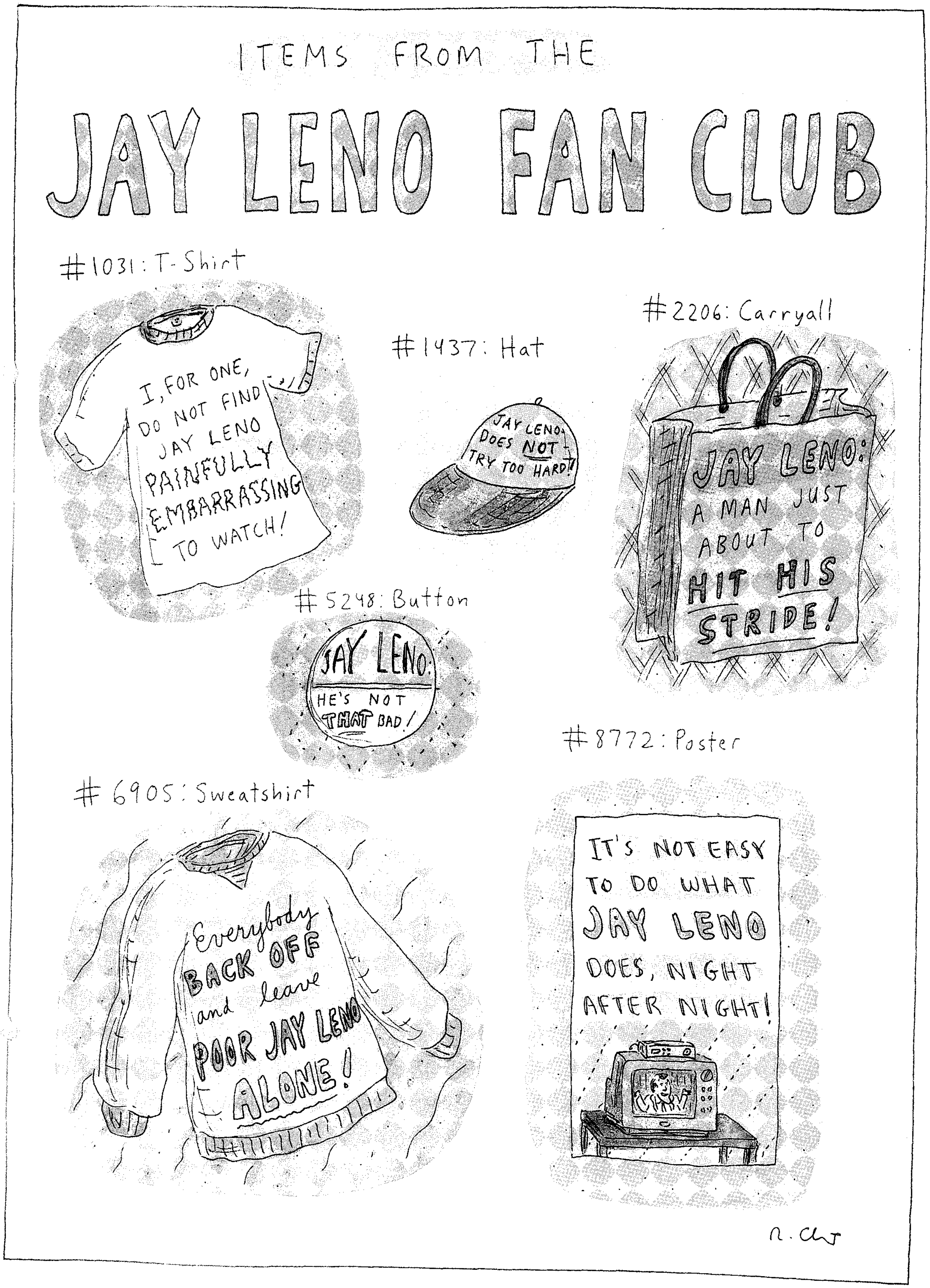
Dr. A. Krishnamoorthy, who is the president of the Malaysian Medical Association, says that the motive of the Salem Power Station isn't difficult to fathom. "Basically, its customers are all children," he told me in his medical office, a storefront in Kuala Lumpur. "The more it promotes itself, the more the child knows about the link to cigarettes. Someday, someone offers the child a cigarette, and the child identifies it with the music industry. Salem is already incorporated into his mind." A spokesman for R. J. Reynolds, the maker of Salem, disagrees. Speaking in Hong Kong, where both Reynolds and Philip Morris have their Asian headquarters, he contended that the Power Station "has no relation to cigarettes, absolutely," and went on, "It was a trademark-diversification program. We were approached in Malaysia by a guy who wanted to set up the premier record store. We get a royalty in connection with the name." In Kuala Lumpur, I called the Power Station and asked to talk to the manager. The woman I spoke with told me to call a Mr. Romli, and gave me a phone number. When I dialled the number, the switchboard operator answered, "R. J. Reynolds." Mr. Romli turned out to be Romli Bidin, Reynolds' Malaysian marketing manager. A spokesman for Reynolds in Malaysia said that Romli had no connection with the Salem Power Station, and that he couldn't understand why I had been given his name.

Another so-called trademark-diversification program in Kuala Lumpur, this one geared to the upscale market, involves a travel agency named Salem High Country Holidays, which sells tours to mountain areas like the Austrian Alps, holding out the lure of "miles of lush pine trees" and "clean mountain air." Cynics might wonder how this small, specialized travel agency can afford to bombard the airwaves with television commercials, yet in 1990 it was the fourth-largest advertiser in all of Malaysia. I put this question to Robert Lim, the travel agency's general manager. "We and R. J. Reynolds are using the brand name for each other's benefit," he replied. "We pay them nothing. A Salem High Country Holidays sixty-second spot runs at least once a night. R. J. Reynolds pays for all the television ads; I couldn't afford it myself. They have an ad agency, and we discuss with them what we want to have appear." Lim concedes that he's not totally delighted at having his agency connected with a cigarette. "I wouldn't mind being called I.B.M. or Toyota," he said, "but I couldn't have got that."

In Taiwan, I encountered a campaign by Philip Morris, R. J. Reynolds' arch-rival, that was similar to the Salem Power Station's. In 1986, under pressure from the United States government, Taiwan, which had previously allowed no cigarette ads, agreed not only to open its market to American cigarettes but also to allow each tobacco company a hundred and twenty magazine advertisements a year. In Taipei, officials of the John Tung Foundation, an influential public-health group started in 1984 with funding from a wealthy businessman, showed me a full-color two-page ad in a recent issue of *China Times Weekly*, which is Taiwan's largest-circulation magazine. It promoted not Virginia Slims cigarettes but, instead, a Virginia Slims fashion show at a Taipei disco. The ad featured a blond model with a colorful flowing scarf and gold jewelry—but no cigarette. Philip Morris, the maker of Virginia Slims, later told me that it did not count this advertisement as part of its allotment, because "the fashion-show announcement did not show a cigarette, a pack, or a 'smoking scene.' "

If this advertisement was dedicated to getting people to attend the fashion show instead of to sell cigarettes, it went about the task in a strange manner. The ad gave the time of the show, 11 P.M. Friday, and the place, the B.A.M. Disco Pub, but no address and no phone number. When I asked my hotel concierge for the address, he said he had never heard of B.A.M., and he could find it nowhere in his disco listings. A friend of mine in Taipei, however, did know about B.A.M.; his two high-school-age daughters went there regularly. He volunteered to take me, and on Friday night I found myself in a basement room with about two hundred young Taiwanese who were dancing to rock music. The air was thick with cigarette smoke, but I saw only one person actually smoking Virginia Slims; she was a fashionably dressed young woman, and she told me that every one of her female friends smoked, and all of them smoked American cigarettes. At eleven-thirty, the dancing stopped, with an announcer saying, in Chinese, "Introducing the Virginia Slims flavor of fashion." The fashion show consisted of a parade of Western models circling the dance floor for fifteen minutes, while many of the disco patrons drank and talked and paid little attention. Since *China Times Weekly* charges twelve thousand dollars for a two-page color ad, Philip Morris had spent in advertising costs alone about a hundred and twenty dollars for each woman at the disco.

In Hong Kong the following week, a spokesman for Philip Morris's Asian operations told me that "we do not target young, underage smokers in our events."


ITEMS FROM THE
JAY LENO FAN CLUB
#1031: T-Shirt
I, FOR ONE, DO NOT FIND JAY LENO PAINFULLY EMBARRASSING TO WATCH!
#1437: Hat
JAY LENO DOES NOT TRY TOO HARD!
#2206: Carryall
JAY LENO: A MAN JUST ABOUT TO HIT HIS STRIDE!
#5248: Button
JAY LENO: HE'S NOT THAT BAD!
#8772: Poster
IT'S NOT EASY TO DO WHAT JAY LENO DOES, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT!
#6905: Sweatshirt
Everybody BACK OFF and leave POOR JAY LENO ALONE!
R. Chast

I asked him why, in that case, the company didn't hold the fashion show at an upscale department store at noon. "One would have to presume the audience at eleven o'clock at night is not going to be a teen-age audience," he replied. A Reynolds spokesman in Hong Kong also assured me that "we have a company policy not to advertise to youth." When I noted that teen-agers in Kuala Lumpur carry Salem Power Station plastic bags that show the Salem-cigarette logo, he responded, "That's the name of the store."

In 1986, however, when the Smithsonian Institution, as part of an oral-history project on advertising, sent a researcher to Hong Kong to record interviews about the Marlboro campaign there, he heard a very different story about appeals to youth. Goddard Kwong, the promotions manager for Philip Morris Asia, told the researcher, "In 1976 we had a Marlboro beach-ball promotion, because our target group is young. Three [empty Marlboro] packs and one dollar and you can have the ball." After Kwong boasted about Marlboro's extensive sponsorship of sporting events, he was asked, "Are sports as popular with young people in Hong Kong as they are in the United States?" He replied, "Yes, they are very popular." On another tape, Johnny Lo, the head of the media group at Leo Burnett, Ltd., which is Marlboro's Hong Kong advertising agency, spoke about other brands trying to compete with Marlboro in the Hong Kong market. "Winston, Kent, and even Viceroy," he said. "You can recognize from their commercials they are starting to target to the youngster like what we have done. But of course at the moment we are the market leader."

When the Marlboro cowboy dismounted in Hong Kong, he got a makeover. Karen C. H. Kwok, another Burnett executive, explained to the Smithsonian researcher that the Marlboro cowboys of American commercials were "workers," and people in Hong Kong "would not identify them as heroes." She went on, "To the Chinese, the horse is a very good symbol. It represents health, success, vitality, and energy. Hong Kong is such a small place. You don't see a lot of wilderness. The open space can work for us. This cowboy was a problem. In the commercial, he's old, he's a laborer. We upgraded him to a leader and not a laborer. People will want to identify with a leader." She added, "All the Winston and Kent campaigns, when they portray the heroes, they are so reachable, so human, you don't want to aspire to them."

"Maybe this will make you less of a jerk!"

Joaquin Ortega is the head of the National Tobacco Administration in the Philippines—a government agency that is charged with both promoting and regulating tobacco and tobacco products. I had come to ask about the children who were selling American cigarettes on the streets of Manila, and Ortega strongly defended the use of these teen-age salesmen. "They're part of the industry," he said. "We consider them vital cogs in the industry, because they provide a service to drivers who have no time to buy cigarettes. Isn't this better for them than stealing or shoplifting?" Ortega said he saw no problem with children smoking. "I don't think smoking affects a person unless he's genetically disposed to cancer," he said. "Should you tell a seven-year-old boy to stop eating sugar since sugar can cause diabetes?"

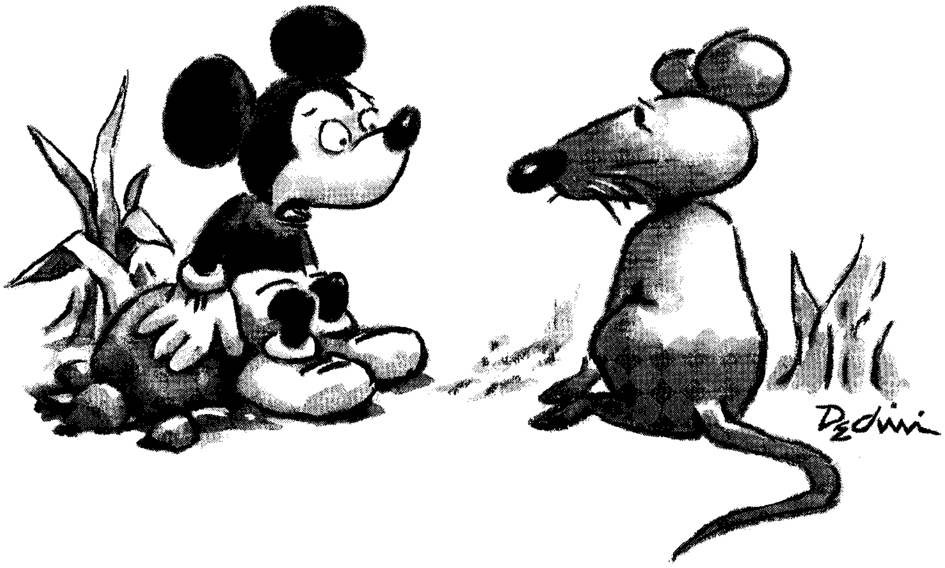
If there was nothing wrong with children smoking, I asked, why did American tobacco companies claim that they tried to discourage the practice?

"Probably it's a strategy not to further arouse reaction from the do-gooders," Ortega replied. "There is enough market even without the young ones."

ON the seventh floor of the State Department building, in Washington, near the Secretary of State's office, is the elaborately designed Treaty Room, which has columns with marble bases and floors of ebony, mahogany, and maple, imitating the paving pattern of a Roman piazza. It is used not only for the signing of treaties but also for such other formal occasions as the greeting of world leaders and the swearing-in of ambassadors. In 1986, the State Department redecorated the Treaty Room, using privately donated funds. The entire cost—a million four hundred thousand dollars—was paid by the Tobacco Heritage Committee, which consisted of seven American tobacco manufacturers. In the Treaty Room, plaster moldings framing the doors feature carved depictions of tobacco leaves, blossoms, and seedpods. A State Department official denies any connection between the source of the funding and the décor, explaining that "the tobacco leaf was a very popular eighteenth-century motif." Whatever the validity of the denial, these tobacco leaves are appropriately symbolic, because the cigarette industry has successfully penetrated the inner sanctums of American policymaking for international trade.

The weapon that the United States wields against Asian governments to force them to allow the import of American cigarettes is called a 301 action, after Section 301 of the 1974 Trade Act. Although it has been used sparingly over the years, it is the ultimate weapon in foreign trade, the sort of threat no foreign government can ignore, because it grants the President the power to unilaterally slap retaliatory tariffs on another country's goods. The United States Trade Representative, or U.S.T.R., which is the government agency that conducts trade talks, can threaten severe retaliation under Section 301. The kind of pressure that the U.S.T.R. can exert was illustrated in 1989 as the agency pressed Thailand on cigarettes: reports at the time raised the spectre of hundred-per-cent duties on Thai jewelry, canned tuna, tobacco, coffee, rubber, sugar, canned pineapple, and baby corn, affecting between three hundred and fifty and five hundred million dollars of America-bound exports.

Why did the Reagan and Bush Administrations pursue with such vigor the opening of Asian markets to American cigarettes? Critics suspect that the real reason came out—probably inadvertently—in July of 1990, when Vice-President Dan Quayle told a group of North Carolina Republicans that "tobacco exports should be expanded aggressively, because Americans are smoking less." But, with the exception of Quayle's comment, the Section 301 threats over cigarettes have always been justified by a very different sort of argument: that of equal access to a market—of creating a "level playing field," on which American products could compete. If Asian countries permit the sale of cigarettes as a legal product, the argument goes, then their citizens should have the opportunity to buy American cigarettes, just as Americans can buy Japanese cars or Taiwanese computers.



"I'm going to give it all up and follow St. Francis."

In reality, however, the level-playing-field argument is valid only if one pictures that field as surrounded by hills with American gun emplacements on them. In Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, and Thailand, which were the countries threatened with 301 retaliation on the issue of cigarettes, the American cigarette companies were invading markets controlled by national monopolies that did little or no advertising and were content to sell cigarettes to adult males. "This is a case where monopolies were a good thing," I was told by Michael Pertschuk, who is the co-director of the Advocacy Institute, a Washington-based public-interest group that has fought tobacco exports. "Monopolies tend to be sluggish, inefficient, uninterested in aggressive promotions. The American companies also needed to open up new markets, not attached to the existing cigarette brands. They saw a potential new market with no loyalty, and that was women, because Asian women don't smoke. The playing field they wanted was not one on which to compete for existing customers but one on which to open up a whole new market, for women and younger smokers."

The U.S.T.R. pursued cigarettes with an intensity that other industries seeking "level playing fields" could only dream about. Many industries—makers of semiconductors and textiles, for instance, and marketers of agricultural products, including citrus fruits and rice—have long complained about trade barriers in Asia. Critics of the U.S.T.R. charge that the agency expended so much of its leverage on cigarettes that the prospects for these other products to compete freely overseas were dimmed. As one example, Taiwan and Japan yielded on cigarettes in 1986, but to this day not a single grain of American rice can legally be imported into either country for sale. The difference came about because of the tobacco industry's political clout in Washington; in the words of Dr. Mason, the Bush Administration health official, the cigarette companies "play our free-trade laws like a Stradivarius violin." In the mid-eighties, R. J. Reynolds hired Richard Allen, a national-security adviser under President Reagan, to lobby on its behalf, while Philip Morris employed Michael Deaver, formerly one of President Reagan's closest aides. Testimony at Deaver's trial for perjury, in 1987, revealed that Philip Morris had paid him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to secure concessions from South Korea's President Chun Doo Hwan. According to the testimony, Chun had asked for Deaver's help in lobbying against a protectionist textile bill pending in Congress; Deaver agreed, in return for Chun's aid on tobacco. In 1988, South Korea opened its market to American cigarettes, and President Reagan vetoed the textile bill.

"It's easy to understand," John C. C. Deng, a Taiwanese trade official who negotiates with the U.S.T.R., told me, referring to the agency's vigorous advocacy of cigarettes. "Philip Morris and other cigarette manufacturers were behind it. The U.S.T.R. has to work very hard for their interests, because of the cigarette companies' political power."

In a reception room adjacent to the chamber where Taiwan's legislature convenes, I asked Wang Chien-shien, who was Taiwan's finance minister until last October, about meetings he had attended with the U.S.T.R. in 1986, as vice-minister for economic affairs. "We could feel the pressure of American cigarette companies very clearly," he said. "Several times, we met the U.S.T.R. people in this room, and we were close to agreement. Then they went to the cigarette-company people, and came back and said that wouldn't be acceptable."

The Taiwanese government's tobacco monopoly, whose leading brand of cigarettes bears the name Long Life, has never advertised, because the government doesn't want to encourage smoking. But when negotiations with the U.S.T.R. began, the Americans insisted that the right to advertise be written into the trade agreement. "We took the position that the U.S. could come in but not advertise," John Deng told me. "The real concern we had is that the ad campaigns always target teen-agers. They picture beautiful girls and boys to attract youngsters to smoking. Our position was not accepted." In December of 1986, the Taiwanese government yielded, and in May of 1988 the *Times* reported on what had happened: "The Marlboro cowboy in his white hat, cigarette dangling from his mouth, has come to town. His picture adorns kiosks and mom-and-pop stores throughout this city, next to posters of a guitar-playing, jeans-clad promoter of Winston cigarettes. To introduce their unfamiliar brands to Taiwan, American manufacturers have essentially introduced cigarette advertising here, and that has created a furor."

A variety of promotional techniques, such as the hiring of attractive young women to give out samples at night clubs and discos, intensified the controversy. When I met with Liao Chin-mao, the deputy director-general of the Taiwan Tobacco and Wine Monopoly Bureau, he recounted the result of the American blitz. "We saw big billboards, stickers, huge posters, gift packets," he said. "The advertising was very heavy, and smoking became very tempting to youth. A lot of these youngsters are envious of the Western life style. The first couple of years, the consumption of foreign cigarettes increased dramatically, and so did the number of women smoking. Foreign cigarettes now take seventeen or eighteen per cent of the market, with younger people smoking more of the foreign brands."

The successful launch of American cigarettes in Taiwan didn't mollify the U.S.T.R. The American agency remained vigilant against any health measures involving tobacco that the Taiwanese government might introduce, taking the position that these could violate the 1986 trade agreement. In 1990, Taiwan proposed that ads for American cigarettes not be allowed in magazines read primarily by teen-agers. The U.S.T.R. rejected the proposal; Deng said the argument was that "kids these days read everything." A year later, Taiwan wanted to move the health warning on all cigarette packs sold in the country from the side of the pack to the front, strengthen the wording, and enlarge the type size. "The U.S.T.R. protested, saying the agreement restricted the health warnings to the sides," Deng said. "We argued and argued. They finally allowed it to be on the front, but much smaller than we had proposed."

A third dispute still hasn't been resolved. In 1991, the Taiwanese government began drafting what it called the Tobacco Hazards Control Act, a broad measure that would eliminate the sale of cigarettes through vending machines, prohibit smoking by those under the age of eighteen, and ban all cigarette advertising, sample distribution, and sponsorship of events under the brand name of a tobacco product. It would apply to both Taiwanese and imported cigarettes. According to Deng, Taiwan's argument that "other countries have taken such measures and we want to do the same" left the U.S.T.R. unmoved. In January of 1992, the U.S.T.R. drew up a confidential position paper, which implied that the act was merely an attempt to insulate the Taiwanese tobacco monopoly from foreign competition. Lacking any sort of documentation or scientific support, the paper argued that the advertising ban and other measures would not have "any appreciable effect on overall consumption of cigarettes." Referring to the provision that tar and nicotine content be revealed on cigarette packs, the paper stated, "We are unaware of any evidence that tar and nicotine information is used by smokers." Prohibiting sales from vending machines, it concluded, would have "a marginal effect, at best, on reducing smoking."

Later that year, the U.S.T.R. gave some ground in the negotiations, saying that it would permit the health measures if Taiwan made concessions of other sorts which would benefit foreign cigarettes, including lower taxes on imports and stepped-up efforts to intercept and destroy contraband. But Taiwanese officials, clearly angered that the United States would intervene to prevent Taiwan from protecting its own citizens' health, told me that they were finished with negotiating, and would submit the act to the legislature despite American objections. Calling the U.S.T.R.'s position "totally unethical," Deng went on to say, "If there is a movement in the U.S. to reduce the smoking population, why can't other countries do the same thing? Yes, there is an agreement, but situations change, new scientific discoveries are made." Deng fears that the extraordinary nature of the 1986 agreement will continue to haunt Taiwan. "The tragedy is that in this agreement, unlike most others, there is no termination date," he explains. "Most agreements allow either party to give notice to withdraw. This wording is a package the U.S.T.R. proposed, and it said you have to take everything."

The U.S.T.R. put the same sort of pressure on Japan, where sixty per cent of the men smoke, and on South Korea, whose male smoking rate, of seventy-three per cent, is one of the highest in the world. Until 1987, Japan, the third-largest cigarette market after China and the United States, had confined American companies to a tiny share through high tariffs and discriminatory distribution practices. Warren Williams, who was a consultant to R. J. Reynolds in the nineteen-eighties and is now a business consultant in Hong Kong, told me that in Japan the U.S.T.R. had "assaulted with fixed bayonets," and said, "A number of sessions went on with the American tobacco-industry representatives sitting just outside the door, and the U.S. trade representatives would go out and consult them. When the Japanese saw the U.S. was getting serious by filing a 301 petition, they got serious, too; 301s always work."

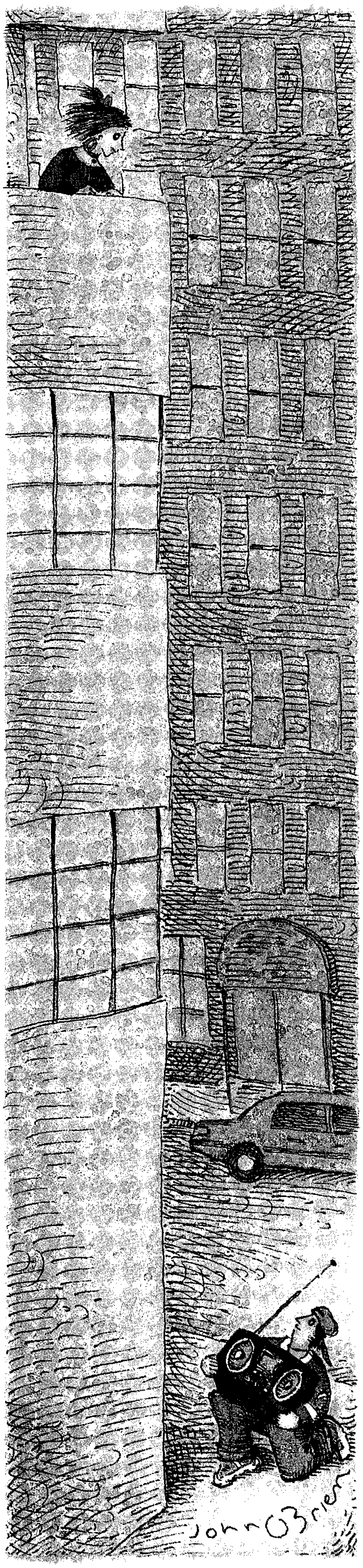
After the agreement, the American cigarette companies entered Japan with an onslaught of television commercials, and Japan Tobacco, the formerly complacent domestic monopoly, joined the fray in an effort to protect its market share. By the end of 1988, cigarette advertising on television had soared from fortieth place to second, and by 1990 the American market share had risen from two per cent to sixteen. Japan experienced a sharp rise in smoking by women and teen-agers, and Japan Tobacco itself became an aggressive exporter to the rest of Asia: since 1987, its exports have increased almost eightfold.

The South Korean government, like the government of Taiwan, had prohibited cigarette advertising, and once again the U.S.T.R. insisted that the law be changed to benefit the American cigarette companies. When South Korea signed the agreement opening its market, in 1988, it was forced to permit magazine ads, free samples, and the sponsorship of sporting events. To compete with cigarettes like Virginia Slims, the Korean tobacco monopoly quickly introduced its own women's brands, including Lilac, Jade, and Rose. In just one year—from 1988 to 1989—the smoking rate for male teen-agers rose from eighteen per cent to thirty, and for female teen-agers from two per cent to nine.

Only in Thailand did the U.S.T.R. meet a degree of defeat when it opened its negotiations, in 1989. The Thai government, realizing that it would otherwise be doomed to the fate of Taiwan, Japan, and Korea, quickly turned the dispute from the subject of trade to that of health. "The first thing they did was go to the anti-smoking forces in the U.S. Congress," Warren Williams, the former R. J. Reynolds consultant, says. "Overnight, the Thai tobacco monopoly became the health-oriented folks out to protect people from the harm of American cigarettes. The Thais, these nice, gentle people, have one of the most vicious forms of martial arts in the world, Thai kickboxing. They're going to get you." The Thai campaign included ads from an anti-smoking organization which had a drawing of Uncle Sam holding a pack of Liberty Bell cigarettes, and whose text said that if American trade policy was successful more Asians would die from smoking than died in the Second World War, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War combined. The next step was to offer the U.S.T.R. a face-saving way to extricate itself from all the bad publicity: Thailand proposed to submit the dispute to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or GATT, the international organization that oversees trade between member nations. In late 1990, GATT ruled that Thailand had to open its market to foreign cigarettes, but recommended that it keep in place its restrictions on advertising—the sort of restrictions that the U.S.T.R. had had annulled in other countries.

A year and a half passed between the start of negotiations and the GATT ruling, so Thailand had time to plan for the arrival of American cigarettes. The Thais enacted what one of the major architects of their strategy, Dr. Hatai Chitanondh, calls "the most stringent regulations in the world." Speaking in a tiny office piled to the ceiling with anti-smoking literature, Dr. Hatai ticked off the restrictions: a complete ban on advertising and promotion, plus bans on distribution of samples, reduction of price as a promotional aid, and cigarette displays of any sort in retail shops. "You cannot stack cigarette cartons at the point of sale so that people on the street can see them," Dr. Hatai stated. "The fine is eight thousand dollars. Within a few days, all the displays were gone, all over the country." The regulations were so comprehensive that the American tobacco companies found themselves unable to mount their usual campaigns. "I saw a document of the foreign tobacco companies' trade association," Dr. Hatai said. "They expected the first year to get at least fifteen per cent of the market, and perhaps as much as twenty-five per cent. They actually got three per cent."

IN a rambling old house in the New Territories of Hong Kong, surrounded by flowers and trees, and far removed from the crowds and pollution of Hong Kong Island, Dr. Judith Mackay pores over a photocopy of a five-page entry in the Encyclopaedia Sinica, a British book on China that was published early in this century. She triumphantly highlights passages with a fluorescent marking pen, until some of the pages are bright with green ink. The entry she is reading is headed "Opium and the Opium Question in China," and the highlighted passages are parallels between the Opium War of the mid-nineteenth century and the attempt to


LOVE IN BOOM

introduce American cigarettes into China today.

The story of the Opium War involves wealthy British merchants, with powerful political influence in London, who persuaded their government to force China to allow the entry of a dangerous addictive drug. The encyclopedia notes that some merchants were "making large fortunes by opium," that use of opium in China was starting to extend "even to women," and that the purveyors of opium denied that it posed any health risks. "The parallels are really quite compelling," says the British-born Dr. Mackay, who explains that she gave up a staff job in a hospital to crusade against cigarettes when she realized she could save a far greater number of lives. "Cigarettes are a product whose harmfulness is recognized by the West," she goes on. "Western countries are reducing the use among themselves, and yet at the same time they're foisting it on the Third World, just as they did with opium. The U.S. is a small country, just five per cent of the world's population. What does it matter if everyone there quits smoking if it can get China? The fact that people in the United States think the tobacco wars are being won is entirely fallacious. They're just being transferred."

However big the differences—China hasn't outlawed the smoking of cigarettes, as it did the smoking of opium, and the United States has been sending trade negotiators instead of a military force, as the British did—the allusion to a second Opium War is one I heard often in Asia, especially in Taiwan, where the heavy-handed American attempts to suppress the Taiwanese government's health measures have created an enormous backlash. The John Tung Foundation, the Taiwanese anti-smoking group, is headed by a crusading former businessman and lawyer named David Yen, who says he was inspired by Lin Tse-hsü, the Chinese hero who faced up to the British and, in the eighteen-thirties, led the campaign to stamp out the illegal trade in opium. Last year, the John Tung Foundation spent three hundred thousand dollars for a series of large ads in American newspapers that urged, "Don't build America's image with cigarettes." One of the ads asked, "Why is the US so bent on pushing American cigarettes onto the Taiwan market? . . . We want to be friends with you, but how can we 'shake on it' when there's a lit cigarette in your hand?" Yen told me that the ads resulted in "a flood of letters from the American people, personal letters encouraging us."

"Great news, Phil! The governor has determined that you don't have a high enough I.Q. to merit execution."

In terms of the number of lives eventually at stake, what to do about American cigarettes in China ranks as one of the most crucial decisions that the Clinton Administration has to make. China's agreement in principle to allow the sale of American cigarettes starting no later than 1995 is likely to be meaningless without the active intervention of the United States Trade Representative, because the country can effectively keep out the cigarettes in other ways, such as by imposing prohibitively high tariffs or by insisting that all distribution be handled through the Chinese tobacco monopoly, which could confine the cigarettes to warehouses.

The change in Administrations has brought a new trade representative, and the decision on China will fall to him. President Clinton has appointed to that position Mickey Kantor, his close friend and influential campaign chairman. Kantor is not unfamiliar with the controversy surrounding the tobacco industry. In his previous job, he worked on tobacco litigation, among other issues, for the Los Angeles law firm of Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg & Phillips, which has represented Philip Morris. In 1987, Kantor took the city of Beverly Hills to court in an effort to overturn a newly passed ordinance that banned smoking in restaurants. Kantor's lawsuit invoked every sort of argument that could be advanced to criticize the ordinance, to the point where it sometimes bordered on parody. The lawsuit stated that the ordinance was illegal because clearing the air in restaurants amounted to "altering the indoor environment," and that would require an environmental-impact statement. It then noted that "the ordinance does not adequately specify what conduct constitutes a separate violation," pointing out that "cigars and pipes often go out and must be relit," and asking, "Is each lighting, or each cigar, a separate offense?" The lawsuit failed, but a few months later, after some lobbying by Kantor's client, the Beverly Hills Restaurant Association, the Beverly Hills City Council reversed itself and voted to allow smoking sections in restaurants. In 1991, an article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* charged that the Tobacco Institute, the cigarette manufac-

"Read the book!" "See the movie!"

• •

turers' trade association, had paid the Beverly Hills restaurant group's legal bills.

Despite Kantor's background, anti-smoking groups look upon his appointment as the trade representative as a hopeful sign. They reason that he is so politically astute that he would be unlikely to favor his firm's tobacco-industry clients and thereby drag a President who lives in a smoke-free White House into a potential scandal. During his confirmation hearings, Kantor indicated that he opposed some previous U.S.T.R. positions on tobacco, but he offered no details on the subject until I spoke with him, in early July. He then revealed one major shift in U.S.T.R. policy. Kantor told me that the U.S.T.R. would no longer oppose countries that want to restrict cigarette advertising or enact other health measures, even if those measures violate provisions of trade agreements with the United States. Referring to Taiwan's proposed Tobacco Hazards Control Act, which the U.S.T.R. resisted so vigorously last year, Kantor said, "If it's passed, we will not challenge that piece of legislation. We will not insist on the enforcement of the 1986 agreement. The new Administration believes that health-based regulations are legitimate, and that we ought to adhere to them." Kantor also said that representatives of the Department of Health and Human Services would join all the U.S.T.R.'s staff committees when they reviewed health-related issues. But on the biggest question—whether the U.S.T.R. will help the tobacco industry get American cigarettes into China—Kantor wouldn't so much as hint at his attitude. "We have not been asked by the cigarette industry to do anything so far," he said. "It would be unfortunate if I tried to speculate on what we might or might not be asked to do."

If the U.S.T.R. does decide to part ways with the tobacco industry in dealing with China, it will be taking on a formidable opponent. Philip Morris, for one, is going well beyond its Chinese phone-booth ads and Marlboro commercials. Last year, it hired Baroness Margaret Thatcher, the former British Prime Minister, as a consultant, and is reported to be paying her a million dollars a year. In an internal memorandum written by a Philip Morris executive which lists her possible duties, the first item in the category "Asia Pacific" is "China Entry Strategy." And, in what anti-smoking groups consider the ultimate display of corporate public-relations chutzpah, Philip Morris has contributed fifty thousand dollars to the cost of training doctors to work with disabled people in China.

Another problem is how hard China will fight the efforts of the American tobacco industry, since the country is far behind most of the rest of the world in coming to grips with the health hazards posed by cigarettes. An afternoon I spent interviewing people strolling along Shanghai's Bund revealed a naïveté about cigarettes resembling that in America several decades ago. Women, for instance, appeared completely vulnerable to the suggestion that cigarettes are fashionable. When I asked a group of women why they weren't smoking, they looked at me in amazement and laughed, and one of them said, "It isn't the custom." For men who didn't smoke, the reason often seemed to be one of economics rather than health. Three young factory workers, just out of high school, told me that they pooled their money but could still afford only one pack of cigarettes a week. Dr. Li, the medical professor, who served as my interpreter that afternoon, explained, "Some factory workers make less in a day than the price of a single pack of premium cigarettes. But many private workers are now getting rich."

Even Chinese who are educated enough to know about the risks posed by tobacco seem to regard the health consideration as secondary. Three medical students in their early twenties said that they had just started to smoke, and that each could afford only one or two packs a month. One of them explained that they do it for sociability, and added, "It's more friendly. You can offer your friends cigarettes." Then I saw a well-dressed middle-aged man taking out a pack of Marlboros, which, whether they are bought with American dollars or on the black market, cost far more than Chinese cigarettes. (In China, a pack of Marlboros costs about two dollars, four times as much as a typical Chinese brand.) He identified himself as a factory manager from Canton, and when I asked him about his choice of brands he replied, "Marlboro shows my superior position to others. I'm more privileged." ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

DI AND LI

The marriage of Diana and Lionel Trilling was, as Rebecca West noted, unique among literary unions. Together, they weathered the ideological storms of the Family—New York's intellectual élite—and Diana emerged as an outspoken voice in her own right.

BY LIS HARRIS

It is the fate of notable literary figures to be relegated for safekeeping to a pathetically simple symbolic image in people's minds. However much we may know about the complexity of, say, Ernest Hemingway or H. L. Mencken or Virginia Woolf, there they are, filed away in our overcrowded mental archive like little cartoons: Hemingway in his safari outfit, Mencken in galluses and boater, Woolf in drooping woollens gazing raptly at a moth.

Despite many decades of eminence as a literary and cultural critic, Diana Trilling has eluded efforts to find a catchall image for her. She has managed to slip through the net of this nearly universal process in part because the public's gaze was usually focussed on her more famous husband, the late Columbia University scholar and critic Lionel Trilling, in part because of the insularity of the New York intellectual world she wrote for, and, perhaps most of all, because of the complex contradictions of her persona. A phobia-racked young woman, she quickly became known for the fearlessness of her style; an early trespasser on the traditionally male world of political polemics, she revelled in motherhood and domesticity; a defender of the middle path, she has always been captivated by those who didn't take it.

Inside the contentious, politically fervid New York intellectual circle that was her milieu from the late nineteen-twenties on, there was, to be sure, an "official," minimalist line on the Trillings, largely based on Lionel Trilling's literary circumspection and both Trillings' apparent imperturbability. But that version, according to Mrs. Trilling, whom I recently visited after reading an unbound copy of her excellent forthcoming memoir, "The Beginning of the Journey: The Marriage of Diana and Lionel Trilling," appears to have been almost laughably at variance with the reality of their lives. The memoir has most of the major cultural upheavals of the century as its backdrop, but in writing it Trilling was concerned chiefly with shedding light on heretofore hidden aspects of her private life and her husband's—hence its odd, third-person subtitle. Now that nearly all the intimates who knew her as Di and her husband as Li were gone, there was, she felt, no record of the more personal side of her history, or of the union that Rebecca West once said had no equal in contemporary English literary marriages. Her book joins a lengthening list of opinionated recollections of the heyday of New York intellectual life, the thirties and forties, written by people—Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, and Irving Howe, among others—who rarely agreed about much, but most of whom have now passed beyond debate.

Having been forewarned that Mrs. Trilling was in her late eighties, that she was blind, and that she suffered from several debilitating ailments, I arrived at her apartment, on the Upper West Side, anticipating a hushed encounter with a faltering spirit. Instead, I found a determined-looking woman in a dark-blue summer dress who came quickly to the door after I rang the bell, greeted me with her face turned attentively toward mine, and led me so briskly toward a flowered couch in her living room that I rather rudely blurted out, "Oh, you're *not* blind."

"But I am, I am, or nearly," she said, sounding pleased that I thought she wasn't. Trilling is a medium-sized woman with pale skin, elegantly arched high brows, and large brown eyes that are slightly protuberant—a legacy of the hyperthyroidism she suffered from in her twenties. Above her face rises a soft cloud

Diana Trilling, photographed by Richard Avedon in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, August 12, 1993.

of upswept reddish-brown hair. On the way to the couch, I paused to look at a propped-up copy of her book jacket on a side table, which shows a contemplative-looking Lionel Trilling and a bold, beautiful Diana Trilling gazing expectantly out at the world. Mary McCarthy, who was in Mrs. Trilling's circle from the late nineteen-thirties on, thought she resembled Katharine Cornell. Harking back to the period when Trilling and a number of her women friends swam in the same waters as the Trotskyists, McCarthy also remarked that the Trotskyists had all the beautiful girls. Though Mrs. Trilling cannot make out faces except at very close range in a good light, she can, I discovered, see outlines of bodies, and she noticed that I had lingered near her book jacket.

"Those photographs were taken about the time we were married, in the late twenties," she said. "I like the jacket. I looked at it under a magnifying lamp that is my savior. Isn't it attractive? Lionel was *extremely* good-looking. Photographs do not do him justice. They never did. Even in the ones that Cecil Beaton and Walker Evans took of him, he looks hideous."

Trilling began losing her sight in 1985. Nowadays, she has a secretary who comes in half-days to read to her and help her with her work, and she listens to tapes of books, but, as someone who has *lived* in books, she has had to undergo a torturous period of adjustment. The memoir took her eight years to complete.

"I had to dictate it, which was a most peculiar process," she said, looking toward but not at me.

"Into a machine?"

"I couldn't dictate into a machine. I dictated to people. I've had a series of secretaries—seven, in all. It was awfully hard."

Despite the loss of vision and an advanced case of emphysema (she cannot walk more than a block), Trilling lives alone, in a sprawling Claremont Avenue apartment that has been her home since 1955. In her memoir, the subject of what it was like to be a middle-class literary couple in a combative, radical circle hostile to what Mencken called "the booboisie" looms large. "We were resented, and it was not a small subject," she said when I asked her about it. "It's inconceivable today, but it turned people against Lionel and me." The unfashionable subject of class surfaces frequently in Mrs. Trilling's writing, and the terrors, demands, constrictions, and lasting reverberations of an early-twentieth-century middle-class Jewish upbringing are a large part of the story she tells in her memoir, and tells with admirable candor—though, needless to say, her book is more than a portrait of a bourgeois literary marriage.

The Trillings in Riverside Park, near Columbia University, in 1942, shortly after Diana Trilling began her writing career.

COURTESY OF DIANA TRILLING

TRILLING was born Diana Rubin, the third child of a poor Polish couple who immigrated to the United States in the eighteen-nineties. Her father, who had grown up in the ghetto of Warsaw, became a manufacturer of braid and prospered rapidly. Her mother brought a wealth of rural Polish folk remedies, superstitions, and habits to her children's upbringing. If the children had colds, she rubbed their feet with garlic; if a speck blew in their eyes, she licked it out with her tongue; and if the cat inconveniently bore kittens, she drowned them in a kitchen pail or had them smashed with a broom under the dining-room table, in full view of her terrified daughter.

In the then far more rural suburb of Larchmont—where the family lived before moving to New Rochelle, then to Brooklyn, then to Manhattan—the Rubins grew their own fruits and vegetables and raised chickens in the back yard. Neither of Diana's parents read books, and no one encouraged her in any intellectual pursuits—or, apparently, in much of anything else. Although she can still vividly recall the sweetness of a peach she ate from the family tree, the pleasure principle, she makes clear, was entirely absent from her upbringing.

"It was a *very* puritanical household," she told me. "My parents were strict, and worried about spoiling us. We had few toys. We were never complimented, lest we become conceited. But in my generation, in a certain kind of East European Jewish household, that was the way it was." She leaned forward as she spoke, with her elbows resting on her knees and her hands clasped in front of her. Trilling's place in her generation is also marked by the cultivated, New York-accented cadences of her speech and the complete sentences in which she expresses even the most ephemeral thoughts.

In her memoir, Trilling speculates that her family's extreme disapproval of any sort of self-display and their subliminally conveyed wish that she not surpass her older brother and slower sister contributed to her slowness in becoming a writer. She was thirty-six before she began writing for publication, and that fact partly explains the modesty of her literary output to date: three collections of reviews and essays—"Claremont Essays," "We Must March My Darlings," and "Reviewing the Forties"—and one full-length book, "Mrs. Harris: The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor." ("I actually never sat down to write a book until after Lionel died," she told me. "We don't know what the meaning of that is. . . .") That day, it was worrying her that she hadn't made it clear enough in the memoir that her family's obliviousness of her psychological needs and of her fears—of burglars, of lice, of a crazy neighbor—rested on the period's totally different assumption about the personal life. "It wasn't only my upbringing, it was a whole sense of life—you were not that precious."

Her future husband, also the child of Polish immigrants, was, on the other hand, all but inundated with parental attention. Though as a baby he was overfed to near-bursting, his mother considered him so irresistible to strangers that she felt compelled to pin a "Please Don't Kiss the Baby" sign on his carriage. Trilling *père* gave up tailoring, which he was good at, to become a manufacturer of fur-lined coats, which he was bad at, solely to spare his son the embarrassment of having to say that his father was a tailor. In Far Rockaway, where Lionel spent part of his boyhood, when he played with his friends in makeshift cardboard houses the other boys' lunches came out of paper bags; his—lamb chops and baked potato—was sent forth on a silver salver. And when he went away to camp Mom and a multitude of aunties moved into a nearby boarding house. At six, he was informed that he would go to Oxford. (He never attended as a student but taught there in 1964 and was a visiting scholar in 1972.) Diana Rubin always believed that her stately first name portended a romantic future; he loathed his (probably the result of a period when his mother lived in England), and never ceased to wish that he had been a Jack or a John.

As a student at Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, and Radcliffe College, Diana had no sense whatever of her future calling as an intellectual. She had high expectations of college, but found that at the Radcliffe of her day "any intensity of idea bordered on the ill-bred," she writes in the memoir, and "no one carried back to the dormitory any topic for discussion which had arisen in a classroom." The object of their education, a college dean told her sophomore class, was to provide mental diversion in their private lives; as they went about their domestic chores in the future, they could recite Keats to themselves. Dorothy Calingaert, a friend from her Radcliffe days, remembers spending many happy hours playing the piano while Diana sang arias in a beautiful, pure soprano voice. But she graduated without having read Homer, Dante, or Chaucer, without adding to her scant high-school knowledge of Shakespeare, and barely knowing the names Montaigne, Tocqueville, Austen, or Hawthorne. She majored in art history, but in her era few Jews even made it into the élite schools, and she was apparently the only student in the art-history department who openly declared herself Jewish, that department being particularly unwelcoming to Jews.

At various points in his life, Lionel Trilling was accused by his critics of being insufficiently Jewish, or, anyway, traitorously assimilationist—a charge that Mrs. Trilling addresses at some length in her book and, I think, succeeds in laying to rest. She also writes, quite movingly, about her own complex feelings about being Jewish, though, like her husband, she grew up in a largely secular home and, like him, "had the childhood of an American who happened to be a Jew, not that of a Jew who happened to be an American."

She graduated from college in 1925, and arrived in New York with strong recommendations for jobs at the Frick Art Reference Library and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But her Jewish name apparently outweighed her references, and she never got beyond the front door of either institution. Those rebuffs effectively ended her career as an art historian. However, it was not religious prejudice alone, or even mainly, that thwarted her, she says, but a lack of sense of direction—something she shared with most of the women of her generation.

She was introduced to Lionel Trilling on Christmas Eve in 1927 at a speakeasy in the West Forties by Clifton Fadiman and his wife, Polly, whom both had come to know during their school days. The Fadimans did not actually expect them to like each other, but thought, more or less jokily, that a Lionel and a Diana belonged in the same orbit. They turned out to like each other quite a lot, and two years later they were married. It was "not a case of love at first sight, only of attraction," she writes. "We were never in love in the way that people are in love in popular songs—for that kind of love I should have had to look outside reality, and, like someone who is muscle-bound, I am reality-bound. Over a long lifetime, we loved each other very much, increasingly with the years, although in middle life we quarreled a great deal and often threatened each other with divorce. But even at our angriest, we were never estranged. . . . I have never met any man to whom I would rather have been married."

Their courtship floated along on a virtual sea of brandy Alexanders and a drink called a Bullfrog. "From the moment we met until I became seriously ill after we had been married for a year, neither of us was entirely sober when we were together," she says. Six months before they married, they became lovers. In later life, Mrs. Trilling fearlessly engaged in any number of battles with powerful literary figures and heavy-hitting political antagonists, but apparently these required nothing like the daring it took to sleep with her future husband. "It was the most courageous act of my life," she told me. "Mary McCarthy said she had a lover every day after she graduated from Vassar, but no one I knew did anything like that. *None* of my friends did what I did."

Lionel Trilling's extravagantly overattentive immediate family was ruled by a formidable claque of maiden aunts and bachelor uncles, who looked upon marriage as a weakness—a betrayal of family fealty. When Lionel introduced Diana to them, they refused to shake her hand, and when he told his mother that he was actually getting married she fainted, and Lionel's pretty sixteen-year-old sister obligingly fell at her side.

Her wedding does not figure among Mrs. Trilling's favorite memories. The ceremony was conducted by a former college classmate of her husband's who had recently been ordained as a rabbi, and he "insisted" that they be married under a *chupah*. The fact that this requirement came, as it were, with the job seems to have been underappreciated by the adamantly secular bride and groom. As Lionel was about to step under this ritual object, Diana's father disappeared into the bathroom, and reappeared forty-five minutes later; the bride's wedding bouquet of roses had not been dethorned and pricked her painfully through her wedding-dress sleeve; and the nuptial banquet included a dessert bombe topped by a doll bride with a sugar skirt, which guests were directed to reach under to retrieve little scoops of ice cream.

The first years of her marriage were marked by the onset of a long period of illness and phobias (one was a fear of being alone, and it was so powerful that she briefly had to hire a paid companion), but those years also broadened her intellectual horizons immensely. The crowd her

"Help! I've fallen and I can't get up!"

• •

husband became a part of—the Family, as it was later named by Norman Podhoretz—included, in the early years of their marriage and into the thirties, the editors Elliot Cohen, Philip Rahv, William Phillips, and F. W. Dupee, and the Marxist scholar Sidney Hook. "The girls," as the Trillings referred to them—Mary McCarthy, Elizabeth Hardwick, and Hannah Arendt—joined the group later. The group came to include, as well, the critics Dwight Macdonald, Clement Greenberg, and James Agee, the editor William Barrett, the poets Delmore Schwartz and Robert Lowell, the editor and writer Irving Kristol, the critic Irving Howe, the sociologist Daniel Bell, and Podhoretz himself. At some unspecified point, Diana Trilling became an integral part of this circle, although at first she was welcomed only as an adjunct of her husband. Few of its members became her close friends. "It was hard to be intimate with anyone in that crowd," she remarked on another afternoon. "They were so adversarial."

"Even the women?" I asked.

She gave me a pitying look, and said, "When Mary and Hannah were with us socially, they ignored me totally. They directed their attention only to Lionel." After a while, the conversation turned to the subject of Mary McCarthy's reputation as a beauty. "Of course, she was enormously good-looking," she said. "But I did not like her smile. There was no innocence in that smile."

In histories of the thirties and forties, the New York intellectual crowd comes across as a kind of brilliant, out-of-control Lower East Side schoolhouse gang. Mrs. Trilling's memoir supports this impression. "They were overbearing and arrogant, excessively competitive; they lacked magnanimity and they often lacked common courtesy," she writes. "But they were intellectually energetic to a degree which I had not previously encountered and—this particularly attracted me—they were proof against cant." Someone once complained to Irving Howe that there had been a lot of professional back-scratching among them. "Change the word 'back' to 'eye,' " he replied, "and maybe you've got something."

IN 1931, during a stay at Yaddo, both Trillings became converted to the Communist cause. By then, most of the people they knew were becoming politically engaged Marxists, and Marxism had joined modernism as the focus of the debates that frequently took place at Stewart's, a cafeteria in the Village. It has been suggested that without Marxism the New York intellectuals would have been dull. Harold Rosenberg went as far as to say that without it they would have been *nothing*.

Mrs. Trilling and a number of her friends began working for the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, a Communist-affiliated organization. Together with a woman who referred to herself as Comrade Grace and to the man she lived with as Comrade Lover, she at first stuffed and licked envelopes ("the women's work of revolutions"), but before long she was given the task of enlisting the signatures and the support of intellectuals for the N.C.D.P.P.'s many appeals. In 1932, a couple she was friendly with came back from a lengthy visit to Russia with horrific tales about bloated commissars and political terror, but at that point neither she nor her husband paid much attention to such stories. She continued to believe in Communism as the best solution for the country's ills, to admire the Party's position on social and racial equality, and, embarrassed but with arm upraised, to sing the "Internationale" at the conclusion of every Party gathering. Her disenchantment with Communism, which grew exponentially as she got older, was triggered by the Party's cynical use of the Scottsboro Boys case to attract publicity and adherents and by what she saw as the Party's indifference to the actual fate of the Scottsboro defendants, evidenced by its hiring of a criminal lawyer with no civil-rights experience. From a fellow-worker she learned that money she had helped raise specifically for the defense of the Scottsboro Boys had been used instead to pay for the Party's national convention. In April of 1933, less than a year after joining the N.C.D.P.P., she and her friends quit, and after a brief period of Trotskyist involvement she joined a growing number of disillusioned radicals.

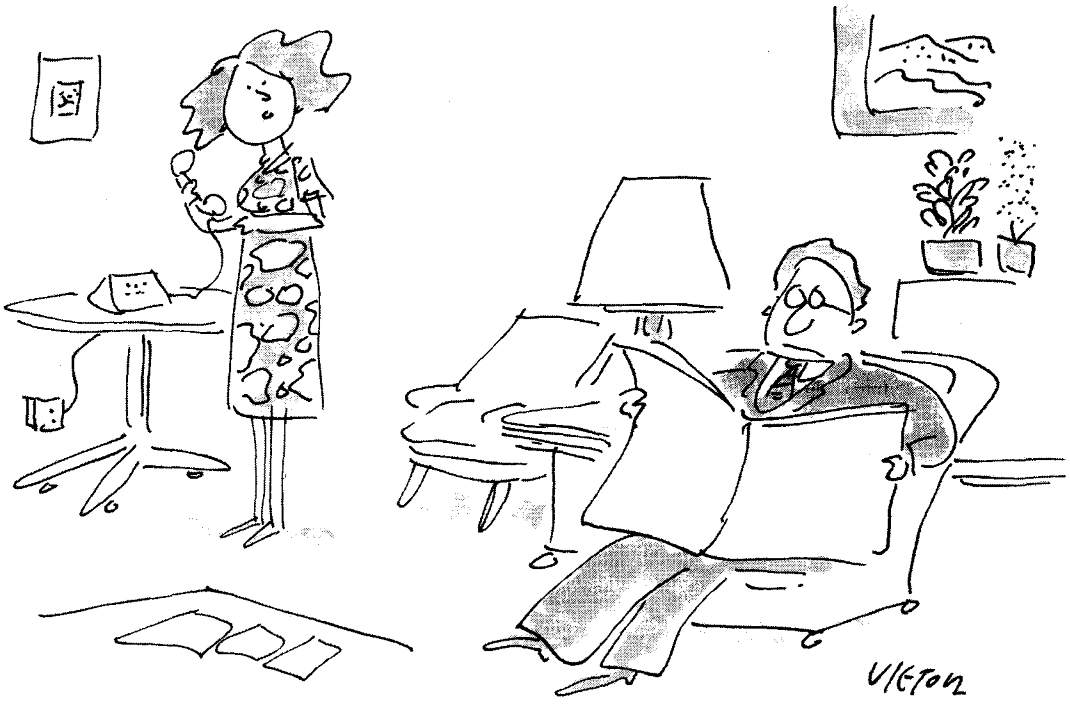
"But the worst thing about leaving the N.C.D.P.P. had nothing to do with politics," she recalls today. The office had served as a secure retreat from her phobias. In 1930, Mrs. Trilling had had two operations—she had nearly died after one of them—for hyperthyroidism. (Even after this condition was diagnosed, her father was convinced that her symptoms—extreme fatigue and loss of appetite—had been caused by "sexual excess," and instructed her brother to speak to her husband about the matter.) She had also begun to suffer from panic attacks and from the various phobias—she was terrified of travelling and of heights as well as of being alone—that would plague her for more than twenty years. A doctor prescribed Luminal, a mild sedative, to help calm her, and she carried it with her in her purse wherever she went. The multitude of fears besieging her had become so extreme that when Whittaker Chambers (unaware that she was about to quit her job) came to her apartment to try to enlist her as a spy for the Russians, she could scarcely think of anything but how *flattering* it was that anyone would think her brave enough to be capable of spying. Nonetheless, she declined.

Lionel Trilling had been appointed an instructor at Columbia in 1932, but he nearly lost his job several years later when he was "accused" of being "a Jew, a Marxist, and a Freudian." He survived by sheer force of will, and thereafter began his unwavering ascent to the literary-academic empyrean, where he remained for the rest of his life. At home, however, things were going far from well. The Trillings were struggling to maintain their own household and that of the senior Trillings, who had lost their money in the Crash, and they had already entered the first phase of what Mrs. Trilling described one afternoon as "a lifetime of dreary indebtedness." Their "public guardedness"—as William Phillips, who was both Trillings' editor at *Partisan Review*, recently described it—also concealed a cauldron of emotional difficulty. No one knew that Lionel Trilling suffered from ravaging depression and rages. Shortly before Lionel and Diana were married, his usually adoring mother somewhat mysteriously recommended that she occasionally hit him over the head with a bottle if any strange show of temper manifested itself. "I thought she was mad," Trilling now says. But during her husband's frequent bouts of depression, she writes, "this most peaceable of men" gave vent to "annihilating verbal assaults" in which he blamed her for all his sorrows—a charge she accepted to some degree, because she felt that her phobias must be a terrible drag on him.

To try to extricate herself from the problems that ensnarled her, Mrs. Trilling began a more than twenty-year adventure with psychoanalysis. It helped her cure her phobias and find the courage to become a writer, but, at least as she describes it, seems like pure opéra bouffe. Over several decades, she consulted seven different analysts. One asked her out on a date. Another, supposedly to keep her fear of being alone at bay, invited her into his chaotic house, where she sat, horrified, as the family pets relieved themselves at will and the baby crawled around petrified bits of old food and dog shit. (This doctor also took on her husband as a patient while treating her, and vacationed with both of them.) A third, "an artist of the counter-phobic," made her aggressively confront her phobias as if she were a circus performer, and a fourth was addicted to morphine.

Unsurprisingly, Mrs. Trilling believes that she was never entirely properly analyzed. Still, she had better luck with psychoanalysis than her husband did: his two biggest problems, depression and writer's block, eluded the talking cure. Apparently, despite all the respect he was accorded as a critic and the near-reverence he inspired as a teacher, he felt that he had failed as a creative writer (his one novel, "The Middle of the Journey," published in 1947, is, in fact, rather leaden) and wished he had been capable of living the more released life that he felt went along with a realized creative spirit. Those who knew him in his academic guise will probably be amazed to learn from the memoir that he "deeply . . . scorned the very qualities of character—his quiet, his moderation, his gentle reasonableness—for which he was most admired in his lifetime and which have been most celebrated since his death."

ONE happy result of Mrs. Trilling's having overcome her fear of venturing forth in the world was the launching of her writing career, in 1941, as a book reviewer for *The Nation*. In the eight years that she held that job, the front editorial section of the magazine had a pro-Communist bias and the literary, back section was anti-Communist—a situation that prompted one wit to remark, "How can *The Nation* long endure, half Slav and half free?" Her reviews were unsigned at first, but she soon graduated



*"It's the waiter at the restaurant where we ate tonight.
He wants to know if everything is still all right."*

to longer, signed essays, both in *The Nation* and in *Partisan Review*. To her astonishment, she discovered a bold public voice that totally belied her private terrors. When she attended *Partisan Review* parties now, "it was as if I had all at once acquired new powers of mind or a new endowment of personal charm," she notes bitingly. "The other writers could talk to me without the fear that they were squandering time that might be used more gainfully."

The next decades saw Mrs. Trilling's reputation as an incisive literary critic and fearless polemicist grow apace, and brought some extraliterary battles onto the printed page. Although she had written in her introduction to the Viking Portable D. H. Lawrence that "there have been few writers in any era, and certainly none in ours, who have combined as Lawrence did the gifts of the creative heart and the penetrations of the critical intellect," Alfred Kazin (with whom Lionel Trilling once nearly came to blows in an argument about Mrs. Trilling's politics), criticizing her introduction to a volume of Lawrence's letters, found "Mrs. Diana Trilling," as he referred to her, incapable of appreciating Lawrence's genius. She continued to write chiefly for small, "advanced" (a word she uses a lot) periodicals, but her audience expanded when she began contributing essays to popular magazines like *Vogue*, *McCall's*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Mademoiselle*. In the late fifties, in an article for *Look* entitled "The Case for the American Woman," which she wrote in response to a series the magazine had run depicting American wives as grasping Valkyries driving their husbands to early graves, she said that, on the contrary, American homes were like mental hospitals: American wives were the nurses and their husbands the patients. "A storm of protest followed, and my husband's publisher told him that I was damaging his reputation," she recalled, with unconcealed glee.

The hallmarks of Diana Trilling's work—whether about Edith Wharton, Norman Mailer, McCarthyism, William Saroyan, feminism, Marilyn Monroe, Timothy Leary, D. H. Lawrence, Alice James, or "Tom Sawyer"—are lucidity, moral complexity, an unself-protecting, let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may staking out of strong positions, and an aversion to received ideas. "She has one of the most generously consecutive minds I have ever known," says the literary scholar and critic Quentin Anderson, who is also Trilling's friend and neighbor. "Other people aren't *continuously* working things out," he said recently. "They have their intermissions. But Diana can't bear intermissions. The experiences which face her have to be stripped of their strangeness and incongruity so that she can make sense of the world. And whether she was writing for *Redbook* or *Partisan Review*, there was always a steadiness of judgment. When 'judgmental' became a commonly used pejorative adjective, much of Diana was being implicitly condemned, because she demands of herself that she make responsible judgments, and I think that it shows in her work wherever and however it appears."

One morning in 1947, Trilling awoke to the unnerving realization that she had been married for eighteen years, she was forty-two years old, and she was childless. Childlessness was common in her circle, and somehow, she writes in the memoir, the subject had simply never come up.

I asked her how that was possible.

"I don't know," she said. "But that's how it was. When I realized my position, of course, I consulted a doctor immediately. He was not optimistic. He said I'd waited too long. Well, he was wrong. I became pregnant that night, and our son, Jim, was born the following July. We *loved* being parents."

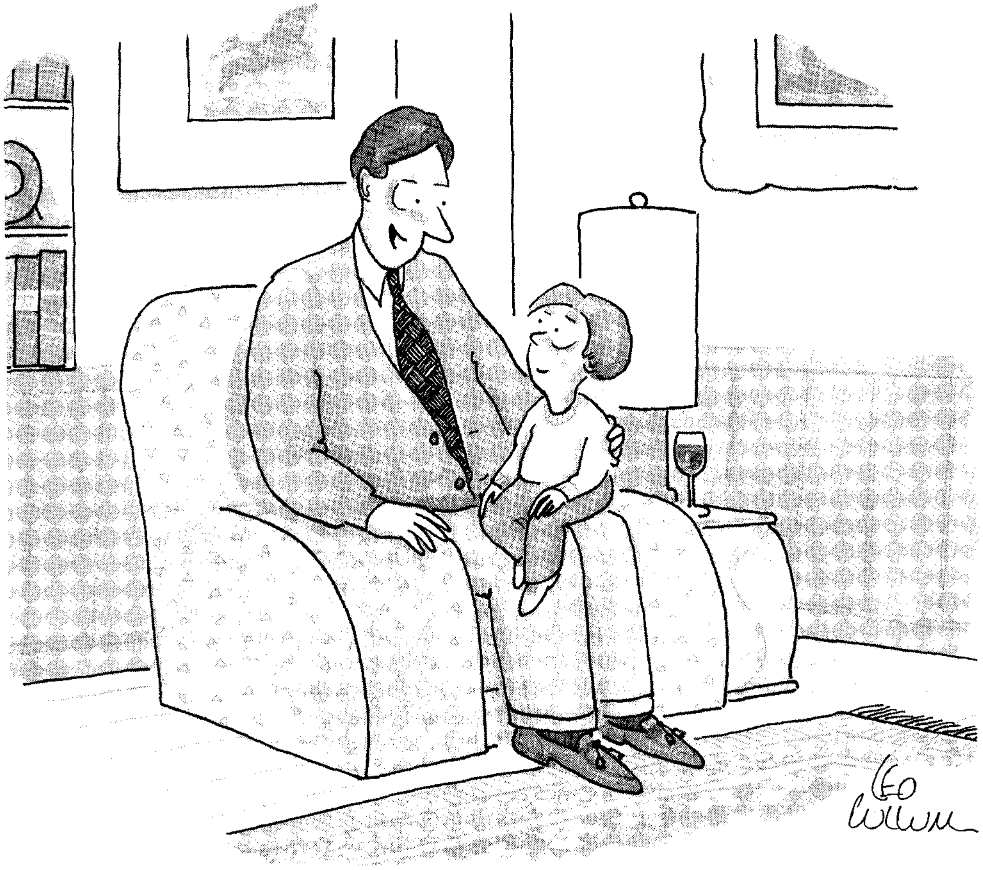
James Trilling, an art historian who lives in Providence, Rhode Island, with his family, grew up, he says, with no feeling that there were powerful tensions in his parents' private lives. But he has strong memories of the seriousness, even the "sense of mission," with which both parents approached their work. "I was aware most of all that my parents talked constantly to each other and they were almost always on the same wavelength," he said. "Very rarely have I had the impression from another couple that the whole strength of their marriage was right there in the way they talked."

FOR more than five decades, Trilling has referred to herself as a "liberal anti-Communist." Nevertheless, almost uniquely, she has critics on the left who distrust her liberalism and conservative critics who consider her an unreconstructed liberal. Over the years, she has had cause to articulate her political position many times in print. "I was against both Communism and McCarthyism," she writes in her memoir. "They were enemies of each other but I was the enemy of both. Double positions of this kind are not popular." She finds "a curious abstractness in the liberal condemnation of anti-Communism, which has become increasingly marked since the collapse of the Soviet Union," and goes on, "It is as if there were no connection between the reality of Soviet Communism, in particular Stalin's Communism, and the opposition it engendered among some few intellectuals in the democracies. While on the one hand liberalism acknowledges and deplores the evil of the Communist dictatorship, on the other hand it treats anti-Communism as an object of its scorn."

Trilling attracted the enmity of much of the left in the mid-fifties, when she served as an officer of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, a coalition of anti-Communist liberals and conservatives. According to its first chairman, Sidney Hook, one of the organization's missions was "to expose Stalinism and Stalinist liberals wherever you find them."

Victor Navasky, the editor of *The Nation*, her old alma mater, and the author of "Naming Names," a book about the McCarthy era, believes that the A.C.C.F. members were obsessed by the dangers posed by what Hook termed "Stalinist liberals." "But there were many people who had long ago left the Communist Party who may or may not have been so-called Stalinists when they were inside it, and to be in it was not necessarily to be a Stalinist," he said recently.

During the period when Trilling was associated with the A.C.C.F., however, she also succeeded in alienating many anti-Communists, by writing a closely argued essay for *Partisan Review* about the J. Robert Oppenheimer case, in which she demonstrated that nearly every charge brought against Oppenheimer (who, incidentally, was said to resemble her husband) could have been destroyed if his lawyers had had a better sense of history. Nonetheless, she believes, the liberal community, and especially the predominantly liberal literary community, never forgave her or her husband their anti-Communism. "Lionel was never invited to become a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters," she said. "A few weeks after he died, the Academy called to offer him posthumous



"Cash, Jordan. That's what separates man from the apes."

membership, but I told them that the offer had come too late, and declined."

For all the Hobbesian breadth of her position, one could still wonder about the way Mrs. Trilling frames her critique of liberal irresponsibility. Responding to a 1967 article by Jason Epstein in *The New York Review of Books* about the Central Intelligence Agency's funding of various anti-Communist organizations, in which he enumerated the many serious domestic problems the nation was facing—crumbling cities, polluted air and water, a weak educational system—which he felt might be better served by government funding, she felt compelled to fault Epstein for not subjecting the Soviet Union to a comparable scrutiny. Reading his article, she remarked in an essay of her own, you might conclude that "the air over the Soviet Union remains pure, the streams of Communism run clear and unpolluted."

But shouldn't democracies be judged by their own standards? Americans were not responsible for either the pollution or the police-state realities of the Soviet Union and could not possibly have controlled them. When I suggested this the next time I saw her, Trilling shook her head. "No," she said. "We *were* responsible for what was happening in East Europe. At Yalta, another huge chunk of the earth's surface was given away by a great liberal President, and what we did in our foreign policy continued to affect the fate of millions for years."

During the 1972 Presidential election, a number of the Trillings' former radical friends, who had gradually migrated further and further to the right over the years, endorsed Richard Nixon for President, and one of them invited the Trillings to sign an endorsement for him that was to appear in the newspaper. They refused, and that moment marked a decisive break with a number of people who had been their friends for years, and who later became known as neo-conservatives. "They became right-wingers," Trilling told me. "They don't care about equal rights, they don't care about the working class. They oppose sane abortion legislation. They thought Bush and Quayle were fine. I could never have followed them in those things. But, you know, it doesn't make me a *good person* because I think these things. I despised Oliver North and the way he took government matters into his own hands, but that doesn't make me a good person. Some liberals think that having liberal opinions makes them good people. I don't."

Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary* and a chief standard-bearer of neo-conservatism, has not spoken to her since they had a bitter falling-out over the accuracy of his portrait of Lionel Trilling in his book "Breaking Ranks" (1979), a political memoir. Back in the nineteen-fifties, "nobody regarded her as a liberal," Podhoretz declared recently, in a telephone conversation. "Her ruling passion was anti-Communism and that's what she was hated for by some and admired for by others."

Irving Kristol, now another neo-conservative stalwart, disagrees with Podhoretz. Kristol and his wife, the historian Gertrude Himmelfarb, have known Mrs. Trilling since the nineteen-forties. "She is a Hubert Humphrey liberal," he said recently. "We became more conservative, but she never did. Perhaps today's liberalism has moved to the left of her liberalism, I don't know. But she was always far more literary than political—she's a first-class literary and cultural critic."

In the nineteen-sixties and seventies, Trilling engaged in a number of skirmishes in print with members of the Family. One was with Mary McCarthy. (Both favored withdrawal from Vietnam, but Trilling predicted—rightly, as it turned out—that things would be far more difficult for the South Vietnamese in the postwar era than McCarthy believed they would be.) Another was with Robert Lowell (over the student takeover of Columbia), and a third, a not at all modest skirmish—more like Armageddon—was with Lillian Hellman.

The differences with Hellman grew out of Trilling's attack on the veracity of certain facts in Hellman's memoir "Scoundrel Time." She was hardly alone in finding fault with Hellman's version of reality, but she was an early and an eloquent critic. Her fight with Hellman received so much publicity that several years ago she told an interviewer from the *Times*, "Sometimes I think my obituary is going to read, 'Diana Trilling dies at 150. Widow of distinguished professor and literary critic Lionel Trilling. Engaged in controversy with Lillian Hellman.' " Hellman's disfavor, as Mary McCarthy's biographer, Carol Brightman, has noted, was "not something one wanted to encounter in the dark alley of American letters," and their struggle remains fresh in Trilling's memory. She and Hellman had known each other for years before their well-publicized clash. "She was a very, very amusing woman, very charming, one of the most entertaining people I have ever known," Trilling told me. "She gave lots of glamorous parties, and it was nice to be friends with her. As long as we stayed off politics. But she was not the largehearted, large-spirited woman I thought she was. Our difficulty arose in 1976, the summer after Lionel died. I asked Roger Donald, my editor at Little, Brown, who was going to be publishing a volume of my essays, whether he would be willing to publish them if I included a piece about 'Scoundrel Time,' which I was sure I wasn't going to like. Little, Brown was, of course, also Lillian's publisher. He said, 'No problem.' " (Roger Donald denies this.) "Well, that summer, Lillian, who had the whole Vineyard in her pocket, did everything to keep me friendly. I was invited everywhere. I have gone to the Vineyard or the Cape for years, and never once, except for that summer, have I worn a long, dressed-up sort of summer dress. That summer I had five, and they weren't enough. Well, at the end of the summer her book came out, and I thought it was loathsome, and I included in one of my essays four passages of criticism of it, and I put that essay in the volume called 'We Must March My Darlings.' And Donald said I had to remove those four passages, and I said I would not remove them, and they broke my contract. I couldn't afford to sue. But I would have won. And then I put an *enormous* footnote that extends for several pages in the essay, and the book came out under the Harcourt Brace Jovanovich imprint."

"Were there any further repercussions?" I asked.

"There certainly were. The word went out that you could not be a friend of Lillian's and still be a friend of mine. Norman Mailer, whom I'd been on friendly terms with for years—I'd even gone to a prizefight with him—modified a blurb he'd written for the jacket copy of my book so as to render it useless, and we ceased being friends. The next summer, at the Vineyard, I was absolutely shunned. And, you know, I was alone by then. I missed Lionel terribly. Actually, it forced me off the island. I didn't have any social life. I spend my vacations at the Cape now."

Lionel Trilling's favorite of his wife's essays was an account she wrote for *Partisan Review* in 1959 of an evening she had spent with some faculty wives listening to Allen Ginsberg (a former student of Lionel's), Peter Orlovsky, and Gregory Corso reading their poetry. It was called "The Other Night at Columbia: A Report from the Academy." In it she subjects Ginsberg to a rather severe moral accounting but also questions her own assumptions about the values of a middle-class life. It's a complicated bit of writing, but its unreceptive attitude toward the embryonic Zeitgeist of the sixties was considered retrograde, and many people were irritated by it. Probably there are still those who, with the passing years, can forgive Mrs. Trilling her politics, forgive her her continuing doubts about the innocence of Alger Hiss, forgive her her insistence that in the case of Mrs. Harris it was actually Dr. Tarnower who was the victim, but cannot forgive her "The Other Night at Columbia." When the article about him came out, Ginsberg sent *Partisan Review* a one-line note, saying, "The universe is a new flower."

"What I'd meant to convey was that the world and our understanding of it was changing," Ginsberg said recently. "I don't think she understood what she was hearing that night. I'm glad she paid attention to our poetry, but it would have been more useful if she had realized that the change in poetic form and concern was part of a new way of looking at the world. Our consciousness was getting beyond fights between Communists and anti-Communists, beyond the radical disillusion of the thirties intellectuals. Both the New and the Old Left became hypnotized by their battles. But we were trying to get beyond all that to an experience of the divine. We were worrying about the more universal police state that comes through technology."

The last afternoon I saw Mrs. Trilling, which happened to be her eighty-eighth birthday, I asked her if, in retrospect, she might have come to think that her judgment of Ginsberg had been too harsh.

"Well, he thought of himself as outraging the academic community," she said. "And if someone is coming to outrage your community you look at him and say, 'What is he going to substitute for it?' What I saw was a mixture of theatrics and infantilism and envy and wanting to get there himself—which now he has. I don't think that was a harsh judgment. When he was a student at Columbia, he was briefly thrown out of the school for writing 'Fuck the Jews' on a window, and it might be preferable for that not to be known now. And later on he was arrested for receiving stolen goods, and Lionel and other people at the university kept him out of jail. They did a very big job on the district attorney to get him a year of free medical help rather than a jail sentence. I felt sorry for him as you do for a lost kid. You can say it's condescension, but, you know, maturity condescends to youth. When the essay first came out, he told people he thought that it was 'motherly,' but at a dinner we were both invited to in the nineteen-seventies he told me that I was responsible for the junkies on the streets of New York. Well, that's what I have against him." (Ginsberg had been talking about the C.I.A.'s involvement with the Far Eastern and Mediterranean drug trade.) "That's all I have against him. But there was affection for Ginsberg in that essay, too, and there was also enormous self-irony in the ending, which people seem to miss, or forget. I came home after that reading to this meeting of serious men, this respectable book club, and Auden was there and spoke condescendingly of Ginsberg. And I looked around the room and I thought, Is this any better than those rompered kids? No, it's not any better. And so I said to the room at large, 'Lionel, he wrote a love poem to you, and it was beautiful. I liked it.' "

Mrs. Trilling had mentioned this poem in her memoir, and though I have a passing familiarity with Ginsberg's poetry, I had no recollection of the poem she referred to, and had trouble finding it in a collection of his poems, so I called Ginsberg to ask him for its title.

"There is no poem about him," he said matter-of-factly. "The poem I read that night was one I'd written in Paris about a mystical vision I had about a lion in my living room. It's called, 'The Lion for Real,' and begins with a quote from the nineteenth-century French poet Tristan Corbière: '*Soyez muette pour moi, Idole contemplative.*' I guess she misheard it. I visited them for years afterward, but I never brought it up; I thought it was better to just let it go."

I told Mrs. Trilling what Ginsberg had said.

She shrugged, and said dryly, "Ah, was I wrong? He should have told me I was wrong. But, in any case, the fact is that that night I was trying to throw a bombshell into the respectability of my home. I was writing from the point of view of somebody who was trying to live in two worlds at once—the imaginative world of bad children and the ruling world of good, ordinary grownups."

Mrs. Trilling was interrupted by the ringing of the phone, which she kept on the floor at her feet. It was her friend Dorothy Calingaert, who was calling to wish her a happy birthday.

"Oh, Dorothy. Oh, thanks so much. Well, you made it. I made it. I guess we're the oldest living ornaments."

As soon as she hung up, the phone rang again. It was her granddaughters, who are two and six, also calling to wish her a happy birthday and to discuss the delayed celebration they would have in a few weeks, when she planned to visit them.

"Yes, darling, I can't wait to see you."

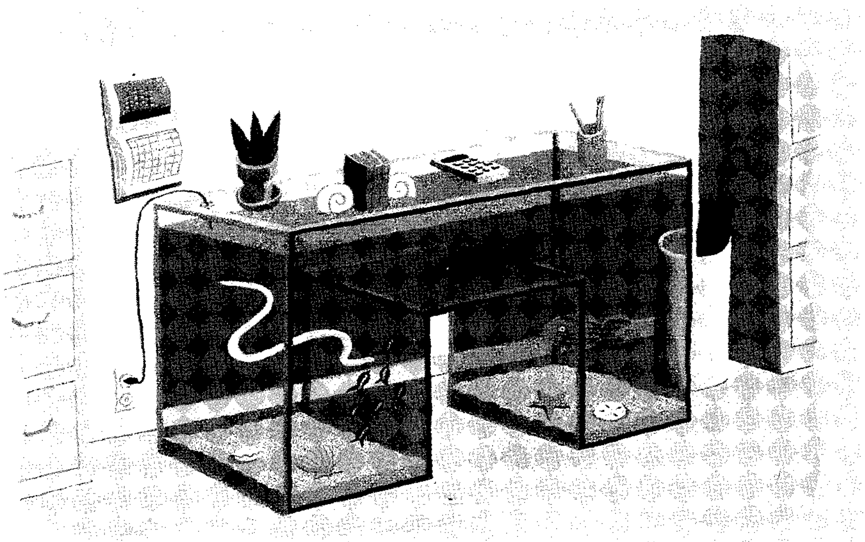
That call was followed by a long succession of others from well-wishers, and after a while my mind drifted away from the subject we had been discussing before the phone started ringing. Mrs. Trilling's had not. Leaning back on the couch with her arms outspread after returning the phone to its cradle, she said, without missing a beat, "This is the unresolved question that imaginative people will always have, in every time of life, in every time of the world: Where do I belong, and what price do I pay for where I choose to stand?"

For all its rich allusion and social alertness, there is a strong feeling of grief in "The Beginning of the Journey": for her husband, for her vanished friends, and for the robust intellectual climate in which she once thrived. "Today, when the intellectual world as I knew it in the middle decades of the century no longer exists, I deeply mourn its loss," she writes. "I loved intellectual talk: the easy discursiveness, the free range of reference, the refusal of received ideas, the always-ready wit. I cherished the exigency of the intellectual life as it used to be lived."

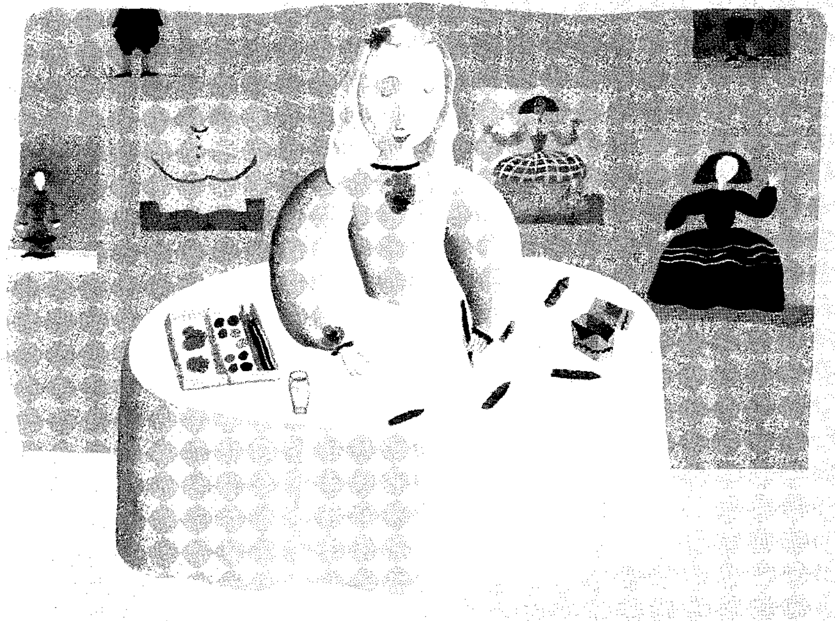
The finality of such statements, coupled with the physical difficulties of Mrs. Trilling's life, led me to assume that her memoir would be her last work. I was mistaken. That afternoon, she told me that on the morning of the first day I visited her she had just started a new book, a series of recollections of places and people, and she had been working on it every day. A mighty warrior does not tarry in her tent. ♦

ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK BY KATHY OSBORN

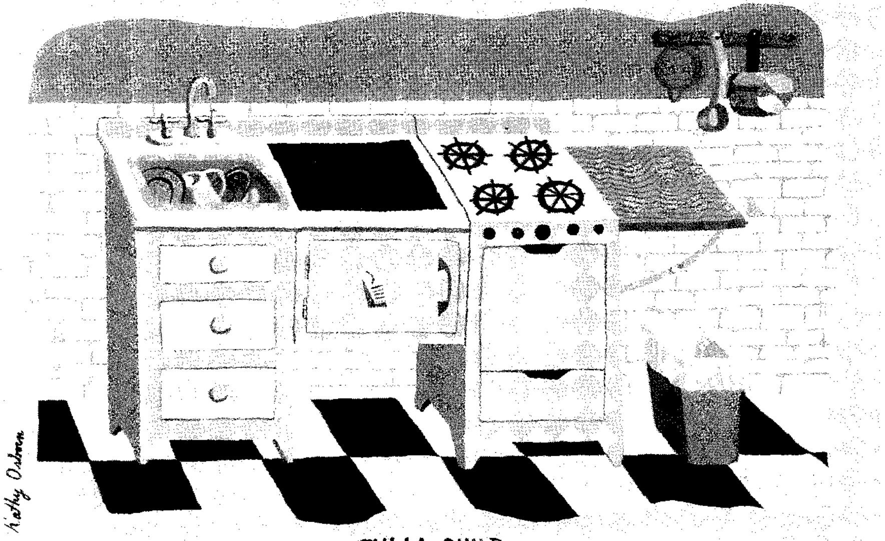
DESKS



JACQUES COUSTEAU



INFANTA MARGARITA



JULIA CHILD

FICTION

BON VOYAGE, MR. PRESIDENT

BY GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

HE sat on a wooden bench under the yellow leaves in the deserted park, contemplating the dusty swans with both hands resting on the silver handle of his cane, thinking about death. On his first visit to Geneva the lake had been calm and clear, and there were tame gulls that would come to eat out of your hand, and women for hire who seemed like six-in-the-afternoon phantoms with organdie ruffles and silk parasols. Now the only possible woman, as far as he could see, was a flower vender on the deserted pier. It was difficult for him to believe that time could cause so much ruin not only in his life but in the world.

He was one more incognito man in the city of illustrious incognitos. He wore the dark-blue pin-striped suit, brocade vest, and stiff hat of a retired magistrate. He had the arrogant mustache of a musketeer, abundant blue-black hair with romantic waves, a harpist's hands, with a widower's wedding band on his left ring finger, and joyful eyes. Only the weariness of his skin betrayed the state of his health. He was seventy-three, but even so his elegance was notable. That morning, however, he felt beyond the reach of all vanity. The years of glory and power had been left behind forever, and now only the years of his death remained.

He had returned to Geneva after two World Wars, in search of a definitive answer to a pain that the doctors in Martinique could not identify. He had planned on staying no more than two weeks, but had spent almost six in exhausting examinations and inconclusive results, and the end was not yet in sight. They looked for the pain in his liver, his kidneys, his pancreas, his prostate, wherever it was not. Until that bitter Thursday, when he had made an appointment for nine in the morning at the neurology department with the least well-known of the many physicians who had seen him. The office resembled a monk's cell, and the doctor was small and solemn and wore a cast on the broken thumb of his right hand. When he turned off the light, the illuminated X-ray of a spinal column appeared on the screen, but the President did not recognize it as his own until the doctor used a pointer to indicate the juncture of two vertebrae below the waist. "Your pain is here," he said.

For him it was not so simple. His pain was improbable and devious and sometimes seemed to be in his ribs on the right side and sometimes in his lower abdomen, and often it caught him off guard with a sudden stab in the groin. The doctor listened to him without moving, the pointer motionless on the screen. "That is why it eluded us for so long," he said. "But now we know it is here." Then he placed his forefinger on his own temple and stated with precision: "Although in strictest terms, Mr. President, all pain is here."

The physician's clinical style was so dramatic that the final verdict seemed merciful: the President had to submit to a dangerous, inescapable operation. He asked about the margin of risk, and the doctor enveloped him in indeterminacy. "We could not say with certainty," he answered.

Until a short while ago, the doctor explained, the risk of fatal accidents was great, and even more so the danger of varying degrees of different kinds of paralysis. But with the medical advances made during the two wars, such fears were things of the past. "Don't worry," he concluded. "Put your affairs in order, and then get in touch with us. But don't forget, the sooner the better."

It was not a good morning for digesting that piece of bad news, least of all outdoors. He had left the hotel very early, without an overcoat, because he saw a brilliant sun through the window, and he had walked with measured steps from the Chemin de Beau-Soleil, where the hospital was, to that refuge for furtive lovers, the Jardin Anglais. He had been there for over an hour, thinking of nothing but death, when autumn began. The lake became as rough as an angry sea, and an outlaw wind frightened the gulls and made away with the last leaves. The President stood up and, instead of buying a daisy from the flower vender, picked one from the public flower beds and put it in his buttonhole. She caught him in the act.

"Those flowers don't belong to God, Monsieur," she said in vexation. "They're city property."

He ignored her and walked away with rapid strides, grasping his cane by the middle of the shaft and twirling it from time to time with a rather libertine air. On the Mont-Blanc bridge, the flags of the Confederation, maddened by the sudden gust of wind, were being lowered with as much speed as possible, and the graceful fountain crowned with foam had been turned off earlier than usual. The President did not recognize his usual café on the pier, because they had taken down the green awning over the entrance, and the flower-filled terraces of summer had just been closed. Inside, the lights burned in the middle of the day, and the string quartet was playing a piece by Mozart, full of foreboding. At the counter the President picked up a newspaper from the pile reserved for customers, hung his hat and cane on the rack, put on his gold-rimmed glasses to read at the most isolated table, and only then became aware that autumn had arrived. He began to read the international page, where from time to time he found a rare news item from the Americas, and continued reading from back to front until the waitress brought him his daily bottle of Evian water. Following his doctors' orders, he had given up the habit of coffee more than thirty years before. But he had said, "If I ever knew for certain that I was going to die, I would drink it again." Perhaps the time had come.

"Bring me a coffee, too," he ordered in perfect French. And specified, without noticing the double meaning, "Italian style, strong enough to wake the dead." He drank it without sugar, in slow sips, and then he turned the cup upside down on the saucer, so that the coffee grounds, after so many years, would have time to write out his destiny. The recaptured taste rescued him for an instant from his gloomy thoughts. A moment later, as if it were part of the same sorcery, he sensed that someone was looking at him. He turned the page with a casual gesture, then glanced over the top of his glasses and saw a pale, unshaven man in a sports cap and a jacket lined with sheepskin, who looked away at once so their eyes would not meet.

His face was familiar. They had passed each other several times in the hospital lobby; on occasion, while contemplating the swans, he had seen him riding a motor scooter on the Promenade du Lac. But he never felt that he had been recognized. He did not, however, discount the idea that this was one of the many persecution fantasies of exile.

He finished the paper at his leisure, floating on the sumptuous cellos of Brahms, until the pain was stronger than the analgesic of the music. Then he looked at the small gold watch and chain that he carried in his vest pocket and took his two midday tranquillizers with the last swallow of Evian water. Before removing his glasses, he deciphered his destiny in the coffee grounds and felt an icy shudder: he saw uncertainty there. At last he paid the bill, left a miser's tip, collected his cane and hat from the rack, and walked out to the street without looking at the man who was looking at him. He moved away with his festive walk, stepping around the beds of flowers devastated by the wind, and thought he was free of the spell. But then he heard steps behind him and made a partial turn when he rounded the corner. The man following him had to stop short to avoid a collision, and his startled eyes looked at him from just a few inches away. "Señor Presidente," he murmured.

"Tell the people who pay you not to get their hopes up," said the President, without losing his smile or the charm of his voice. "My health is perfect."

"Nobody knows that better than me," said the man, crushed by the weight of dignity that had fallen upon him. "I work at the hospital." His diction and cadence, and even his timidity, were raw Caribbean.

"Don't tell me you're a doctor," said the President.

"I wish I could, Señor. I'm an ambulance driver."

"I'm sorry," said the President, convinced of his error. "That's a hard job."

"Not as hard as yours, Señor."

He looked straight at him, leaned on his cane with both hands, and asked with real interest: "Where are you from?"

"The Caribbean."

"I already knew that," said the President. "But which country?"

"The same as you, Señor," the man said, and offered his hand. "My name is Homero Rey—"

The astonished President interrupted him, not letting go of his hand.

"Damn," he said. "What a fine name!"

Homero relaxed. "It gets better," he said. "Homero Rey de la Casa—Homer King of his House."

A wintry knife thrust caught them unprotected in the middle of the street. The President shivered down to his bones and knew that without an overcoat he could not walk the two blocks to the cheap restaurant where he usually ate.

"Have you had lunch?" he asked Homero.

"I never have lunch," said Homero. "I eat one meal at night in my house."

"Make an exception for today," he said, using all his charm. "Let me take you to lunch."

HE led the man by the arm to the restaurant across the street, its name in gilt on the awning: Le Bœuf Couronné. The interior was narrow and warm, and there seemed to be no empty tables. Homero Rey, surprised that no one recognized the President, walked to the back of the room to ask for assistance.

"Is he an acting president?" the owner asked.

"No," said Homero. "Overthrown."

The owner smiled in approval. "For them," he said, "I always have a spe-

"Then don't think."

cial table." He led them to an isolated table in the rear, where they could talk as much as they liked. The President thanked him. "Not everyone recognizes, as you do, the dignity of exile," he said.

The specialty of the house was charcoal-broiled ribs of beef. The President and his guest glanced around and saw the great roasted slabs, edged in tender fat, on the other tables. "It's magnificent meat," murmured the President. "But I'm not allowed to eat it." He looked at Homero with a roguish eye, and changed his tone. "In fact, I'm not allowed to eat anything."

"You're not allowed to have coffee, either," said Homero. "But you drink it anyway."

"You found that out?" said the President. "But today was just an exception on an exceptional day."

Coffee was not the only exception he made that day. He also ordered charcoal-broiled ribs of beef and a fresh vegetable salad with just a splash of olive oil for dressing. His guest ordered the same, and half a carafe of red wine.

While they were waiting, Homero took a wallet with no money and many papers out of his jacket pocket, and showed the President a faded photograph. The President recognized himself in shirtsleeves, a few pounds lighter and with intense black hair and mustache, surrounded by a crowd of young men, who stood on tiptoe to be seen. In a single glance he recognized the place, he recognized the emblems of an abominable election campaign, he recognized the wretched date. "It's shocking!" he murmured. "I've always said one ages faster in photographs than in real life." And he returned the picture with a gesture of finality. "I remember it very well," he said. "It was thousands of years ago, in the cockpit at San Cristóbal de las Casas."

"That's my town," said Homero, and he pointed to himself in the group. "This is me."

The President recognized him. "You were a baby!"

"Almost," said Homero. "I was with you for the whole southern campaign as a leader of the university brigades."

The President anticipated his reproach. "I, of course, did not even notice you," he said.

"On the contrary, you were very nice," said Homero. "But there were so many of us there's no way you could remember."

"And afterward?"

"You know that better than anybody," said Homero. "After the military coup, the miracle is that we're both here, ready to eat half a cow. Not many were as lucky."

Just then the food was served. The President tied his napkin around his neck, like an infant's bib, and was not unaware of his guest's silent surprise. "If I didn't do this I'd ruin a tie at every meal," he said. Before he began he tasted the meat for seasoning, approved with a satisfied gesture, and returned to his subject. "What I can't understand," he said, "is why you didn't approach me earlier, instead of tracking me like a bloodhound."

Then Homero told him that he had recognized him from the time he saw him go into the hospital through a door reserved for very special cases. It was in the middle of summer, and he was wearing a three-piece linen suit from the Antilles, with black-and-white shoes, a daisy in his lapel, his beautiful hair blowing in the wind. Homero learned that he was alone in Geneva, with no help from anyone, for the President knew by heart the city where he had completed his law studies. The hospital administration, at his request, took the internal measures necessary to guarantee the President's absolute anonymity. That very night, Homero and his wife agreed to communicate with him. And yet Homero had followed him for five weeks, waiting for a propitious moment, and perhaps would not have been capable of speaking if the President had not confronted him.

"I'm glad I did," said the President, "although the truth is it doesn't bother me at all to be alone."

"It's not right."

"Why?" asked the President with sincerity. "The greatest victory of my life has been having everyone forget me."

"We remember you more than you imagine," said Homero, not hiding his emotion. "It's a joy to see you like this, young and healthy."

"And yet," the President said with no melodrama, "everything indicates that I'll die very soon."

"Your chances of recovery are very good," said Homero.

The surprised President gave a start, but he did not lose his sense of humor. "Damn!" he exclaimed. "Has medical confidentiality been abolished in beautiful Switzerland?"

"There are no secrets for an ambulance driver in any hospital anywhere in the world," said Homero.

JACUMBA

I am sitting in the restaurant of the spiffy
new air-conditioned Jacumba Motel
& Health Spa, sipping a root beer
& staring out at a desert
so blazingly desiccated & stark
it's hard to imagine that anything
other than lizards & buckthorn survives here,
& wondering where the old Jacumba Hotel
disappeared to:
that rambling, stucco monstrosity
where one summer night we—
well, what's the use. Without that hotel
this town is nothing at all of the crumbling,
moth-infested ghost town it was,
blistering out in the Anza-Borrego,
halfway to Yuma.

—STEVE KOWIT

"Well, what I know I found out just two hours ago from the lips of the only man who could have known it."

"In any case, you will not have died in vain," said Homero. "Someone will restore you to your rightful place as a great example of honor."

The President feigned a comic astonishment. "Thank you for warning me," he said.

He ate as he did everything: without haste, and with great care. As he did so, he looked Homero straight in the eye, and the younger man had the impression that he could see what he was thinking. After a long conversation filled with nostalgic evocations, he smiled in a mischievous way. "I had decided not to worry about my corpse," he said, "but now I see that I must take precautions worthy of a detective novel so that no one finds it."

"It won't do any good," Homero joked in turn. "In the hospital no mystery lasts longer than an hour."

When they finished their coffee, the President read the bottom of his cup, and again he shuddered: the message was the same. Still, his expression did not change. He paid the bill in cash, but first he checked the total several times, counted his money several times with excessive care, and left a tip that merited no more than a grunt from the waiter. "It has been a pleasure," he concluded as he took his leave of Homero. "I haven't set a date yet for the surgery, and haven't even decided if I'm going to have it done or not. But if all goes well, we'll see each other again."

"And why not before?" said Homero. "Lázara, my wife, does cooking for rich people. Nobody makes shrimp and rice better than she does, and we'd like to invite you to our house some night soon."

"I'm not allowed to have shellfish, but I'll be happy to eat it," he said. "Just tell me when."

"Thursday is my day off," said Homero.

"Perfect," said the President. "Thursday at seven I'll be at your house. It will be a pleasure."

"I'll come by for you," said Homero. "Hôtellerie Dames, Fourteen Rue de L'Industrie. Behind the station. Is that right?"

"That's right," said the President, and he stood up, more charming than

Tropez Digital

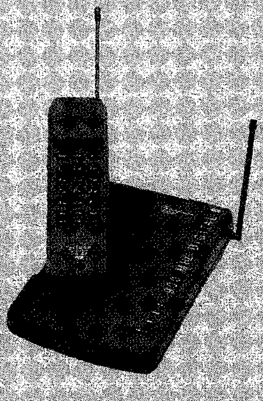
Introducing the Tropez family of Digital cordless telephones. Experience communication that is noise and interference free. Our digital technology also safeguards your conversation from eavesdropping by scanners and similar devices. In addition, since our phones operate in the 900MHz band, you can talk further from the base than possible with a conventional cordless phone.

Performance that exceeds expectations. We call it the Digital Distinction. You'll call it simply the best cordless phone you've ever owned. Finally a cordless telephone that delivers on its promises - Tropez Digital.

Available at:
J & R Music World
800-221-8180

Tropez
By VTECH Communications
800.624.5688

THE DIGITAL DISTINCTION


900DL

900DX

Presenting...

The DR® FIELD and BRUSH MOWER

-- the amazing walk-behind brush cutter that --

- **CLEARS & MAINTAINS** meadows, pastures, roadsides, fences, wooded and rough non-lawn areas with ease. Mows over 1/2 acre per hour!
- **CUTS** tall grass, weeds, brush, brambles, sumac - *even tough saplings up to 1" thick!*
- **Plus CHOPS/ MULCHES** most everything it cuts; leaves NO TANGLE of material to trip over or to pick up like hand-held brushcutters and sicklebar mowers.
- **POWERFUL** 8HP Briggs & Stratton engine with BIG 20" SELF-PROPELLED WHEELS! Rolls through ditches, furrows, over bumps and logs with ease.
- **Perfect for** ***low-maintenance wildflower meadows...*** European-style woodlots free of undergrowth... walking paths... any area that you only want to mow once a month... or once a season!

So, WHY MESS with hand-held brushcutters that are so dangerous, slow and tiring to use... OR with sicklebar mowers that shake unmercifully and leave such a tangled mess?

TOLL FREE 1(800)446-8746

PLEASE MAIL COUPON for FREE DETAILS about the Amazing DR® FIELD and BRUSH MOWER!

YES! Please rush complete FREE DETAILS of the DR® FIELD and BRUSH MOWER including prices, specifications of Standard and PRO models, and "Off-Season" Savings now in effect.

Name__________________

Address__________________

City__________ State____ ZIP_______

To: COUNTRY HOME PRODUCTS®, Dept. 12309F
Box 89, Ferry Road, Charlotte, VT 05445

©1993 CHP, Inc.

ever. "It appears you even know my shoe size."

"Of course, Señor," said Homero with amusement. "Size forty-one."

WHAT Homero Rey did not tell the President, but did, for years afterward, tell anyone willing to listen, was that his initial intention had not been so innocent. Like other ambulance drivers, he had made certain arrangements with funeral parlors and insurance companies to sell their services inside the hospital, above all to foreign patients of limited means. The profits were small and had to be shared with other employees who passed along the confidential files of patients with serious illnesses. But they were some consolation for an exile with no future who just managed to support his wife and two children on a ridiculous salary.

Lázara Davis, his wife, was more realistic. A slender mulatta from San Juan, Puerto Rico, she was small and solid, the color of cooked caramel, and had the eyes of a vixen, which matched her temperament very well. They had met in the charity ward of the hospital, where she was working as a general aide after a financier from her country, who had brought her to Geneva as a nursemaid, left her adrift in the city. They had been married in a Catholic ceremony although she was a Yoruban princess, and lived in a two-bedroom apartment on the eighth floor of a building that had no elevator and was occupied by African émigrés. Their daughter, Bárbara, was nine years old and their son, Lázaro, who was seven, showed signs of slight mental retardation.

Lázara Davis was intelligent and evil-tempered, but she had a tender heart. She considered herself a pure Taurus and believed with blind faith in her astral portents. Yet she had never been able to realize her dream of earning a living as an astrologer to millionaires. On the other hand, she made occasional and sometimes significant contributions to the family's finances by preparing dinners for wealthy matrons who impressed their guests by making them believe they had cooked the exciting Antillean dishes themselves. Homero, for his part, was achingly timid and had no ambitions beyond the little he earned, but Lázara could not conceive of life without him, because of the innocence of his heart and the calibre of his member. Things had gone well for them, but each year was more difficult and the children were growing. At the time of the President's arrival they had begun dipping into their savings of five years. And so when Homero Rey discovered him among the incognito patients in the hospital, their hopes were raised.

They did not know with precision what they were going to ask for, or with what right. At first they planned to sell him the complete funeral, including embalming and repatriation. But little by little they realized that his death did not seem quite as imminent as it had at the beginning. On the day of the lunch they were confused by doubts.

The truth is that Homero had not been a leader of the university brigades, or of anything else, and the only part he ever played in the election campaign was to be included in the photograph that they managed to find as if by miracle under a pile of papers in the closet. But his fervor was true. It was also true that he had been obliged to flee the country because of his participation in street protests against the military coup, although his only reason for still living in Geneva after so many years was his poverty of spirit. And so one lie more or less should not have been an obstacle to gaining the President's favor.

The first surprise for both of them was that the illustrious exile lived in a fourth-class hotel in the sad district of Les Grottes, among Asian émigrés and ladies of the night, and ate alone in cheap restaurants when Geneva was filled with suitable residences for politicians in disgrace. Day after day, Homero had seen him repeat that day's actions. He had accompanied him with his eyes, sometimes at a less than prudent distance, in his nocturnal strolls among the mournful walls and tattered yellow bellflowers of the old city. He had seen him lost in thought for hours in front of the statue of Calvin. Breathless with the ardent perfume of the jasmines, he had followed him step by step up the stone staircase to contemplate the slow summer twilights from the top of the Bourg-de-Four. One night he saw him in the first rain of the season without an overcoat or an umbrella, standing in line with the students for a Rubinstein concert. "I don't know why he didn't catch pneumonia," he said afterward to his

Canada
The World Next Door

Call 1-800-265-4848 for your FREE trip-planning kit to Canada.

Below is a sampling of the many cultural offerings for the 1994 season:

Nova Scotia: August 4 - 14
Halifax International Busker Fest; the world's largest street-performance festival.

Prince Edward Island: June 24 - September 3
Charlottetown Festival; A celebration of original Canadian music theater.

Saskatchewan: July 1 - August 12
Royal Canadian Mounted Police Retreat Ceremony; colorful lowering of the flag ceremony.

Ontario: May 3-November 14
Stratford Festival; North America's largest classical repertory theater.

Newfoundland & Labrador: July 17 - August 13
Stephenville Festival of the Arts; the theater festival's 15th season.

Manitoba: July 31 - August 15
Folkorama; the world's largest multicultural celebration.

New Brunswick: August 5 - 14
Festival by the Sea: a national performing arts festival.

Québec: August 13 - 21
St. Jean-Sur-Richelieu; hot air balloon festival.

Yukon Territory: August 12 - 15
Dawson City Discovery Days; a celebration of the 1896 discovery of gold in the Yukon.

Alberta: August 20 - 28
International Native Arts Festival; traditional dance, arts, and music.

British Columbia: September 3 - October 9
Okanagan Wine Festival; annual grape harvest celebration.

Northwest Territories: October
Delta daze; street dances, parades, and regional fare.

wife. On the Saturday when the weather began to change, he had seen him buy an autumn coat with a fake-mink collar, not in the glittering shops along the Rue du Rhône, where fugitive emirs made their purchases, but in the flea market.

"Then there's nothing we can do!" exclaimed Lázara when Homero told her about it. "He's a damn miser, who'll give himself a charity funeral and be buried in a pauper's grave. We'll never get anything out of him."

"Maybe he's really poor," said Homero, "after so many years out of work."

"Oh, baby, it's one thing to be a Pisces with an ascendant Pisces, and another thing to be a damn fool," said Lázara. "Everybody knows he made off with the country's gold and is the richest exile in Martinique."

Homero, who was ten years her senior, had grown up influenced by news articles to the effect that the President had studied in Geneva while working as a construction laborer. Lázara, on the other hand, had been raised among the scandals in the opposition press, which were magnified in the opposition house where she had been a nursemaid from the time she was a girl. As a consequence, on the night when Homero came home breathless with jubilation because he had eaten lunch with the President, she was not convinced by the argument that he had taken Homero to an expensive restaurant. It annoyed her that Homero had not asked for any of the many things they had dreamed of, from scholarships for the children to a better job at the hospital. The President's decision to leave his body for the vultures instead of spending his francs on a suitable burial and a glorious repatriation seemed to confirm her suspicions. But the final straw was the news that Homero saved for last: he had invited the President for a meal of shrimp and rice on Thursday night.

"That's just what we needed," shouted Lázara, "to have him die here, poisoned by canned shrimp, and we'll be the ones who have to use the children's savings to bury him."

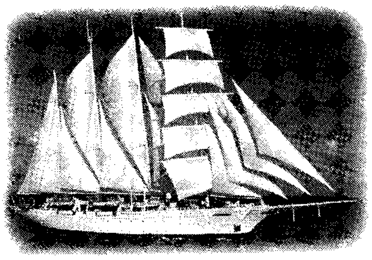
In the end, what determined her behavior was the weight of her conjugal loyalty. She had to borrow three silver place settings and a crystal salad bowl from one neighbor, an electric coffeepot from another, and an embroidered tablecloth and a china coffee service from a third. She took down the old curtains and put up the new ones, used only on holidays, and she removed the covers from the furniture. She spent an entire day scrubbing the floors, shaking out dust, shifting things around, until she achieved just the opposite of what would have benefitted them most, which was to move their guest with the respectability of their poverty.

On Thursday night, when he had caught his breath after the eight flights of stairs, the President appeared at the door with his new old coat and his melon-shaped hat from another time, and a single rose for Lázara. She was impressed by his virile good looks and his manners worthy of a prince, but, beyond all that, she saw what she had expected to see: a false and rapacious man. She thought he was impertinent, because she had cooked with the windows open to keep the smell of shrimp from filling the house, and the first thing he did when he entered was to take a deep breath, as if in sudden ecstasy, and exclaim with eyes closed and arms spread wide, "Ah, the smell of our ocean!" She thought him stingier than ever for bringing her just one rose, stolen no doubt from the public gardens. She thought him insolent for the disdain with which he looked at the newspaper clippings of his presidential glories, and the pennants and flags of the campaign, which Homero had pinned with so much candor to the living-room wall. She thought him hard-hearted because he did not even greet Bárbara and Lázaro, who had made a gift for him, and in the course of the dinner he referred to two things he could not abide: dogs and children. She hated him. But her Caribbean sense of hospitality overcame her prejudices. She had put on the African gown she wore on special occasions, and her Santeria beads and bracelets, and during the meal she did not make any unnecessary gestures or say a single superfluous word. She was more than irreproachable: she was perfect.

The truth was that shrimp and rice was not one of the accomplishments of her kitchen, but she prepared it with the best will, and it turned out very well. The President took two helpings and showed no restraint in his praise, and he was delighted by the slices of fried ripe

LIVE THE DREAM

Cruise the world aboard a tall ship. Embark on a voyage to Mediterranean ports of call. Sail the Caribbean. Make a real TransAtlantic



passage. Combine traditions of a bygone era with today's creature comforts for 180 privileged guests.

Sail with us. Live the dream.

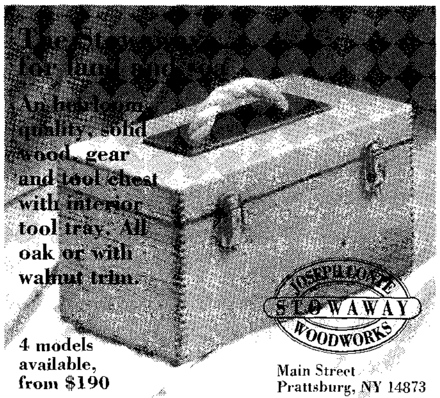
STAR CLIPPERS

4101 Salzedo Ave., Dept. NY, Coral Gables, FL 33146

7 & 14-day Caribbean & Mediterranean Cruises.

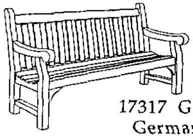
Ask your travel agent or Star Clippers
1-800-442-0551 for brochure.

Ships' Registry: Luxembourg


The Stowaway for land and sea.
An heirloom quality, solid wood, gear and tool chest with interior tool tray. All oak or with walnut trim.
JOSEPH CONTE STOWAWAY WOODWORKS
4 models available, from $190
Main Street
Prattsburg, NY 14873

For Brochure Call: 1-800-390-3040

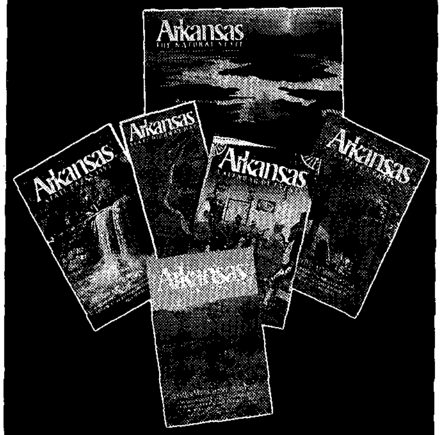
English Teak Garden Furnishings



Interior & Exterior Use
Free "Quick-Ship" from stock
Country Casual
17317 Germantown Rd. Suite 215
Germantown, MD 20874 - 2999
56 page colour catalogue $3.00 **1-301-540-0040**

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHS
BREATHTAKING ORIGINALS FOR ANY DECOR
By World Famous Photographer
Cathy Church
FREE COLOR BROCHURE (800) 934-3661

COLORFUL FACTS!
Autumn in Arkansas has bright opportunities. Send now for delivery of your FREE Autumn Vacation Planning Kit; books of information on everything



from foliage to festivals to red hot fall fishing spots. Call: **1-800-NATURAL**.
Or write: Autumn Vacations,
One Capitol Mall, Dept. 1498,
Little Rock, AR 72201.

Arkansas
THE NATURAL STATE

World Headquarters For
THE AUTHENTIC
CAPE COD TARTAN®
DRIVING CAP
$22 plus postage
100% Wool Worsted
Sizes S.M.L.XL. Made in the U.S.A.
Major Credit Cards Accepted

From our exclusive Cape Cod Tartan Collection, weaving together the colors of green scrub pines, smooth white beaches, deep ocean blues and rich red cranberries right out of the bogs. Collection includes worsted wool or cotton flannel sportswear and accessories for men and women.

To order the cap or for more information on our Cape Cod Tartan® collection, please call or write:
Puritan
Clothing of Cape Cod
1-508-775-2400 408 Main St. - Hyannis, MA 02601

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

HIEROGLYPHS
PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE JEWELRY
Translate Anything into Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs
SS Pendants from $40 • 18k from $150
Free Color Brochure includes Alphabet
Pendants • Rings • Bracelets • Earrings
1-800-237-3358
Call Toll Free or Write:
Discoveries
(est. 1980)
526 N. Fayette St.,
Alexandria,
Virginia 22314
Cartouche spells 'Joan'
HANDMADE IN EGYPT ©

plantain and the avocado salad, although he did not share their nostalgia. Lázara resigned herself to just listening until dessert, when for no apparent reason Homero became trapped in the dead-end street of the existence of God.

"I do believe God exists," said the President, "but he has nothing to do with human beings. He's involved in much bigger things."

"I believe in only the stars," said Lázara, and she scrutinized the President's reaction. "What day were you born?"

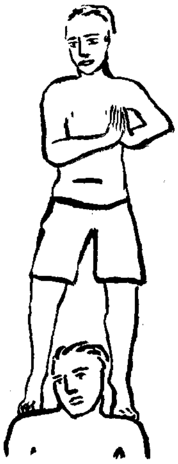
"The eleventh of March."

"I knew it," said Lázara with a triumphant little gesture, and asked in a pleasant voice, "Don't you think two Pisces at the same table are too many?"

The men were still discussing God when she went to the kitchen to prepare the coffee. She had cleared the table, and longed with all her heart for the evening to end well. On her way back to the living room with the coffee, she was met with a passing remark of the President's which astounded her.

"Don't doubt it, my dear friend: it would be the worst thing that could happen to our poor country if I were President."

Homero saw Lázara in the doorway with the borrowed china cups and coffeepot and thought she was going to faint. The President also took notice. "Don't look at me like that, Señora," he said in an amiable tone. "I'm speaking from my heart." And then, turning to Homero, he concluded: "It's just as well I'm paying a high price for my foolishness."



Lázara served the coffee and turned off the light above the table, because its harsh illumination was not conducive to conversation, and the room was left in intimate shadow. For the first time she became interested in the guest, whose wit could not hide his sadness. Lázara's curiosity increased when he finished his coffee and turned the cup upside down in the saucer so the grounds could settle.

The President told them he had chosen the island of Martinique for his exile because of his friendship with the poet Aimé Césaire, who at that time had just published his "Cahier d'un Retour au Pays Natal," and had helped him to begin a new life. With what remained of her inheritance, he and his wife bought a house made of noble wood in the hills of Fort-de-France, with screens at the windows and a terrace facing the sea and filled with primitive flowers, where it was a pleasure to sleep with the sound of crickets and the molasses-and-rum breeze from the sugar mills. He stayed there with his wife—fourteen years his senior and an invalid since she had given birth to their only child—fortified against fate by his habitual rereading of the Latin classics, in Latin, and by the conviction that this was the final act of his life. For years he had to resist the temptations of all kinds of adventures proposed to him by his defeated partisans.

"But I never opened another letter again," he said. "Never, once I discovered that even the most urgent ones were less urgent after a week, and in two months one forgot about them and the person who wrote them."

He looked at Lázara in the half-darkness when she lit a cigarette, and snatched it from her with an avid movement of his fingers. He took a long drag and held the smoke in his throat. A startled Lázara picked up the pack and the box of matches to light another, but he returned the burning cigarette to her. "You smoke with so much pleasure I could not resist," he said. But he had to release the smoke because he began to cough.

"I gave up the habit many years ago, but it never gave me up altogether," he said. "On occasion it has defeated me. Like now."

The cough jolted him two more times. The pain returned. The President checked the time on his small pocket watch and took his two evening pills. Then he peered into the bottom of his cup: nothing had changed, but now he did not shudder. "Some of my old supporters have been Presidents after me," he said.

"Sáyago," said Homero.

"Sáyago and others," he said. "All of them like me: usurping an honor we did not deserve with an office we did not know how to fill. Some pursue only power, but most are looking for even less—a job."

Lázara became angry. "Do you know

what they say about you?" she asked.

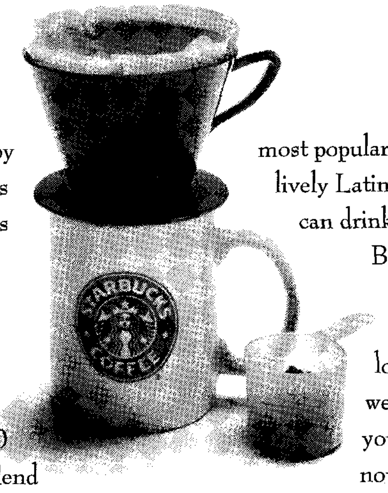
Homero intervened in alarm: "They're lies."

"They're lies and they're not lies," said the President with celestial calm. "When it has to do with a President, the worst ignominies may be both true and false at the same time."

He had lived in Martinique all the days of his exile, his only contact with the outside world the few news items in the official paper, and supported himself by teaching classes in Spanish and Latin at an official lycée, and with the translations that Aimé Césaire commissioned from time to time. The heat in August was unbearable, and he would stay in the hammock until noon, reading to the hum of the fan in his bedroom. Even at the hottest times of day his wife tended to the birds she raised in freedom outdoors, protecting herself from the sun with a broad-brimmed straw hat adorned with artificial fruit and organdie flowers. But when the temperature fell it was good to sit in the cool air on the terrace, he with his eyes fixed on the ocean until it grew dark, and she in her wicker rocking chair, wearing the torn hat, and rings with bright stones on every finger, watching the ships of the world pass by. "That one's bound for Puerto Santo," she would say. "That one almost can't move, it's so loaded down with bananas from Puerto Santo," she would say. For it did not seem possible to her that any ship could pass by that was not from their country. He pretended not to hear, although in the end she managed to forget better than he, because she lost her memory. They would sit this way until the clamorous twilight came to an end and they had to take refuge in the house, defeated by the mosquitoes. During one of those many Augusts, as he was reading the paper on the terrace, the President gave a start of surprise.

"I'll be damned," he said. "I've died in Estoril!"

His wife, adrift in drowsiness, was horrified by the news. The item was six lines on the fifth page of the newspaper that was printed just around the corner, in which his occasional translations were published, and whose manager came to visit him from time to time. And now it said that he had died in Estoril de Lisboa, the resort and refuge of European decadence, where he had never been and which was, perhaps, the only



The brewing kit is free.
The coffee is priceless.

Now you can enjoy the legendary freshness and flavor of Starbucks custom-roasted whole bean coffees, and receive a free gift.

Just order ½ lb. each of our popular Caffè Verona® (80/20 Blend™) and House Blend for $8.95 (plus shipping and handling), and we'll send you our exclusive Caffè Solo brewing kit, a $6.95 value, free.

The kit includes a porcelain Starbucks mug, unbreakable filter cone, ten coffee filters and coffee measure. It's perfect for brewing your fresh Caffè Verona and House Blend coffees.

Caffè Verona gives you a delightful combination of caramelly, roasty sweetness—the after dinner crowning touch. House Blend is our most popular coffee; a light, lively Latin America blend you can drink all day.

Both are superb coffees. In fact, we're so sure you'll love our coffee that we'll gladly refund your money if you're not 100% satisfied.

So call today to get this free gift, and a chance to taste the world's finest coffee, all for just $8.95 (plus shipping and handling).

To order, call
1-800-STARBUCKS
(1-800-782-7282) Ext. 2E-06B

Offer available exclusively through Starbucks Mail Order, 2203 Airport Way S., P.O. Box 34510, Seattle, WA 98124-1510. Limit 1 per customer. Offer ends 12/31/93. ©1993 Starbucks Corporation. All rights reserved.

FANTASY NOW!
Oct. 22 - 31, 1993
Fantasy Fest In Key West
"Lost In The 60's"
Costume competitions, concerts, the unbelievable **Rolling Rock Twilight Fantasy Parade.**
Parties, Parties, Parties! Pack up your costumes.
Call your favorite Key West resort or your travel agent.
for more information, call or write:
Fantasy Fest, P.O. Box 230-B
Key West, FL 33041 • 1-800-LAST KEY
THE FLORIDA KEYS℠ & KEY WEST
Key Largo, Islamorada, Marathon, Lower Keys, Key West

place in the world where he would not have wanted to die. His wife did die, in fact, a year later, tormented by the last memory left to her: the recollection of her only child, who had taken part in the overthrow of his father and was later shot by his own accomplices.

The President sighed. "That's how we are, and nothing can save us," he said. "A continent conceived by the scum of the earth without a moment of love: the children of abductions, rapes, violations, infamous dealings, deceptions, the union of enemies with enemies." He faced Lázara's African eyes, which scrutinized him without pity, and he tried to win her over with the eloquence of an old master. "Mixing the races means mixing tears with spilled blood. What can one expect from such a potion?"

Lázara fixed him to his place with the silence of death. But she gained control of herself a little before midnight and said goodbye to him with a formal kiss. The President refused to allow Homero to accompany him to the hotel, but he could not stop him from helping him find a taxi. When Homero came back, his wife was raging. "That's one President in the world who really deserved to be overthrown," she said. "What a son of a bitch!"

Despite Homero's efforts to calm her, they spent a terrible, sleepless night. Lázara admitted that the President was one of the best-looking men she had ever seen, with a devastating seductive power and a stud's virility. "Just as he is now, old and fucked up, he must still be a tiger in bed," she said. But she thought he had squandered these gifts of God in the service of pretense. She could not bear his boasts that he had been his country's worst President. Or his ascetic airs, when she was convinced he owned half the sugar plantations in Martinique. Or the hypocrisy of his contempt for power, when it was obvious he would give anything to return to the Presidency long enough to make his enemies bite the dust.

"And all of that," she concluded, "just to have us worshipping at his feet."

"What good would that do him?" asked Homero.

"None at all," she said. "But the fact is that being seductive is an addiction that can never be satisfied."

Her rage was so great that Homero could not bear to be with her in bed, and he spent the rest of the night wrapped in a blanket on the divan in the living room. Lázara also got up in the middle of the night, naked from head to toe—her habitual state when she slept or was at home—and talking to herself in a monologue on only one theme. In a single stroke she erased from human memory all traces of the hateful supper. At daybreak she returned what she had borrowed, replaced the new curtains with the old, and put the furniture back in its place, until the house was as poor and decent as it had been until the night before. Then she tore down the press clippings, the portraits, the banners and flags from the abominable campaign, and threw them all in the trash with a final shout.

"You can go to hell!"

A WEEK after the dinner, Homero found the President waiting for him as he left the hospital, with the request that he accompany him to his hotel. They climbed three flights of steep stairs to a garret that had a single skylight looking out on an ashen sky, and a line stretched across it where clothes were drying. There was also a double bed, which took up half the space, a hard chair, a washstand and a portable bidet, and a poor man's armoire with a clouded mirror. The President noted Homero's reaction. "This is the burrow I lived in when I was a student," he said as if in apology. "I made the reservation from Fort-de-France."

From a velvet bag he removed the last remnants of his wealth, then displayed them on the bed: several gold bracelets adorned with a variety of precious stones; a three-strand pearl necklace and two others of gold and precious stones; three gold chains with saints' medals; a pair of gold-and-emerald earrings, another of gold and diamonds, a third of gold and rubies; two reliquaries and a locket; eleven rings with all kinds of precious settings; and a diamond tiara worthy of a queen. From another case he took three pairs of silver cufflinks and two of gold, all with matching tie clips, and a watch and chain plated in white gold. Then he took his six decorations out of a shoebox: two of gold, one of silver, and the rest worthless. "It's all I have left in life," he said.

He had no alternative but to sell it all to meet his medical expenses, and he asked Homero to please do that for him with the greatest discretion. But Homero did not feel he could oblige if he did not have the proper receipts.

The President explained that they were his wife's jewels, a legacy from a grandmother who had lived in colonial times and had inherited a packet of shares in Colombian gold mines. The watch, the cufflinks, and the tie clips were his. The decorations, of course, had not belonged to anyone before him. "I don't believe anybody has receipts for these kinds of things," he said.

Homero was inflexible.

"In that case," the President reflected, "there's nothing I can do but face it myself."

He began to gather up the jewelry with calculated calm. "I beg you to forgive me, my dear Homero, but there is no poverty worse than that of an impoverished President," he said. "Even surviving seems contemptible." At that moment Homero saw him with his heart and laid down his arms.

Lázara came home late that night. From the door she saw the jewels glittering on the table under the mercurial light, and it was as if she had seen a scorpion in her bed.

"Don't be an idiot, baby," she said, frightened. "Why are those things here?"

Homero's explanation disturbed her even more. She sat down to examine the pieces, one by one, with all the care of a goldsmith. At a certain point she said, sighing, "They must be worth a fortune." At last she sat looking at Homero and could find no way out of her dilemma.

"Damn it," she said. "How can we know if everything that man says is true?"

"Why shouldn't it be?" said Homero. "I've seen that he washes his own clothes and dries them on a line in his room, just like we do."

"Because he's cheap," said Lázara.

"Or poor," said Homero.

Lázara examined the jewels again, but now with less attention, because she, too, had been conquered. And so the next morning she put on her best clothes, adorned herself with the pieces that seemed most expensive, wore as many rings as she could on all her fingers, even her thumb, and all the bracelets that would fit on each arm, and went out to sell them. "Let's see if anyone asks Lázara Davis for receipts," she said as she left, strutting with laughter. She chose just the right jewelry store, one with more pretensions than prestige, where she knew they bought and sold and did not ask too many questions, and she walked in terrified, but with a firm step.

A thin, pale salesman in evening dress made a theatrical bow as he kissed her hand and asked how he could help her. Because of the mirrors and intense lights, the interior was brighter than the day, and the entire shop seemed to be made of diamonds. Lázara, almost without looking at the clerk for fear he would see through the farce, followed him to the rear of the store.

He invited her to sit at one of three Louis XV escritoires that served as individual counters, and over it he spread an immaculate cloth. Then he sat across from Lázara and waited.

"How may I help you?"

She removed the rings, the bracelets, the necklaces, the earrings, everything that she was wearing in plain view, and began to place them on the escritoire in a chessboard pattern. All she wanted, she said, was to know their true value.

The jeweller put a glass up to his left eye and began to examine the pieces in clinical silence. After a long while, without interrupting his examination, he asked: "Where are you from?"

Lázara had not anticipated that question. "Ay, Señor," she said, "very far away."

"I can imagine," he said.

He was silent again, while Lázara's terrible cold eyes scrutinized him without mercy. The jeweller devoted special attention to the diamond tiara, and set it apart from the other jewelry. Lázara sighed. "You are a perfect Virgo," she said.

The jeweller did not interrupt his examination. "How do you know?"

"From the way you behave," said Lázara.

He made no comment until he had finished, and he addressed her with the same circumspection he had used at the beginning. "Where does all this come from?"

"It's a legacy from my grandmother," said Lázara in a tense voice. "She died last year in Paramaribo, at the age of ninety-seven."

Then the jeweller looked into her eyes. "I'm very sorry," he said. "But their only value is the weight of the gold." He picked up the tiara with his fingertips and made it sparkle under the dazzling light.

"Except for this," he said. "It is very old, Egyptian perhaps, and would be priceless if it were not for the poor condition of the diamonds. But in any case it has a certain historical value."

On the other hand, the stones in the other treasures, the amethysts, emeralds, rubies, opals—all of them without exception were fake. "No doubt the originals were good," said the jeweller as he gathered up the pieces to return them to her. "But they have passed so often from one generation to another that the legitimate stones have been lost along the way and replaced by bottle glass." Lázara felt a green nausea, took a deep breath, and controlled her panic. The sales-

• DUKE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER • DUKE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER • DUKE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER •

WHEN YOU'RE THREATENED BY A KILLER, DON'T TURN TO A SPA.

Overcoming heart disease takes more than oat bran and whirlpools. To fight the nation's number one killer, come to the Duke Center for Living. This extraordinary new facility for heart disease prevention and rehabilitation is part of the renowned Duke University Medical Center. Here some of the nation's premier cardiologists work with nutritionists and psychologists to help you regain the freedom to lead an active life. But you won't see the doctors only in the examining room. Whether you're walking laps in our world-class fitness center or enjoying delicious meals in our heart-healthy restaurant, Duke physicians are right beside you. If you want serious help taking control of your heart and your life, call the experts at the Duke Center for Living at 800-CFL-DUKE. Or mail in the form below for a detailed brochure and pricing information.

DUKE
CENTER
FOR
LIVING

CALL ON THE EXPERTS. 800-CFL-DUKE OR 919-660-6600

NAME ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP TELEPHONE NUMBER

Please Mail to: Duke Center for Living, Box 3022, Duke University Medical Center, Durham, NC 27710.

CODE 101

man consoled her: "It often happens, Madame."

"I know," said Lázara, relieved. "That's why I want to get rid of them."

She felt then that she was beyond the farce and became herself again. With no further delay she took the cufflinks, the pocket watch, the tie clips, the decorations of gold and silver, and the rest of the President's personal trinkets out of her handbag and placed them all on the table.

"This too?" asked the jeweller.

"All of it," said Lázara.

She was paid in Swiss francs so new she was afraid her fingers would be stained with fresh ink. She accepted the bills without counting them, and the jeweller's leave-taking at the door was as ceremonious as his greeting. As he held the glass door open for her, he stopped her for a moment. "And one final thing, Madame," he said. "I'm an Aquarius."

Early that evening Homero and Lázara took the money to the hotel. After further calculations, they decided a little more money was still needed. And so the President began removing and placing on the bed his wedding ring, his watch and chain, and the cufflinks and tie clip he was wearing.

Lázara handed back the ring. "Not this," she said. "A keepsake like this can't be sold."

The President acknowledged what she said and put the ring back on his finger. Lázara also returned the pocket watch. "Not this, either," she said. The President did not agree, but she put him in his place. "Who'd even try to sell a watch in Switzerland?"

"We already did," said the President.

"Yes, but not the watch. We sold the gold."

"This is gold, too," said the President.

"Yes," said Lázara. "You may get by without surgery, but you have to know what time it is."

She would not take his gold-rimmed eyeglasses either, although he had another pair with tortoiseshell frames. She hefted the pieces in her hand and put an end to all his doubts. "Besides," she said, "this will be enough."

Before she left she took down his damp clothes, without consulting him, to dry and iron them at home. They rode on the motor scooter, Homero driving and Lázara sitting behind him, her arms around his waist. The street lights had just come on in the mauve twilight. The wind had blown away the last leaves, and the trees looked like plucked fossils. A tow truck drove down along the Rhône, its radio playing at full volume and leaving behind a stream of music in the streets. Georges Brassens was singing: "*Mon amour tiens bien la barre, le temps va passer par là, et le temps est un barbare dans le genre d'Attila, par là où son cheval passe l'amour ne repousse pas.*" Homero and Lázara rode in silence, intoxicated by the song and the remembered scent of hyacinth. After a while, she seemed to awaken from a long sleep. "Damn it," she said.

"What?"

"The poor old man," said Lázara. "What a shitty life!"

On the following Friday, the seventh of October, the President underwent five hours of surgery, which for the moment left matters as obscure as they had been before. In the strictest sense,

SOME OF THE BEST ARGUMENTS FOR WIPING OUT A SPECIES ARE ON A FIRST-GRADE READING LEVEL.

Copyright © 1983 by Trina Schart Hyman. Reprinted from LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD by permission of Holiday House, Inc.

For centuries, people in America have been brainwashed by a darling little girl wearing red.

Because if Little Red Riding Hood had ever come close to a real wolf, it would have run away from her.

The fact is, wolves are afraid of people.

But before you're old enough to read, you're told differently. By children's stories. TV shows. Werewolf movies. You're taught to fear the big, bad wolf.

Unfortunately, America's fear has almost exterminated the wolf. And today, it lives in significant numbers in the U.S. only in Minnesota and Alaska.

But the wolf can be restored. And back in the wild, it would help bring balance to the ecosystem.

Without hurting any little girls or grandmothers.

To find out how to help bring the wolf back, write: The Wolf Campaign, Defenders of Wildlife, 1244 19th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

HELP RESTORE THE WOLF.

DEFENDERS OF WILDLIFE

the only consolation was knowing he was alive. After ten days he was moved to a room with other patients, and they could visit him. He was another man, disoriented and emaciated, and his sparse hair fell out at a touch of the pillow. All that was left of his former presence was the fluid grace of his hands. His first attempt at walking, with two orthopedic canes, was heartbreaking. Lázara stayed and slept at his bedside to save him the expense of a nurse. One of the other patients in the room spent the first night screaming with his terror of dying. Those endless nights did away with Lázara's last reservations.

Four months after his arrival in Geneva, he was discharged from the hospital. Homero, a meticulous administrator of his scant funds, paid the hospital bill and took him home in his ambulance with other employees, who helped carry him to the eighth floor. They put him in the bedroom of the children he never really acknowledged, and little by little he returned to reality. He devoted himself to his rehabilitative exercises with military rigor, and walked again with just his cane. But even in his good clothes from the old days, he was far from being the same man, either in appearance or behavior. Fearing the winter, which promised to be very severe, and in fact turned out to be the harshest of the century, he decided, against the advice of his doctors, who wanted to keep him under observation a while longer, to go home on a ship leaving Marseilles on December 13th. At the last minute he did not have enough money for his passage, and, without telling her husband, Lázara tried to make up the difference with one more scraping from her children's savings, but there, too, she found less than she expected. Then Homero confessed that without telling her he had used the money to finish paying the hospital bill.

"Well," Lázara said in resignation. "Let's say he's our oldest son."

On December 11th they took him to the Marseilles train in a heavy snowstorm, and it was not until they came home that they found a farewell letter on the children's night table. That was where he left his wedding ring for Bárbara, along with his dead wife's wedding band, which he had never tried to sell, and the watch and chain for Lázaro. Since it was a Sunday, some Caribbean neighbors who had learned the secret came to the Cornavin station with a harp band from Veracruz. The President was gasping for breath in his raffish overcoat and a long multicolored scarf that had belonged to Lázara, but even so he stood on the open area of the last car and waved goodbye with his hat in the lashing wind. The train was beginning to accelerate when Homero realized he still had the President's cane. He ran to the end of the platform and threw it hard enough for him to catch, but it fell under the wheels and was destroyed. It was a moment of horror. The last thing Lázara saw was the President's trembling hand stretching to grasp the cane and never reaching it, and the conductor who managed to grab the scarf of the old man, covered with snow, and save him in midair. Lázara ran in utter terror to her husband, trying to laugh behind her tears. "My God," she shouted. "Nothing can kill that man."

He arrived safe and sound, according to his long telegram of thanks. Nothing more was heard from him for over a year. At last they received a six-page, handwritten letter in which it was impossible to recognize him. The pain had returned, as intense and punctual as before, but he had resolved to ignore it and live life as it came. The poet Aimé Césaire had given him another cane, with mother-of-pearl inlay, but he had decided not to use it. For six months he had been eating meat and all kinds of shellfish with regularity, and he could drink up to twenty cups a day of the bitterest coffee. But he had stopped reading the bottom of the cup, because the predictions never came true. On the day he turned seventy-five he drank a few glasses of exquisite Martinique rum, which agreed with him, and began to smoke again. He did not feel better, of course, but neither did he feel worse. Nevertheless, the real reason for the letter was to tell them that he felt tempted to return to his country as the leader of a reform movement—a just cause for the honor of the nation—even if he were only to gain the poor glory of not dying of old age in his bed. In that sense, the letter ended, the trip to Geneva had been providential. ♦

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Edith Grossman.*)

STURBRIDGE YANKEE WORKSHOP
REG. $399.95 NOW ONLY $299.99

STURBRIDGE LEATHER CHAIR
We're celebrating our 40th year with a special on our burgundy leather chair finished with brass nails. Sturdy hardwood frame. 35"h X 24"w X 22"d.
#11380 (Add $37.50 shipping/handling)
ME & MA residents add applicable sales tax
Refer to this code when ordering: CNYM2
• ORDER TOLL FREE •
1-800-343-1144
CALL FOR A FREE CATALOG!
Decorating Your Home Since 1953

If a nation expects
to be ignorant and free,
and in a state of civilization,
it expects what never was
and will never be.

Thomas Jefferson

WAGNER COLLEGE
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

"This is the hat your
child will WEAR!
Soft 100% cotton
"THE BOG HAT"
Red, Pink, Turquoise,
Purple, Black or Yellow
Call (206) 725-4529
JULEO, Inc.

NOISY NEIGHBORS?
At last! A remarkable breakthrough for noise relief:
THE QUIET MACHINE™
Free Brochure. First & Co., 718•544•7563
P.O. Box 916 Dept. N, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375

THE CRITICS

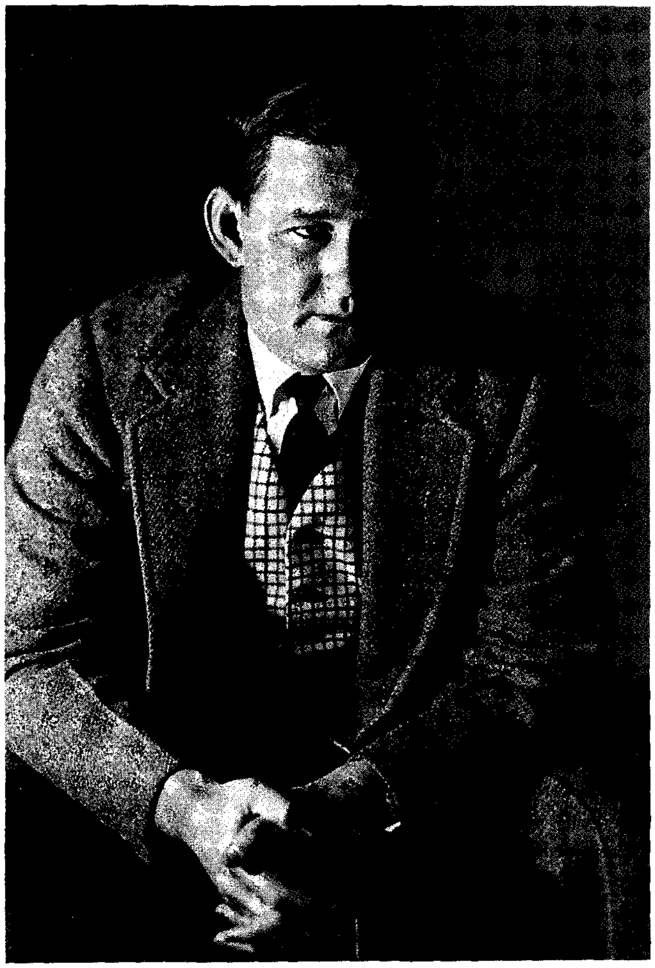
BOOKS

THE ROAR OF THE CANON

BY HAROLD BRODKEY

Considering the noise that writers make about it in this world, it would seem that, after movie stardom and the Presidency, immortality through writing a book is the most widely desired American destiny. But literary immortality is a curious notion. Some pieces of writing are good that are not lastingly good or enduringly wonderful, and it is not always clear that disposable work is not preferable to work that tiresomely and toweringly imposes itself on us. Some books of merit—"Ulysses," for one—are actively hated: "So great I want to throw up," I have heard a critic remark of that book.

Nor are the immortals endlessly praised. Dickens and Jane Austen are frequently condescended to, as is Whitman. Novels and short stories are, as established genres, not even three hundred years old—a long time, but a bit short of immortality. Then, you have cultural accident, wars, and famine. That Palestrina and the poet of the Lusiads are less popular with us than Mozart and Hemingway is not a matter of intrinsic or over-all merit, or even a matter of what we think we like. We are not given a wide range of choices, and cultural and social accident determines much of what we get to choose.



A collection of John O'Hara's stories occasions a reëxamination of his fiction and of the quest for literary immortality.

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

The best stuff, if it could be defined simply, would probably be said to be the writing that has the strongest force as good advice—on how to live, on what to do about your feelings, on what to value. In a sense, immortality is the odd if explicable reward for good advice and good information presented in some amusing form and combined with a whisper of beatitude. But the people who give this advice, these paramount instructors, are usually not especially homey or comfortable figures, or even decent exemplars of their own counsel. In some cases, they boast about their work and despise it while despising a good many other things and living miserably.

We have fewer "immortals" than Europe does. Such European writers as Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Goethe seem, at the end of their lives, not to have cared about their own assured possession of the interest of future readers, their imminent death and their own works having educated them, and their intelligence having allowed them to predict the inevitable thrust of the talented and the untalented young to overturn all literary reputations. Proust seems to have cared more about it; in his marvellous book he boasts of having given literary immortality to some of the people whom he modelled his characters on and who were, in the march of generations, already forgotten. So there is the pleasure of having the last word about the people one knows. It's possible that Proust warmed himself from time to time in the last two years of his life with the thought that the unhappy writers around him who had considered him a fool were now consigned to oblivion and despair, while he was not. He triumphed over unpleasant neighbors, disloyal servants, and unfaithful lovers as well. It's possible that the glory waiting for him after death appealed to him because he believed in the Catholic Heaven. But dying—to put it impolitely, he choked to death on asthma and literary strain—he seems to have been in a different mood.

The great literary voices of America, hoarse with the resonance of their likely literary immortality, upon getting a foretaste of what it actually means, were not, apparently, greatly thrilled or consoled. James and Hemingway and Eliot—expatriates all—seem at the end of their lives to have been unhappy with their fates and disgusted by the unteachable world and concerned mostly with death, with a sense of their own failure, with a sense of their own approaching release from indignity rather than with a sense of their own glory.

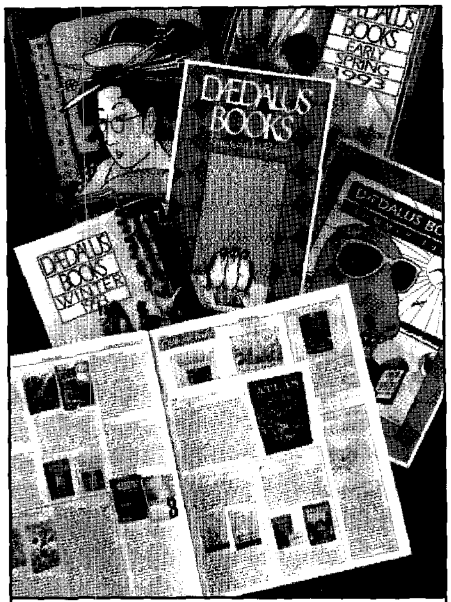
John O'Hara did not in his lifetime enjoy the accolade of high-level critical interest or of extensive classroom attention, but he seems to have felt literary immortality to be the only thing that mattered. He was known in his lifetime for his sensitivity to slights, his drinking, his intemperate rages, and his prolific output. He published four hundred and two stories and fourteen novels, produced dialogue for an unknown number of screenplays, wrote at least five plays, turned out a weekly column for *Newsweek* for a while, and supplied the book of a successful Broadway musical, "Pal Joey."

Now a slight but discernible movement to reëxamine John O'Hara's claims has emerged, in the form of "Gibbsville, PA" (Carroll & Graf; $27.95), a collection of fifty-three of O'Hara's stories, chosen by Matthew J. Bruccoli, of the University of South Carolina. Bruccoli has done a biography of O'Hara and a bibliography of his work, and wrote the entry for O'Hara in the Dictionary of American Biography. Bruccoli and George V. Higgins, of Boston University, have supplied (respectively) an introduction and a preface, both calling for immortality for the work and, of course, for the man.

The candidate was born in 1905, in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, a part of the world then given over to coal mines, small manufacturing of various kinds, and the harvesting of chestnuts used in turkey stuffing, candy, and horse mash. Irish Catholics had not yet been absorbed or assimilated into that culture; many people considered them less assimilable than African-Americans. The Irish had, in effect, their own religion—a form of Catholicism not widely admired, or even accepted, by sophisticated non-Irish Catholics—and their own criminal organizations, like the Molly Maguires, a secret society that killed and terrorized, and defended its own. Mine-owners and mine supervisors—Welsh Methodist, in O'Hara's stories—lived in fear. Shebeens, protection money, and the like were part of gossip and local folklore about the Irish as late as the nineteen-thirties, when I was growing up at the edge of the coal-mining country in Illinois. Stories were common about the supposedly unredeemable peasant nature of Irish Catholics, about their ineducability and inferiority. They had emigrated from an oppressed society, the oppressors being the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy in Ireland; and the Irish relation to America's populist capitalism and its Protestant Ascendancy was antagonistic.

O'Hara's father, an able doctor, reasonably prosperous, is pictured in bits and pieces, in stories like "The Doctor's Son," as a brainy John Wayne: two-fisted, smart, incorruptible, with worldly, cynical judgment and a mastery of unsentimental kindness. In short, ideal and dominant in the world, a man of local power and of sterling personal effect—an Irish ideal, a local great man who was never humiliated.

In stories and interviews O'Hara has led us to believe that his father was well able to handle the loose tongues and slurs of the small-town Protestant gentry around him. O'Hara himself, a strong, handsome kid in his stories, was, in life, difficult (half a throwback to tougher, earthier ancestors) and oversensitive and talented (half a throw-forward into another generation and another predicament). He seems to have been vulnerable to and seduced and goaded by upper-class Wasp pretensions. He began to drink too much early in adolescence. Drinking to a savage extent was something the Irish were widely accused of—although how they could have drunk more than the local Wasps is unclear. Their *style* of drinking was different,



THE BOOK LOVERS' CATALOG. WRITTEN BY BOOK LOVERS.

For people who love books, Daedalus Books is more than a catalog. It's an irresistible collection of the finest literary remainders. Seven issues a year featuring hundreds of books on everything from art to politics, children's literature to new fiction. Each described with uncommon insight and clever commentary and ***all at savings of up to 90%.*** Call for your free catalog today.

DÆDALUS BOOKS
PRICELESS CULTURE. PRICED LESS.

Call 9:00 am - 6:00 pm EST
1-800-395-2665

though. O'Hara was quarrelsome and undisciplinable, and he was expelled from three prep schools.

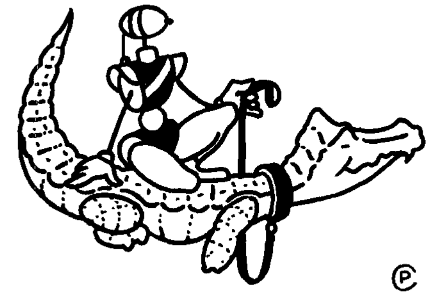
While he was trying to rescue his chances to go to college—to Yale (his desire)—his father died. The doctor did not leave much in the way of an estate. O'Hara had been working as a journeyman reporter, and he soon moved to New York, where he worked for the *Herald Tribune*. He was fired for his drinking, as he was fired from most of the jobs he held; he was a falling-down, no-holds-barred, contentious drunk. He wrote stories on the side, and he was first published in this magazine in 1928, when he was twenty-three years old. (John Cheever, who also had problems with alcohol, who did not go to college, and whose family also had come down in the world, was first published in this magazine when he was twenty-two. John Updike, who, like O'Hara, comes from a small town in Pennsylvania, and whose father was a schoolteacher, did go to college—to Harvard—and was first published here when he was twenty-two. Success as a writer often seems to rectify an anomaly in social class. Or the reverse: an anomaly in social class often leads to the concentrated effort that brings early success as a writer.)

In 1934, O'Hara gained literary celebrity with his first novel, "Appointment in Samarra," and quit being a reporter, and to the end of his life, through three marriages and no famous love affairs, he seems chiefly to have written. In 1953, after a hemorrhage, according to Bruccoli, he stopped drinking. (Bruccoli uses the word "permanently.") In the seventeen years from then to his death, he made a direct, self-conscious, and focussed attempt to be an important literary presence. He did this largely by writing stories of almost Chekhovian emotional pretension, and by issuing collections of such stories, and by angrily claiming his due in letters and interviews. And by writing two very long novels—"From the Terrace" and "Ten North Frederick."

His novels tended to be commercially successful. He worked within contemporary notions of the well-crafted novel, in the prize-winning mode of the generation of English novelists before him: Huxley, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett. He did not work in the form in the ways that Fitzgerald and Hemingway did. He did not pursue any would-be essential social truth or analysis of community in his novels, as Dreiser and Faulkner did in theirs. Perhaps O'Hara knew his own fragility: Hemingway ended a suicide, after all. Perhaps O'Hara gambled ineptly but not suicidally: he stayed in the popular-serious mainstream.

"Appointment in Samarra" is an exception among his novels. It is written in the Ivy League literary manner of the time—the manner of, say, Thornton Wilder. It is akin to "The Sun Also Rises," too, but not in technique, merely in feeling: the doomed or ruined man, the hero no longer heroic, a figure of the Lost Generation. O'Hara hadn't served in the First World War, and his lost hero is an alcoholic Wasp Cadillac dealer in Pennsylvania, a man named Julian English, whose bitter fate is to be crushed not by the evils and horrors of battle but by the terrestrial crap of Pennsylvania. He commits suicide. The book is short, strong-fibred, with short chapters. It is a bit sentimental about doom, and very knowing. It is more male than Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and rougher in asserting itself; and it is less shapely and much sourer than "The Great Gatsby." But it has a restraint, a nervous elegance that O'Hara never attempted again, perhaps because literary taste changed so greatly in the nineteen-thirties, becoming steadily more centered on social questions, and discarding most of the terms and forms of artistry developed in the nineteen-twenties.

In "Butterfield 8," O'Hara's second novel, he attempts the new tone of social realism in relation to a stylish woman: life is hell, everything is going down the tubes. He is dealing with high life in New York, sort of, and the woman, later portrayed by Elizabeth Taylor, is sensitive and feisty. "Butterfield 8" is pre-"Bonfire of the Vanities," an odd mixture of a socially upgraded proletarian novel (almost but not quite a cautionary tale) and a society novel, a novel of local manner. Not, though, a novel of manners—rather, one of attitudes, of carrying things off, of getting away with things or not. The book's ambition as Balzacian social portraiture of rough, corrupt life in a big city didn't arouse highbrow enthusiasm. The book is more dilute and less impressive than "Appointment in Samarra," more in the grip of what used to be called "magazine fiction." After "Butterfield 8," O'Hara was increasingly and with more and more finality relegated to the second rank.



O'Hara wrote steadily, nearly always with some commercial and middle-level critical success. Of the two long novels he turned out in his sober period, "From the Terrace" aroused more interest in its own time. It appeared in 1958 and had two printings in hardcover and thirteen printings in paperback. The cover of the paperback says, "John O'Hara's MASTERPIECE!" (Chicago *Sun-Times.*) Inside, in the opening pages, are these quotes: "More than any other American novelist O'Hara has both reflected his times and captured the unique individual for generations to come . . . Magnificent . . . Deserves the Nobel Prize!" (Los Angeles *Times.*) "John O'Hara's greatest novel . . ." (Berkeley *Gazette.*) The last pages list other writers the paperback house prints whose work readers might enjoy: Leon Uris, Taylor Caldwell, Roger Vailland, Dale Van Every, Graham Greene, Harold Livingston, Hollis Alpert, Amanda Vail. The list is, for us, a comment on newspaper fame and middle-level status: these writers are no longer famous, except for Greene and Uris, and in England Greene is considered a not too serious popular entertainer. "From the Terrace" was made into a movie, with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. Fame has a number of aspects, and it doesn't do to complain if one kind doesn't translate into every kind. Literary status is a relative matter. Fame of a more direct journalistic sort is often a substitute for it, but such fame does seem irritating at times to those who are accorded it.

Cold sober, O'Hara was too cold to be stirred by any actuality. He daydreamed of epics, but the last novels have an extremely limited emotional range. His dialogue habitually ends with a dying fall, partly as a matter of taste—to avoid the baroque—and partly so that he can write flatly and refuse the discipline of treating the events he is narrating as genuinely influencing the characters and the story. The flat style is reasonably skilled, but it is loose and wandering and is not closely tied to narrative purpose. It is profoundly expository. The toughness and naïve narrative egoism of his storytelling in his more trenchant work are gone, and they have not been succeeded by anything large or "deep"—or despairing. The books are very long tics of professionalism. (They do arouse a reader's interest in O'Hara's sexual knowledgeability, and [illegible]s knowledgeability about social details, and his scabrously scandalous anecdotes—about a sophisticated woman's reaction to a particular man's genital, for instance. This was in "A Rage to Live.") The last novels did not help his literary reputation in his lifetime and have aroused no enthusiasm since. He died in 1970, a famous writer but not a seriously admired one.

BRUCCOLI writes, "John O'Hara is a leading contender for the title as Best American Short Story Writer. This truth has few adherents." There are reasons for that. First, American short-story writers are almost never seen as being in contention. The title of Best American Short Story Writer doesn't exist among critics or in legend. The American short story is not a boastful form. Who cares whether Thurber or O. Henry is better? And, second, in any case the proposed rank is obviously not possible for O'Hara. O'Hara has never been and cannot be in contention with Hemingway, James, Sherwood Anderson, Poe, O. Henry, Twain, Salinger, or Nabokov in the story form.

O'Hara still holds the record for the most short stories published in this magazine, his nearest competitor being John Updike. He was its most famous social commentator until Cheever, in his married, more prosperous incarnation, became the laureate of the suburbs, of his own corner of Waspdom. Nabokov and Updike and William Maxwell, differently from one another and differently from O'Hara, covered some of the lower, more melodramatic terrain that O'Hara dealt with in some of his stories: small American towns and interlopers and soulful or future exiles, below the country-club level.

At the stage in O'Hara's life when another generation of writers was taking over his territory, he wrote "Mrs. Allanson." The story is from 1964. More direct than his earlier stories, it hints at wisdom, and is in many ways admirable. It did not appear in *The New Yorker*, and seems largely unedited. O'Hara's faults of diction and the flatness of his style—his technical inadequacies—are raw:

> The simple facts of the problem were that Marjorie had practically overnight developed a figure that was voluptuous enough to compensate for the beauty that Nature had withheld from her face, and that boys were hanging around the Allanson house.

The stylistic fault has to do with time: the three elements—the new figure, the plain face, the boys—are not set clearly in sequence. O'Hara works with what in manufacturing would be called loose tolerances: the parts don't fit closely or relate carefully. So he doesn't define Marjorie with any clarity. For what he is going to tell, he needs Marjorie to be two girls: one is a mess, and one is charming, a *jolie laide* unappreciated in the town or by her mother, which is to say a girl and woman worth knowing. But he doesn't have the technical resources to make the changes in her occur because of the events of the story, and he leaves the circumstances of her promiscuity vague. This means that the promiscuous and victimized Marjorie and the triumphant-in-her-humiliation Marjorie are not the center of this elaborate story so much as the scandalous reason for reading it.

Marjorie's snobbish, small-town-socialite mother, a large-waisted woman of great pride and complete asexuality, is talking to herself when her troubling, promiscuous daughter has disappeared for the night after a quarrel. O'Hara says the woman "listened to this report from herself to herself":

> The ecstatic shudders of a kindly man, the water break, the cries in the night and the soiled diapers and the second teeth and the simulated pride and the secret appraisals were all lies, all equally spurious and unexperienced.

This cannot be the woman reporting to herself. It is O'Hara in an editorializing vein, trying for emotion, for passion. Neither the "ecstatic" nor the "kindly" in

A SPECIAL GIFT
YOUR THOUGHTS IN VERSE

Limerick Lane
POETRYWORKS®
Poems to honor and entertain

There comes a time when only rhyme
Best conveys what's in your heart,
Original verse, lengthy or terse,
To be treasured from the start.

To provide a lift, enhance a gift,
Or honor a special occasion,
To entertain, or, without strain,
Gain memorable persuasion.

Now, you can find, if that's your mind,
Shops for most needs, and you know it,
But where, oh where, when the need is there,
Can you find the shop of a poet?

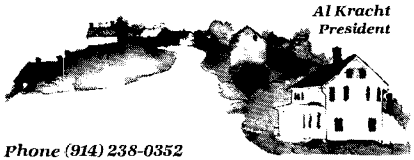
You have a godsend, if a writer friend
Has the penchant and talent to rhyme,
But even that friend may prove hard to bend
When you want verse in so little time.

To answer your need, provide word and deed,
There's our workshop on Limerick Lane,
Selling verse rated best, tailored to your request,
FAXed to you when time is a strain.

The work that we do, all original, too,
Is not weighty or likely to pall,
We keep our verse light, and feel that is right
For the greatest enjoyment of all.

So, call us next time there's occasion for rhyme,
We'll work out an arrangement and heed it,
Give us thoughts and facts, sit back and relax,
You'll have quality verse when you need it.

Al Kracht
President



Phone (914) 238-0352
5 Birch Lane, Chappaqua, NY 10514

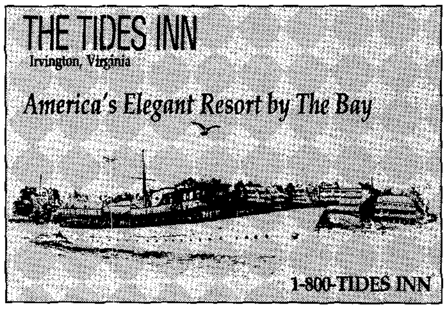
WIDE WIDTH ATHLETIC SHOES FOR WOMEN

newbalance

Wide & Extra-Wide Athletic Shoes.
Sizes 5-13.
Styles for Walking, Running, Hiking, Court, Aerobic and Cross Training.
Money Back Guarantee

Name:
Address:
City: St: Zip:
Telephone:

Active Soles, Dept 112
20 Wapping Road, Kingston, MA 02364
or **CALL: 1-800-881-4322** for **FREE** Brochure



THE TIDES INN
Irvington, Virginia
America's Elegant Resort by The Bay
1-800-TIDES INN

GREEN MOUNTAIN SUGAR HOUSE LUDLOW VT.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP
Pure maple syrup—a gourmet delight
and an excellent gift that's unique.
Four different grades and many sizes.
Write for free catalog.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SUGAR HOUSE
Box 341, Department N.Y., Ludlow, VT 05149 (800)643-9338

the description of her dead husband's sexual style and manner is supported: the dead husband never appears, and the words are kitsch, cheap terms in this frame of reference. This is (O'Hara has told us) a rich woman who has servants and is concerned with her one child as a reflection of her position—as a possession. If, for once, she were to consider physical reality, she wouldn't do it in this fashion; she'd use different terms, and she would move in and out of what she might call "coarseness"—cold, harsh realism—and temper, grief, and pain. And she might go further into feminine and maternal realism than this.

The strength of "Mrs. Allanson" is O'Hara's truly extraordinary sense of private story, private event: a quite rich, small-minded widow, very small-town la-di-da asexual, and her town-scandal daughter. (Raymond Chandler and others used a similar idea melodramatically, usually in relation to a father.) In various small, peripheral scenes O'Hara presents the actuality of such a situation as a human destiny. His particular kind of realism—the sniggering and hotly interested boys—gives a *frisson*. If the story were as good as some of its bits, it would be a great story. O'Hara's gift of observation, combined with his sense of how Americans talk (and attempt to talk), hints at the tragedy of humiliation, his special province. But he hints at it without portraying it.

O'Hara has the girl appear at the end of her mother's report to herself:

> "Mother?"
>
> Sara Allanson did not turn. "Yes?"
>
> "I'm sorry I was rude."
>
> "Well, I should think you would be. Where did you sleep?"
>
> "In the attic."
>
> "In the *attic*?"
>
> "In the old playroom."
>
> "Why? What did you sleep *on*? There's no bed made up."
>
> "I know. I'm stiff. I slept on the floor."
>
> "Why? What made you do that?"
>
> "I don't know. I just did."
>
> "Well, you'd better get yourself a hot bath or you'll be stiff the rest of the day. I see you haven't changed your dress."
>
> "I know."
>
> "I was just going down to breakfast. What do you want? And rumple your bed. I don't want Agnes to think you stayed out all night."
>
> "Mother, I don't *care* what Agnes thinks."
>
> "I'm sure you don't, but I do."
>
> "But I wish you didn't."
>
> "You have to care what people think in this world."
>
> "I don't."
>
> "Well, you'd better start."
>
> "It's too late for me to start."
>
> "Oh, ridiculous. What shall I tell Bertha you want for breakfast?"
>
> "Two soft-boiled eggs."

The scene goes on to be concerned with social strategies, with the mother's wish that the daughter avoid being seen alone with a certain boy. A lot is said. O'Hara, however, sums up the scene with "The things that were to be said were not said." That is, he is telling us that the scene hasn't happened; it is a throwaway. It is good dialogue, a Great Idea, and an Untold Story.

I think the scene and the dialogue are best understood as an attempt on O'Hara's part to rise above magazine fiction to greatness and immortality. The scene as idea is outrageous and archetypal, and embarrassing: proper mother, sexually scandalous child. But O'Hara does some odd things: he excuses the daughter from mannerism in speech—something he does frequently with favored characters. The daughter sleeps on the floor, she sleeps around, but in the scene, as in all the scenes in the tale, she is excused from any imputation of misjudgment or nuttiness. She is not slavish and guilty, or troll-like and dirtied, or defiant. She is lonely but considerate; she has no moods or tics. She is in command of herself. It is a signal of animal-like sluttishness—or, at least, of guilt and penance—that she slept on the floor in the attic, but she says it calmly enough. She has no original attitude toward her mother, no animus or demands or near-madness. And the mother's responses don't affect the child's mood. They merely fail her, the child; they fail both of them, child and mother.

O'Hara means to attack puritanism and cold hearts and the Protestant Ascendancy; he means to charge it with soul-death. But he fails to understand the Protestant utopianism of the mother—how the Protestant ethic leads to the claim of Eden, of temporal grace, and how that blackmails its devotees. The Protestant sense of grace in terms of possessions and of behavior, in terms of country clubs and country-club matters, has a realism about it which is hard for some Catholics—with their sense of the dismissibility of this world in favor of the next one, with their sense of how awful this world is—to understand.

O'Hara's difficulty in portraying Wasps recurs in story after story—"Zero," "The Locomobile," "The Hardware Man." Wasps are hard. Mostly, the vivid characters in English prose are working class. Or stylized fools. Or pagans. (The great exceptions are in Henry James.) In "The Locomobile" O'Hara makes his Protestants stylish, and he gives them good manners and a high degree of nervous, social honor, but he laughs at them, and they do not come alive; he makes them fearful and petty and dull, inane.

O'Hara can't do the childishness or the effectuality or the cleverness of Wasps. In the end, the scene in "Mrs. Allanson" that is pretty good as dialogue, whether or not it suits the story, is almost purely about the mother's embarrassment and the daughter's living with humiliation; that is to say, the psychology is Catholic. The mother would be more comprehensible as an Irishwoman of the Rose Kennedy sort but less rich, less overshadowed. And the daughter would be a much clearer figure if she were an Irish *he*, an Irish alcoholic son, hung over and showing off his power of digestion to his pious, emotionally deaf mother—a son obstinate about his own guilt, and obstinate in his refusal to obey his mother's wishes for him. The chief action in this, as in almost all O'Hara's dialogues, is confession: indirect confession, half-confession, confession balked—not priestly confession but human and sociable.

The chronicle form, a compressed soap opera, covering twenty-five or thirty years, is what O'Hara uses in "Imagine Kissing Pete" (1960), perhaps his most widely praised story. It is technically a lot smoother than "Mrs. Allanson":

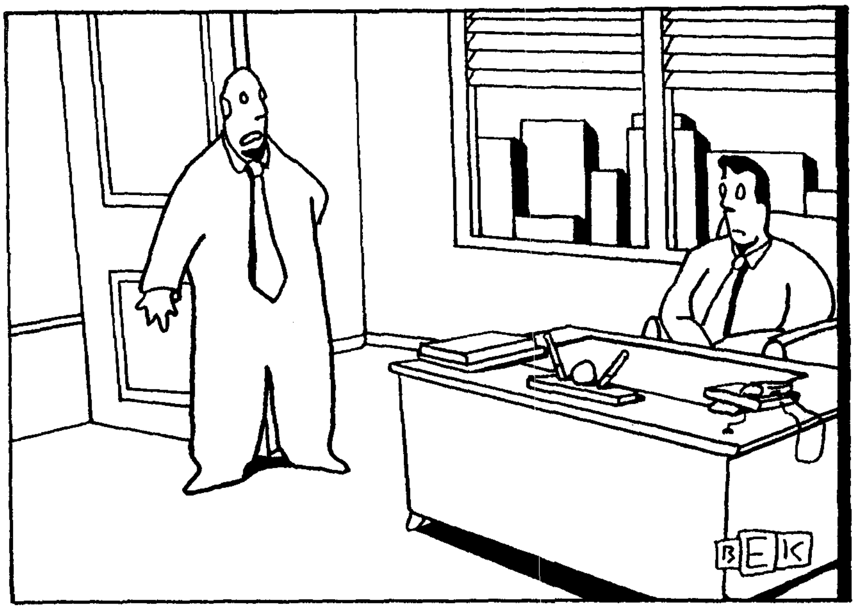
> To those who knew the bride and groom, the marriage of Bobbie Hammersmith and Pete McCrea was the surprise of the year. . . . I was working in New York and Pete wrote to ask me to be an usher.

The narrative voice is civilized, and if it seems minor, it yet offers pleasure in the company of the sort of sophistication that one ascribes to the influence of such *New Yorker* editors as Katharine White and Gus Lobrano and William Maxwell. Pete McCrea is a fool—Ichabod McCrea—who marries the town's prettiest girl, prettiest *rich* girl; she wanted another man (one from Greenwich) and couldn't get him. So a failure as a temptress, a humiliated girl. The boastful smallness of the story attempt, part of the old *New Yorker* style, is made clear in the phrase "the surprise of the year": the size of the theme is set by the measure of a year's talk in a small town. This smallness of scale conflicts electrically and rather ironically with one's sizable sense of embarrassment and one's gauzy sense of black comedy at the thought of the prettiest girl grabbing the set's fool out of humiliation and marrying him in front of everybody.

It's one of those psychological story conceits that don't actually make psychological sense. The girl would most likely have married a fool from out of town if she was going to marry a fool. She isn't pregnant. Perhaps in the untold story she was. Social contempt moves on to sexual contempt for the characters, for their not marrying sensibly, for Ichabod's being a sexual nothing. The wedding appears—and disappears—in one sentence only, before we divagate into a long, long passage on Bobbie's looks and her rank as a beauty and her erotic history: she is "hectic," and too much for most men to handle.

We see Bobbie and Pete together in a scene with the narrator several months after the wedding, and it's clear that Pete is jealous of the narrator: "He kept a silly grin on his face while saying the ugly things, but the grin was not genuine and the ugly things were." One of the ugly things Pete says is "No funny business while I'm gone. I remember you two." That might be ugly, depending on how he said it, but it seems to me to have more pathos than ugliness.

O'Hara is operating here on a middlebrow, voyeuristic level; the truth he wants us to chase is a gossip version of the truth. The relationships—the real story—are hidden from us. The elements of truth come from gossip and from confession. When O'Hara does a scene head-on, it's poor—an obligation met. His indirectness, his slyness are better: he is writing about things out of his range but tricks them into being in range by these means. If I imagine him at his desk, amid his treasure trove of inner refusals—a refusal to be oversensitive or drunk (from 1953 on), a refusal to be anonymous, a refusal to tell a story in a direct or simple way—I imagine the ambition in his head like a slalom skier among those refusals.



"I'm having a bad forehead day."

Pete undergoes a farcical metamorphosis after marriage, rather like the male figure in the Updike stories of marriage, "Too Far to Go: The Maples Stories," or like the liberated Piet Hanema in Updike's "Couples," but more comically and violently. After Pete tries to "rape" Phyllis (he "tore her bathing suit and slapped her and did other things") and behaves similarly with other women, the local people stop finding him silly, and while they think he's unpleasant, they "forget" to call him Ichabod. Bobbie is not aroused; she is disgusted. She can't stand him, but she doesn't divorce him. And O'Hara doesn't say why. To me, there is something eerie in the paganism—almost an absence of conscience—in Cheever's characters and in William Maxwell's. In O'Hara, by contrast, it is not paganism but, rather, a conviction that conscience doesn't exist; pride does, and social class. This is how he understood the decadent modern age.

Bobbie's story is that she has a hell of a life, and longs for the O'Hara alter ego: someone who would know everything and be strong, someone who would be beyond psychology and would know how to drink and how to let her live or to help her live. This story is more contemptible than the rougher "Mrs. Allanson." And, in the end, it isn't a story; it is an allegory of redemption through Bobbie's having, finally, a successful son, who graduates well from Princeton.

O'Hara is resoundingly secular, entirely untranscendent. His manner is one of intelligent burlesque. One reads, thrilled, uneasy, aware—as one is not in the troubled Fitzgerald's better stories—that what is at issue is whether the story is working or not, whether O'Hara is really a good writer or not. Some of the time, it seems clear that he is. But there is a steady series of misjudgments on O'Hara's part which undermine his authority:

> Mary Morgan Lander was the third generation of a family that had always been in the grocery business, the only store in the county that sold caviar and English biscuits and Sportsmen's Bracer chocolate, as well as the most expensive domestic items of fruit, vegetables, and tinned goods.

You can't really romanticize money and groceries in that way and not look like a fool, ironically or not. To some extent, if you list John Updike's virtues—the long descriptions of places, things, and people; the American literacy; the vague but present humor; the absence of rawness—you list some of what is missing in O'Hara. (It would not be surprising to discover that at some point Updike corrected O'Hara consciously in the course of finding his own voice.)

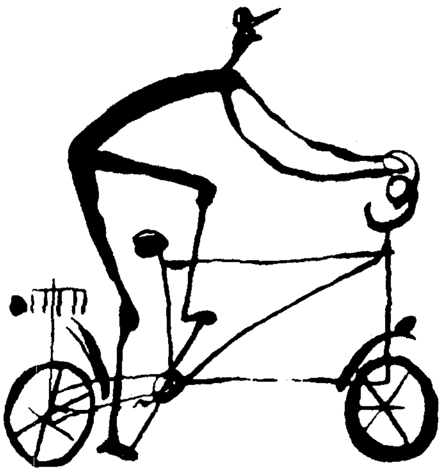
"The Doctor's Son," which O'Hara published in 1935, is, like "Imagine Kissing Pete" and "Mrs. Allanson," a long piece in which the story is not well told and finally doesn't matter. It is a horizontal chronicle, a survey of the whole county during the flu epidemic of 1918. O'Hara was a good reporter, though not as good as Hemingway, and the story he hints at and half tells, with its central idea of humiliation—cuckoldry here—and its sense of social existence and sexuality, suffers by comparison with the weight of the reporting on the social milieu and all the deaths in the influenza plague. Here, when he is just thirty, all his later traits are present: dialogue as confession, the dying fall of the scenes, indirection, getting the people and emotions wrong. And there is a lot to praise: the sense of embarrassment at being young, especially around the ill; the concern for one's father's reputation; the honest reporting on the callousness with which lives and honor are treated by the world. One can say, having moved backward in time, that O'Hara did not learn much technically or change much in the course of a long career; he learned almost nothing. But what a talent he began with.

I HAVE heard it argued that the conspiracy notions of American Catholic writers were formed in their childhoods by the very real rivalries between parochial and public schools, when certain assertions and claims of theirs, of their group, of their families, were blocked—plotted against, if you like—and that that set of obstructions was struggled against, often with rage. This has led in many such writers to a mechanistic (not a human) sense of conspiracy—as in Don DeLillo and Robert Stone. In O'Hara, it leads to a mechanistic sense of retribution and rivalry, and that is given expression in a superior tone, rather like that of a former Communist Party member writing about political events; that is, the tone of someone who has spent time in possession of absolute truth, time he assumes the reader hasn't spent.

When the voice in which a writer's narratives and letters and nonfiction are couched has become a voice drenched somehow with language and with concern for capturing the not yet captured in literature, we might speak of a man or a woman aestheticized. O'Hara refused that transformation. His persona, his voice, and even the public forum in which the voice of the stories speaks, are to be understood as real. He addressed his stories to readers as a fellow-citizen, a regular guy, not as an artist or a sufferer or a singer of some sort or a priest of literature or a sacrificial lamb. There is no gulf of magic between him and us. His first sentences announce not a theme or a mood or an idea but the fact that they are professionally interesting opening sentences. He is going to relate a story in a magazine—or in a story collection. The connection to the actual, secular world is very strong.

In his guise as a man-who-writes, he was like another writer, a woman, Mary McCarthy—prolific, Catholic in background, and a person of notable temper, of green grudges expressed with brio. No matter how famous she became, she remained a woman-who-writes; she kept the persona of someone undamaged, which is to say, untransformed, except in her degree of fame, into a *writer*. She was not like Willa Cather or Virginia Woolf. This role, this persona—is it just to call it a safe, upper-level mediocrity?

We are all, in part, mediocre. Extreme ability, like extreme work, tends to be singular—and isolating. Humiliation and a subsequent sense of self-protection, a well-guarded quality of alertness, might make such isolation not only unappealing, even to an ambitious writer, but psychologically repellent. O'Hara and McCarthy substitute their sense of rightness—and of social and public success—for any genuine sense of the aesthetic. Their version of being aestheticized merely by being right and having good public judgment in their day and age, and their sense of being people-who-wrote and triumphant, and their sense of material opened a door that a number of writers have walked through. One thinks of Updike, Joyce Carol Oates, Philip Roth, Alice Munro, and Robert Stone, not as disciples of O'Hara—they have tried to avoid his limitations—but as writers who seem to have been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by his notion of a more strenuously real representation of life in America at the citizen's level and by his sense of a conscienceless era.



Isn't O'Hara's work valid enough on its level, and in relation to the achievements of these other writers, for continuing interest? Doesn't O'Hara finish high enough in the scramble to get *some* immortality?

O'Hara reduced everything to what he could do—to what he was able to do throughout his career. He was too busy, too successful, and perhaps too nerveless to polish his work. He kept pushing toward narrative greatness without making a leap, just by being shrewdly flat-footed. And this is interesting and touching. But I think that an unhappy aspect of O'Hara's refusal to be other than a man-who-writes is that we become aware, on the wrong level, of the drama in his *trying* to write. And his trying to write is not, as a drama, as absorbing as the stories he claims he will tell us and then does not tell us.

Is he, then, an interesting figure historically? O'Hara was the last of the journalistic short-story writers to become famous. The short story originated as a feature in newspapers, as a more orderly and more detailed—and more haunted and folkish—news story. Poe perhaps invented it, and the form's relation to news stories was clear as late as Chekhov. In England and France, and here in the nineteen-twenties, the short story was a variant of a feuilleton, lyrical and full of nature, or lyrical and dramatic and stark, as in Hemingway. O'Hara worked with small-town news and gossip. Doesn't that make him a social historian?

Well, the other realists are more convincing. And O'Hara was succeeded by short-story writers of considerably more complication of surface: Cheever, Nabokov, Salinger, and Barthelme, whose portraits of reality seem more valid if only because they claim to be true as impressions or mistakes, because the issue of factual truth is not the paramount issue for those who admire their stories. These writers did become aestheticized. O'Hara is more rawly the journalist telling you what he thinks is the real story. But no writer has yet found a *journalistic* way to know the real story of anything. The real *story,* when it is told, rests on art and an artist's perception. O'Hara's use of clichés and other not very clever claptrap to extend the revelations he offers in dialogue, in overheard talk, in the frame of a gloomy sense of life—to extend those moments of powerful writing to a length and to dimensions where his claims would make sense—does him in. Over time, the realer thing wins out; it emerges as being more worth one's time. That the two realities, of reading and of knowing about reputations, don't match is sad but inevitable. Because of the needs of classes that teach writing, O'Hara might emerge as "a master" of the self-consciously masculine story on a much simpler and more straightforward level. He might be useful in writing classes for a while.

MORE than a dozen years ago, at a restaurant on the Upper West Side, before Raymond Carver had appeared in *The New Yorker,* he told me he owed everything to John Gardner, who wrote "Grendel" and "The Sunlight Dialogues" and "Nickel Mountain." Carver said that Gardner, then the most highly regarded teacher of writing in the United States, had taught him to write, had led him over the line from aspirant to public practice, and to his voice, to the techniques later enshrined in the doctrine of literary minimalism.

Carver said he wanted to thank Gardner, but felt that Gardner was avoiding him. Ellen Schwamm, my wife, had studied with Gardner, and they were friends. Gardner was teaching at Binghamton and Carver at Syracuse, and I was at Cornell. Ellen said she would arrange something. Gardner and Carver came to our house in Ithaca. Whenever Carver tried to talk to Gardner, Gardner changed the subject or moved across the room or addressed me or went into another room even when Carver was in mid-speech to him about what it meant to have studied with him. Have I said that Carver was beginning to be famous?

Not long afterward, Gardner, drunk, telephoned me late one night in New York and said he had to come by. In the living room of our apartment, he sat on the floor, unable to manage sitting in a chair, and, red-faced and stricken, said he had made a list of our contemporaries he thought had a shot at literary immortality. Gardner said that Ray was on his list although he hated Ray's stories, but that he, who'd taught Ray, was not—that he couldn't put himself on his own list. Gardner's suffering was so great and seemed so unnecessary: look, he had quite a life, and he'd survived and made a living—why couldn't he just let time and luck decide?

Gardner was a generous man, but he wasn't generous to himself that night. He had other things bothering him besides literary immortality, but his misery on this particular subject was too apparent for me ever to deny to myself that it very likely played a part in the subsequent, anomalous motorcycle accident that killed him.

Does fame really matter enough culturally and morally that anyone ought to suffer over it? Or cause suffering because of it? Gardner said it was time for America—and for him—to grow up. He said it did no good to pretend the game was not a killer's baseball. John Cheever, when he was close to dying, told me he had been reared to face the ruthlessness of nature and that he put the matter of final reputation in the same category as the cruelty of age and death. He said we have to face those cruelties unless we can skip one of them by dying young. Why add to the burden? John Gardner said that aspiring to immortality was like motorcycle racing: you did it for the thrill; if you did it wrong, you were killed. Eugenio Montale said once that the practice of literature was like carving a secret amulet to placate the world and the dark gods. Cheever explained himself in this way: "We short men have to make ourselves noticed." He said, "I want my work to live . . . . I think some of it will live." He talked to me about what would become of his journals, about the merits of his stories compared with his novels. He spoke of his contemporaries, older men now dead, and the living. He gave his judgment. And when he came to John O'Hara he said, "I'm not as badly off as that son of a bitch. At least, I have a chance."

I think anyone who spends his life working to become eligible for literary immortality is a fool. ♦

Lay Down Your Arms

Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in natural cherry, dark cherry, teak, oak or black ash.

$199 + **$11.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141
LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT43, Delray, FL 33445

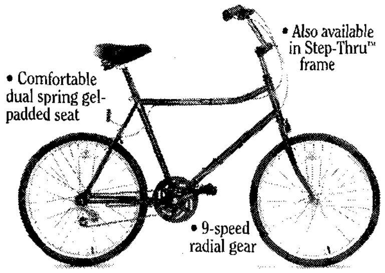
Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skill. We also offer introductory courses and courses for children, mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. 238 courses in 86 languages. Our 22nd year. For FREE catalog call 1-800-662-5180 or write: **AUDIO-FORUM®**
Room K976, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

Elegant Resorts of Jamaica
HALF MOON • TRIDENT
TRYALL • ROUND HILL
See your travel agent or call
1-800-237-3237

BELIZE
COSTA RICA • HONDURAS
GUATEMALA
Travel with a respect for native environments and cultures
BEST of BELIZE and BEYOND...
800- 735-9520 415-479-2378

NORDICTRACK'S FITNESS BIKE:
THE FIRST BIKE GEARED FOR SAFETY.


• Also available in Step-Thru™ frame
• Comfortable dual spring gel-padded seat
• 9-speed radial gear

- **Discover the safest, easiest way to shift,** with our Reflex-Action Radial Gear,™ eliminating the complexity of ordinary gear systems.
- **Get three times the braking power** of ordinary brakes with the patented Power Response Rim Band Brake.™
- **Heads-up riding position reduces pressure and strain** on your back, neck and wrists.
- **6-way adjustable** handlebars and seat for a custom fit.
- **Superior maneuverability** and a shorter wheelbase make this the easiest bike you'll ever ride.
- **Virtually maintenance-free and adjustment-free!**

Fitness Bike...the first bike for fitness and fun.
Special Senior Discount available.

CALL TODAY FOR A FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE
1-800-858-BIKE Ext. X5DI3
or write: NordicTrack, Dept. X5DI3
104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318-2355
NordicTrack's FITNESS BIKE™
©1993 NORDICTRACK, INC., A CML COMPANY • ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Blantyre
Consummate estate sanctuary with 23 rooms set on 85 acres with tennis, croquet, pool, hot tub and sauna.
"Unbelievable French Food"-Zagat U.S.Hotel, Resort & Spa Survey 1993
Season May to November
413-637-3556 (summer)
413-298-3806 (winter)
Blantyre
Lenox, Massachusetts 01240
RELAIS & CHATEAUX

CINNAMON REEF
a very private resort in Anguilla, British West Indies
For brochure call: 1-800-223-1108

LONDON THEATRE NEWS
Stylish monthly newsletter features reviews, recommendations, theatre and restaurant listings, and a ticket booking service. $49 - 1 yr; $29.95 - 6 months. Please send check to:
London Theatre News
Suite 620, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.
Or call: 1-800-779-0077.

THE THEATRE

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK

BY EDITH OLIVER

THE Roundabout, formerly the bane of revivals, has become their cherished repository, what with its productions of "The Show Off" and "The Price" over the past couple of years or so. "Black Comedy," by Peter Shaffer, first done here in 1967 and reproduced all over the place ever since, is a case in point. It takes its cue from a Chinese classic. To quote a note by the playwright in the program: "In one of the most celebrated scenes in the repertory of Chinese classical theatre, two swordsmen fight a duel in a completely darkened room. The scene is performed with the stage fully lit." "Black Comedy," for those who have missed it, even in the school gym, is set in the London flat of a shoddy, no-talent sculptor who is giving a cocktail party, ostensibly to meet his fiancée's gruff, military father but primarily to impress a rich art collector and likely buyer. Also present are the sculptor's fiancée, his ex-mistress, a spinster lady who lives upstairs, his epicene patron and neighbor, and a man from the electric company on a mission of repair. The action opens on a dark stage; suddenly a fuse blows, and the lights come blazing on. From then on, the characters grope blindly about, tripping and bumping into one another. The host hears that his neighbor, from whom he has purloined most of the furniture in the room, is on the way over, and his attempts to get the furniture out of his flat and into its owner's before the lights go on compound the confusion.

That this production, the apotheosis of the sight gag, affords more than pratfalls and slapstick and other appurtenances of farce is the result of the funny characters, as drawn by Mr. Shaffer, and of the acting of the impeccable company, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez. Peter MacNicol, a nimble fellow and apparently a born farceur, is the hapless host, who takes a memorable tumble down a flight of stairs; Anne Bobby, a new but welcome acquaintance, is his daffy girlfriend; Keene Curtis is her starchy father; Kate Mulgrew is the touchy ex-mistress; Robert Stattel is the electrician and Ray Xifo the collector, mistaken for each other for a few merry moments; and Brian Murray, who comes up with an old-fashioned camp performance to warm the heart, is the fussy neighbor and the owner of that furniture. Nancy Marchand, as the spinster, deserves a sentence to herself: she gives a performance that is the very essence of comedy, and is at her best when—in the dark, of course—she pours herself a tumbler of gin instead of some harmless drink and gets quietly, blissfully drunk, responding with surprised quiet pleasure to mysterious intimacies as she sits on the sidelines in an unsteady rocking chair. It occurred to me, sitting on the sidelines in Row F, that "Black Comedy" rates at least two visits, the first to concentrate on the actors who are speaking and falling around, and the second to watch those who are listening; they are just as eloquent. Farce it may be, but "Restoration comedy" was what first came to mind.

In "White Liars," the curtain-raiser, Miss Marchand, with a subtlety that transcends farce, plays a bogus baroness who works as a fortune-teller in a rundown seaside resort and, with the highest motives, subtly misreads the intentions of two of her clients, played by Mr. MacNicol and David Aaron Baker. Deception is at the heart of the play, as it is in "Black Comedy." This is a more trivial work, but there is a lot of fun in it all the same. John Lee Beatty designed the stunning settings for both plays. (The flat in "Black Comedy" is a witty anthology of modern-art clichés, perfectly in keeping with its trashy tenant.) The costumes are by Jess Goldstein, and Craig Miller is the light man. ♦

After a day in our highrises, you'll like the short walk home.

For your free Winter Vacation Planner
call 1-800-453-1360 Dept PC68
or circle the Reader Service Card.

PARK CITY
UTAH

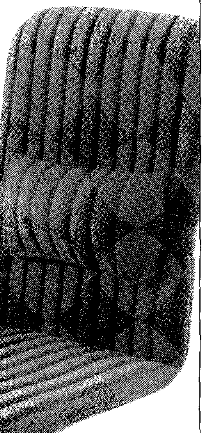
Back Comfort

...for car, home or office

Designed with medical specialists in 1958 and now improved with a patented Rib-Cor® cover, our seat and back BackAide™ has benefited thousands including President John F. Kennedy.

Comfort Assured

Free Catalog!



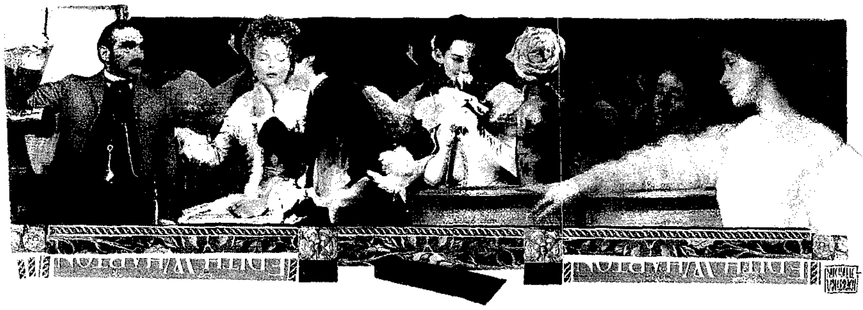
BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue, NYBA, Holliston, MA 01746

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS
1994 TOURS LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
Egypt; Vietnam, Cambodia & Laos; Guatemala; Great European Museums; Ancient Capitals of China; Silk Road; Anatolian Turkey; East. Turkey; Coastal Turkey; Sicily & So. Italy; Israel; Minoan Greece; Tunisia; Spain; Etruscan Italy; Classical Greece; Indonesia; Central Asia
archaeological tours
271 Madison Ave., 904E, NY, NY 10016 (212)986-3054

THE CURRENT CINEMA

GILDED PLEASURES

BY ANTHONY LANE



Martin Scorsese, Michelle Pfeiffer, Daniel Day-Lewis, and Winona Ryder in "The Age of Innocence."

MICHAELE VOLLBRACH

SET in the New York of the eighteen-seventies, Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence" was published in 1920. She was clear and determined in her aims: "I *did* so want 'The Age' to be taken not as a 'costume piece' but as a 'simple & grave' story of two people trying to live up to something that was still 'felt in the blood' at that time." For anyone attempting to film the book, the task of respecting Wharton's wishes is tougher than ever. For we live in the age of Merchant-Ivory, when the very idea of a "costume piece" is taken as a blessed relief, a breath of good taste amid the snarls and fumes of mainstream cinema. But to treat history as a shock absorber is a cowardly delusion, from which we need to be rescued. It was a pleasant surprise, therefore, to learn that "The Age of Innocence" would be directed by Martin Scorsese, a man ideally qualified to deliver the shock of the old.

The opening scene is a test case, a white-tie occasion at the opera. All the trimmings are in place, starting with the gardenia in the buttonhole of Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis)—scion of one of the city's more distinguished families, and engaged to the equally favored May Welland (Winona Ryder), who sits demurely in a nearby box. Everyone around them is a picture of composure, which by the lights of this world means ripe for composition: the movie is filled with paintings of the period, of the well-bred turned into Tissots. But Scorsese has other ideas. Together with his longtime collaborators—Thelma Schoonmaker, as editor, and Michael Ballhaus, as director of photography—he breaks up the show. The camera glides with all the stateliness of a Max Ophuls shot, then stops short as other images punch in: the conductor glimpsed through a haze of footlights; the auditorium viewed, from the stage, as a mass of silk and shirtfronts, then, from overhead, as an orderly parade. There is an extraordinary moment when its ranks begin to shudder; Scorsese is shaking his camera at them as though it were a fist, as though it were the artist's duty to disturb the peace and poise of another age. This is "Raging Bull" in a china shop.

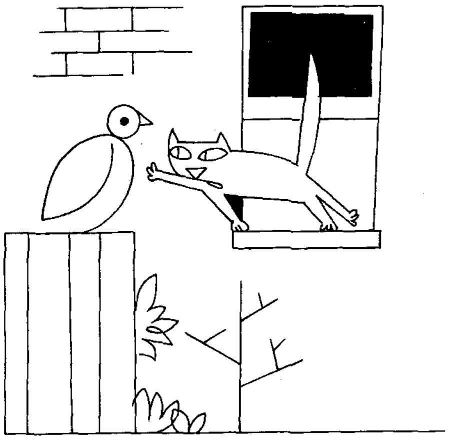
The movie is only a few minutes old, but already light-years away from Merchant-Ivory, and closer than you might think to Edith Wharton. Her life was a tug-of-war between obedience and rebellion, and her novels take the strain of that contention: she is an Alice in the wonderland of letters, on her best behavior in the presence of the courtly, yet yearning all the while to yank the tablecloth and send them flying like cards. Scorsese, likewise, has spared no expense in furnishing his movie down to the last glove button, to the succulent sinking of knife into canvasback duck; but his eye is too shifty and quizzical to let the luxury rest. The first twinge of upset comes with the arrival—in the Wellands' box, no less—of the Countess Olenska (Michelle Pfeiffer), May's cousin and the lovely black sheep of the Mingott family, easy prey for the snob wolves of Fifth Avenue. Ellen Olenska strayed from the true path: she married not just a cad but a European cad, and has now fled his clutches and returned, so she hopes, to the embrace of New York. Fat chance. "I didn't think the Mingotts would try it on," muses old Sillerton Jackson (Alec McCowen), the society sage, tasting the subtle savor of the outrage and rolling it around his tongue like Burgundy. Archer is more fascinated than disapproving; Ellen's first words to him recall a childhood encounter—"You kissed me once behind a door"—and raise the delicious possibility of more kisses to come.

The Countess has clearly made something of a splash, and the rest of the plot ripples out from here. She is spurned by Jackson and the oily Lawrence Lefferts (Richard E. Grant); accepted back by Henry van der Luyden (Michael Gough), high priest of all that is respectable; pursued by the showy and sinister Beaufort (Stuart Wilson); and championed by her grandmother, Mrs. Manson Mingott, a woman whose girth and good humor give an unexpected, almost Wodehousean fizz to Wharton's careful prose. The movie role is fleshed out with equal magnificence by Miriam Margolyes, as an upper-class, pet-smothered sequel to her twittery Flora Finching in "Little Dorrit." All these satellite roles, in fact, are played with gusto and good spirits, and they need to be, because you can feel something going badly wrong—something humorless and vacant—as you approach the core of the film.

It has to do with Winona Ryder and Michelle Pfeiffer, neither of whom looks remotely at ease. They seem corseted into their roles, unable to breathe, as if under the impression that a woman who did not yet enjoy full liberation—any woman of the last century, for instance—could only be one of two things: wounded or scared. As a slice of social history, "The Age of Innocence" thus makes depressing viewing, untrue to the sense of moral fight that rises from the pages of Edith Wharton. No one is asking that the film be spotlessly true to the book—if anything, I think Scorsese should have messed it around more—but you might as well grab what you can get from it; May Welland, for instance, is a detailed portrait of a complete airhead, and Ryder could have dug into the comedy of the part instead of worrying whether her accent was posh enough. To be fair, she has one great scene, near the end, when her dark eyes glitter like a vampire's as she leans toward her husband and the last veil of innocence drops away from the age.

Pfeiffer bears herself with too little grace (a touch more Catwoman would have helped), but her real problems start from the neck up. Her hair is a bonfire of glowing ringlets heaped on top of her head; this reminded me of someone, but it wasn't until halfway through the movie, in the middle of an especially poignant scene, that I stifled a yelp of recognition: Lucille Ball! Newland Archer loves Lucy! There's also a plaintive, faintly whining tone that eats into the appeal of Pfeiffer's performance, and cuts down on the sexiness—it's not a patch on her milk-skinned Mme. de Tourvel, in "Dangerous Liaisons," who finally slipped out of her inhibitions as if they were tight shoes. Ellen Olenska was properly a part for Annette Bening, or even for Sigourney Weaver; here is a woman disdained by the grandees not because she knows too little of their world but because she knows too much of other ones. She has fed on the corruption of the Continent, and if there is nothing exotic in the threat she poses, then Archer's love for her—the torture that should rack the whole movie—seems more like a gentleman's folly, a crush on the side.

It is dismissed as such, of course, by those in the know; but Archer really does have the life crushed out of him. Just for a while, the Countess opens another vista—an escape route from his perfect match with May, and from the burden of perfection that bows him down. Unlike Wharton, Scorsese skips the actual wedding, and rightly so; fans of "GoodFellas" may find this movie low on set pieces, more of a nocturne about anticipation and disappointment, but that only sharpens it up as a study of tribal customs. What's more, the big day doesn't matter to Archer, who had it coming anyway—marriage is just another nail in the coffin. With the wife, the wealth, and the wardrobe, his path of contentment is laid down, as if on rails, from here to the grave. However nicely cushioned, it is a kind of doom, and it fortifies the central grievance of the story: that such a society demands everything you have, provides everything you need, and means nothing at all. By some miracle, Daniel Day-Lewis brings all this together in his brilliant balancing act: outward show versus inward tribulation.



If the balance had slipped, "The Age of Innocence" would have collapsed; how easy it would have been, for example, to mock the gestures of the period, and rig the movie in favor of underlying passion. But Archer never makes the leap, and Day-Lewis honors the fear in him: the manners are never less than perfect, the desires tucked away behind an embroidered waistcoat or a precisely calibrated smile. If anything, he improves on Wharton's original, scraping away the traces of prig to reveal something hopeless and humble. Archer makes a tragic epilogue to Day-Lewis's previous incarnations—Tomas in "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," and Hawkeye in "The Last of the Mohicans." He is carnality defeated, nobility tamed and tired, although neither is surrendered without a struggle. At the farewell dinner party for the Countess, he is seated next to her, and can only swap small talk; but there is a huge devastation in his eyes, which are wet not with tears but with pure pain, as if somebody were chewing his leg off under the table.

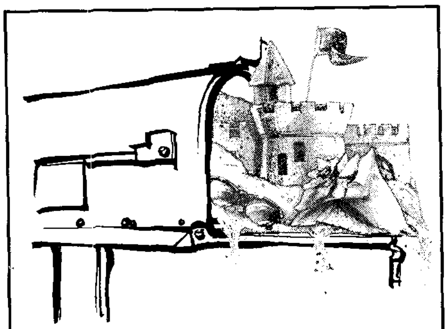
Scorsese has found his man, I think—his strongest hero since the great De Niro days, and his first wholly plausible romantic lead. In "New York, New York," De Niro inspected the romance of the part as if he'd just taken it out of the fridge, sniffing it for weakness; Day-Lewis is no more sentimental, but he understands how a man can melt into extremes of need, all the more thrillingly because he hadn't known they were there. During a fireside scene with

Michelle Pfeiffer, the camera glances back and forth between their faces—his filling one half of the frame, hers the other, as if to say: Look how we lock together, how happy we would be. Both are rapt and heated, but Day-Lewis appears not just to gaze at his beloved—"fainting with interest," as John Berryman once put it—but to peer into his own soul, marvelling that anyone could have stirred its surface, let alone its depths.

This may sound like narcissism, but there's an urgency in it that drives the movie on. Besides, any hint of vanity is squashed by a scene with May in a flower garden, when Day-Lewis can no longer take comfort in exquisite city fabrics, and instead has to stroll around in a monstrosity of pale checks, crowned with a curly-brimmed derby the color of peanut butter. Out with the boulevardier, in with the Stubby Kaye look from "Guys and Dolls." Cinema normally reinforces our presumption that former generations looked much cooler than we do, so it's a joy to come across evidence to the contrary, however brief. Day-Lewis was probably thankful that the camera refused to stop and stare, although it has to be said that Scorsese is so fond of cutting on the move that a simple chat like this can leave you punch-drunk. Think of Jeanne Moreau's entrance in "Jules et Jim," when Truffaut filmed her head from different angles in a series of speedy, referential mug shots—he couldn't get enough of her. The rest of the narrative obeyed more lyrical rhythms, which she alone could fracture. In "The Age of Innocence," however, almost *every* scene looks like that. It's exhausting to watch.

But then Wharton is writing about an exhausted world; with hindsight, she realizes not only that its formalities were on the wane but that even in their prime they demanded a round-the-clock vigilance from anyone who thought them worth observing, and something close to sacrifice from anyone who didn't. Day-Lewis is crucial to the re-creation of this; his pitch of concentration somehow justifies the camera's busy habits. When Archer goes to visit Ellen, he pauses in the hall, and sees that Beaufort has turned up before him. We get this from a handful of closeups, flashed before us like a card trick: hat, cane, monogram, gloves. Some people will argue that Scorsese is showing off; I would give him the benefit of the doubt, and call it a genuine search for a visual grammar that will match the era of Newland Archer. For better or for worse (probably for worse), a gentleman would flick his gaze over faces and clothes, and his judgment would be complete in three seconds. It is Ellen, of course, who forces Archer to slow down and look deeper, and as the movie draws to a close even the camera is shamed into calm by the slow burn of regret—tranquil, but intense for all that—in the face of Daniel Day-Lewis. (What a pity that Elmer Bernstein's raucous score couldn't make the change, too.)

"The Age of Innocence" reminds me of "Bram Stoker's Dracula": in both cases, you sense a filmmaker desperate to end a bad streak of work, throwing every technique he knows at a tale of high emotion. Coppola blew it; Scorsese, against all odds, has come up with a serious film—something I never thought he would do again, not after the disgraceful fakery of "Cape Fear," or "The Last Temptation of Christ." That movie was wrecked less by heresy than by hysteria, and there are moments in "The Age of Innocence," too, when you feel like begging the director to take it easy. To make matters worse, he stuffs our ears with voice-overs, carved from the novel and barely digested into a script. But there are pleasures abounding here, and they stay with you—the shuffling, slow-motion city throng; the hard pewter landscape where Archer pursues his love in winter; and a burst of abandon worthy of Michael Powell, as the whole screen flames into red like a wound, or into yellow like a rose. Archer is playing with fire, and Scorsese backs him up by painting with it: the picture's dominant image is of long shadows momentarily beaten back by the lighting of a cigar or a taper, or by the crackle of bright coals. The ending is all embers; you leave the theatre with your senses peeled, and your heart still rising and falling with Newland Archer, to the swell and fade of his hopes. True to Wharton's wishes, this movie is not a costume piece, or a museum exhibit; it's a wake-up call from the past, and proves how much can still be "felt in the blood"—even in this, the age of knowingness. ♦



How to get a beach in your mailbox.

We'll mail you 124 pages of sun-drenched beaches from the Grand Strand to the islands of Hilton Head and Kiawah. For your free South Carolina travel guide write or call 1-800-346-3634.

South Carolina
Smiling faces. Beautiful places.
P.O. Box 78, Columbia, SC 29202-0078

Turns are a thing of the past.

SwimEx's patented system allows you to swim, walk or run in place against a soothing, adjustable current. Time, temperature and speed are set by you in the comfort and convenience of your home.

For brochure and video call 1-800-877-7946
UNITS START AT $21,950.

KAUAI
SUNNY - POIPU
Beautiful, fully equipped 2000 sq. ft., 3BR, secluded home on lushly landscaped 1/2 acre with 40' pool. Very private, has lanai and sundeck. Walk to beaches for swimming, excellent snorkeling or just plain sunning. Golf and tennis nearby. Sleeps 9. $220.00/day.
• COLOR BROCHURE •
P.O. BOX 842 • LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA 92652

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica
T: 809-953-2211 • F: 809-953-2731
Call your Travel Agent or
Direct 800-626-0592 (24 hrs)/CHARMS 800-742-4276

HOTEL
CIPRIANI
VENICE

MEET THE STARS OF GASTRONOMY AT THE CIPRIANI IN VENICE

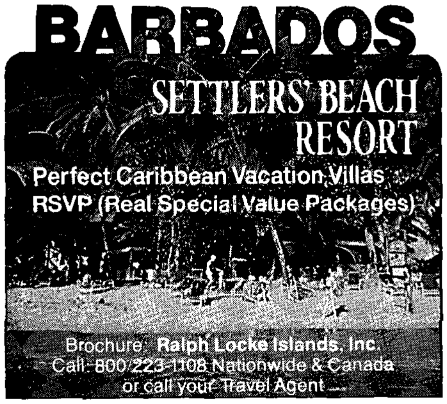
The Hotel Cipriani in Venice announces its Fall Culinary Program featuring stars of the world of gastronomy:

Julia Child (Oct 3-8)
Marchesa Anna Tasca D'Almerita and Mary Taylor Simeti (Oct 10-15)
George Germon & Johanne Killeen (Oct 17-22)
Marcella & Victor Hazan (Oct 25-29)
Barbara Tropp (Oct 31-Nov 5)

Based at the legendary Hotel Cipriani, the programs, coordinated by Faith Willinger, include cooking lessons, wine tastings, market visits, excursions in the Venetian lagoon and free time to explore Venice.

For information call:
Orient-Express Hotels, (800) 237 1236
or The Leading Hotels of the World, USA (800) 223-6800

ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS



BARBADOS
SETTLERS' BEACH RESORT
Perfect Caribbean Vacation Villas
RSVP (Real Special Value Packages)
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

QUIET GOOD TASTE makes this highly personal name bracelet by Leonore Doskow a welcome accessory. Any name or message up to eight letters. Each letter is ¼" square.

Sterling Silver **$49.50**
14Kt. yellow gold **$396.**

Send your check or money order to:
N.Y. residents add sales tax
Croton Crafts
Add $4.00 ea. for shipping and handling
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521
Telephone 914-271-5981

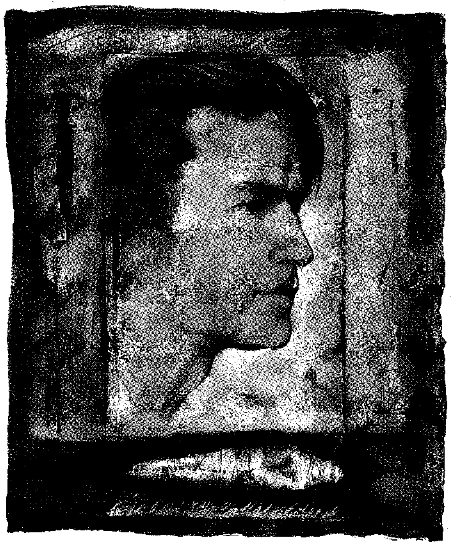
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
A Million Pieces!
Active & Discontinued
China, Crystal & Flatware.
To Buy or Sell:
Call 1-800-562-4462
or write:
P.O. Box 26029, Dept. Y093A
Greensboro, NC 27420

ON TELEVISION

P.C. OR NOT P.C.

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

FAR more prophetic than "1984" was George Orwell's flagging of political correctness in 1947. He spotted the phenomenon in its infancy. In an essay first published in *Polemic* he observed that ideologues of all stripes sought a hold on the public deeper than simple coercion: "They will not say to somebody else, 'Do this, that and the other or you will go to prison,' but they will, if they can, get inside his brain and dictate his thoughts for him in the minutest particulars." Such dictators derive their intellectual drilling rights from the belief that, unlike politicians, businessmen, or bureaucrats, they have selfless motives. They want nothing for themselves—only a better tomorrow for all earth-dwellers. Their belief that they alone are pure of soul is what makes them so pushy, Orwell contends. "For if you have embraced a creed which appears to be free from the ordinary dirtiness of politics—a creed from which you yourself cannot expect to draw any material advantage—surely that proves that you are in the right? And the more you are in the right, the more natural that everyone else should be bullied into thinking likewise."



"And the Band Played On" features Matthew Modine and is wrapped in a protective fog of P.C.

MATT MAHURIN

In TV's creative community, P.C. has become second nature. Its writers, producers, directors, and performers already possess so many material advantages over most of the rest of us that they can't be accused of pursuing personal gain. And the memory of Hollywood lefties being hounded during the McCarthy era validates their tingling suspicion that no matter how much money they may make, they're still enemies of the status quo—permanent outsiders. Taking their case directly to the people, they wrap their progressivism in warm, fuzzy feelings. Most of the lessons they teach on prime time are basic. Tolerance is good, prejudice is bad; spirituality is good, traditional religion bad; blue-collar women are good, good ole boys real bad. (In the new sitcom "Grace Under Fire"—a "Roseanne" knockoff—Brett Butler's sarcasms are aimed at P.C.'s safest target: big, dumb white guys.) P.C. is being used not only to police the present but to clean up the past. Jane Seymour's frontier Florence Nightingale in "Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman" turns the Old West into a New Age workshop. Even MTV's cartoon duo Beavis and Butt-head have been conscripted into the cause. According to *The Nation*, their fried brains are "a mirror of social neglect."

Small pockets of half-assed resistance have broken out on TV against the pervasive creep of P.C. Comics have been among the first to rebel, perhaps because they feel its restrictions the most. Comedy springs, in part, from a free-associative play area of the mind that P.C., in its prissy locutions ("I consider myself a woman of gender," a caller on CNBC said recently) and its hawkish lookout for any possible slur, seeks to quarantine. In the new Fox sitcom "Daddy Dearest" the veteran insult comic Don Rickles, playing the father of professional ditherer Richard Lewis, lets fly against a number of minorities. "7-Eleven called," he informs an Arab gentleman. "Your camels are blocking the aisles." Rickles is at least consistent. Ages ago, I saw him open his Las Vegas act with the announcement "They have a great show at the Hacienda tonight—a Mexican hung himself in the lobby." Older but no wiser, Rickles doesn't have the armchair authority to portray the Jewish Archie Bunker character of "Daddy Dearest." He dissolves into a pool of flop sweat as Richard Lewis stands around looking useless.

A cockier entry is Comedy Central's new series "Politically Incorrect" (Sundays). Political kibbitzing has proved opportune for Comedy Central. A cable network devoted mostly to rotations of standup routines, "Saturday Night Live" repeats, and the cult hit "Mystery Science Theater 3000," Comedy Central won notice with its satirical coverage of the 1992 political conventions and elections, "Indecision '92." Calvin Trillin trolled for quotes as the network's floor reporter, conducting interviews with his usual lunar gravity. In the studio, Roy Blount, Jr., monitored the broadcasts of the big-three networks and CNN from a La-Z-Boy recliner. Overexerting himself somewhat was the columnist Christopher Hitchens, and he was pulled from the broadcast after he began spouting obscenities on live TV. His outburst only added to the press ink that Comedy Central received—further proof that there's no such thing as bad publicity. Indeed, Hitchens was awarded his own show on the network, "Everything You Need to Know," which has him sitting in a fake study with a politically incorrect lit cigarette in his hand, analyzing the news in a monotone drip of droll irony.

Even though "Politically Incorrect" is a panel show, it manages to bare full-frontal ego. Its host is the standup comic Bill Maher, who reads cue cards as if they were ancient inscriptions. Perhaps Maher's billing as the show's creator and co-producer explains why we get more of him than even a mother would like. He not only introduces the panel, moderates the panel discussion, and contributes a pointless editorial but also swaps jokes with comedy writer Bill Sheft. Taped well in advance of airtime, the show doesn't have the guts or the spontaneity of Don Imus's morning radio show, a true model of political incorrectness. Its burning issues—Should prostitution be legalized? Should farmers be subsidized?—seem to have been fished out of a bowl.

What makes the show watchable is its strange goulash of guests. It mingles political operatives and media figures with authentic show-biz phonies: Roger Ailes with Tom Arnold, Ed Rollins with Jerry Seinfeld, Gay Talese with Joy Behar. There are flashes of individual wit. The playwright Paul Rudnick gets off some nifties, as does the Reverend Al Sharpton. Yet the show never ignites into genuine give-and-take. Unlike the Imus show, in which Imus's sidekicks, Charles McCord and Bernard McGuirk, function as the I-Man's superego and id, first cooling him off, then egging him on to even greater Captain Queeg fits, "Politically Incorrect" never develops a jazzy mesh of separate voices joined in sick purpose. It's a little stiff—a cocktail party where no one spills a drop.

"Politically Incorrect" 's glossy mix of celebrities and pundits confirms that there is an overlapping media culture in this country which considers itself a cut above everybody else. The flip side of P.C.'s social concern has always been a hip smugness. (Check out Tim Robbins' smirk in "Bob Roberts.") As our pop culture has got meaner, the smugness has got meaner—almost inhuman. Introducing a segment about royalty, Maher joked, "The Royal Family—can't live with them, and the Irish can't seem to blow them up." (So much for Lord Mountbatten, murdered by I.R.A. terrorists.) He also mused, "Sometimes I wonder what Princess Grace would be doing now if she were alive today. Probably scratching at the lid of her coffin and screaming really loud." A silly debate about whether heavy-metal music induces suicide yielded this feeling insight from Christopher Hitchens: "Have you ever thought that suicide is nature's way of weeding out some of the real klutzes?" On his own show, Hitchens mocks Midwesterners trying to save their homes, farms, and towns from floodwaters, making fun of their "primal need to sandbag."

At least the Imus show affirms our common humanity, by saying, We're all jerks, nobody knows what he's doing, stop annoying me. It's democratic in its cheerful disgust and mad-dog urban humor. The iconoclasm of Comedy Central is a slick coat of flash over an inside attitude. The only truly politically incorrect performer to turn up on "Politically Incorrect" is self-proclaimed comedy pig Andrew (Dice) Clay, who isn't afraid to take a drag on *his* cigarette (he's a real man) as he defends the good name of strippers: "The girls are doing their job, they're dancing, they're putting on a show. Beautiful." But even Dice seems subdued on the show, almost philosophi-

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd. Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
ROBERT LUDLUM THE SCORPIO ILLUSION
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.97 EACH Trim Size: 5½"x 8½" for 500 copies, 96 pg., Perfect Bound book.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

STERLING SERVICES
THE HOUSEHOLD PROFESSIONALS
Worldwide Placements
Butlers • Couples • Housekeepers • Chefs • Nannies
800-800-6757

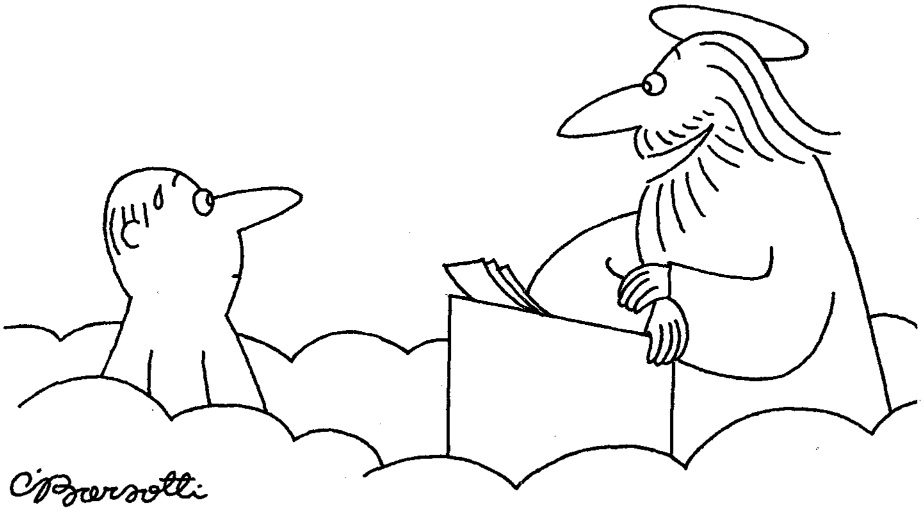
cal—not surprising, considering what a dive his career has taken. He's P.C.'s No. 1 casualty, and a classic study in hubris. He thought the new rules didn't apply to him. He thought he could still trash everyone with impunity.

POLITICAL correctness is tough to resist, because it's more than an ever-expanding checklist of prohibitions. It's also an intangible air of caution—a protective fog. P.C. acts as an almost atmospheric force in "And the Band Played On," an HBO original telefilm based on Randy Shilts's best-selling account of how AIDS mushroomed in America. Directed by Roger Spottiswoode, "And the Band Played On" is an all-star assembly featuring (among others) Matthew Modine, Lily Tomlin, Anjelica Huston, Richard Gere, Steve Martin, and Phil Collins. Not since Stanley Kramer's "Judgment at Nuremberg" have so many famous faces been shoehorned into one message movie. Dramatically, it's more adept, thank heaven. Spottiswoode doesn't immortalize the stars in concrete, as Kramer did in his Tense Courtroom Closeups. The cast maintains a rumpled manner throughout the crisis, with the loosest performance coming from Alan Alda as Dr. Robert Gallo, the scientist accused of stealing credit from the Pasteur Institute for isolating the AIDS virus. A me-first attitude seems built into Alda's slouch and head bob as Gallo—he's so shifty, he always seems to be coming around corners. The most visible bad guy in the piece (the bigger villains, Reagan and Bush, are mere campaign buttons), Alda isn't under the good-behavior clause that seems to hamper his co-stars. For a film that wants to indict both political parties, the medical establishment, religious bigotry, straight indifference, and gay shortsightedness for allowing the disease to spread, "And the Band Played On" has a tentative step. It tiptoes around so many sore spots that it loses its narrative thread.

How could it not? "And the Band Played On" has suffered from a severe case of second-guessing since its inception. After the script went through eighteen rewrites, Shilts accused Spottiswoode's original cut of fostering homophobia ("If you were to watch it the way Roger originally had it, after twenty minutes you'd say, 'These people got what they deserve' "); Spottiswoode, who protested that his work was being sanitized, was barred from the editing room as trims and adds were made. The biggest add is a schmaltzy montage at the end showing AIDS activists and casualties—an AIDS quilt of images. P.C. considerations also intruded here. Missing from the memorial is Kimberly Bergalis, who contracted the disease from her Florida dentist. As an item in the New York *Observer* notes, Bergalis was scorned by some gay activists, who viewed her statement that she had not got AIDS via unsafe sex as an aspersion upon them. HBO's Robert Cooper, who supervised the montage, denied that her omission from the montage was intentional, but admitted, "I must say that if, for example, Randy [Shilts] had had a problem I would have taken her out. I wanted Randy very much involved in the movie. I wanted his approval." Since Shilts himself is stricken with the AIDS virus, it's understandable that he be shown extra consideration. It was a courtesy extended to the entire gay-activist community, as HBO held sneak screenings of the rough cut for leaders of various groups. The executive director of Los Angeles's Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation was quoted as calling the film "very positive and very powerful."

Positive, yes; powerful, no. Certainly nothing about "And the Band Played On" stigmatizes or stereotypes gay behavior. As the gay leader Bill Kraus, Ian McKellen couldn't be more saintly. When gays protest the closing of the bathhouses, Lily Tomlin explains, "They're human, Bill, and they're scare[illegible] Almost none of the homosexuals we see are beefy, butch; they're wan and slender—angels in America. It's something of a rewrite job of recent history. I lived in the West Village during the seventies, before everything hit. I can remember the weekend mobs of men in leather and chains, the stories about glory holes, the pickups behind the trucks outside my Horatio Street window, the verbal swipes at women in the neighborhood as "breeders." No one could have foreseen the tragedy that was brewing, but even then one sensed an orgiastic build toward critical mass. In its own overheated, eye-bugging way, William Friedkin's reviled "Cruising" (whose production Village activists tried to stop) caught the sexual compulsions of the period better than the more responsible works since. "Cruising" allowed itself to be drawn into the dark drive of sadomasochism which found its fullest expression in fisting. Devoid of both healthy and destructive libido, "And the Band Played On" is so desexed that it has a phantom drift. The movie isn't so much a dramatization of Shilts's book as it is a long blue note wrung from its pages.

But it's a blue note that leaves a hush. It's easy to tick off where the movie deviates *from the book, where it soft-soaps* this character or that: being anti-P.C. [illegible]n make you as picky as the worst P.C. patrolperson. Yet I've seldom heard an audience as subdued as the one at the screening of "And the Band Played On." They filed out as if from a funeral, a few people remaining in their seats to dry their eyes. By not playing a blame game, the film confers a greater dignity on the dead. It doesn't leave us arguing over the bodies. ♦



"No, no, that's not a sin, either. My goodness, you must have worried yourself to death."

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Rest of Life

by Mary Gordon

(Viking; $22)

THESE three novellas return to subjects familiar from Gordon's previous works: the mysteries of desire and allegiance, the fraying tenacity of Catholicism, "the thick, clean line" deceptively dividing the present from the past. Two take place in an austere mental landscape where life depends on meticulously mapping the borders between lover and beloved: in "Immaculate Man," the narrator chronicles her passion for and apprehension and guilt about a Catholic priest, still faithful to the Church, who has broken his vow of chastity for her; in "Living at Home," a woman speaking in the same precise, monochromatic prose scrutinizes her love for a journalist enthralled alternately by political danger and conjugal peace. The third novella explores the undertow of shame: a woman who has lived her life as if sentenced to it returns to Italy for the first time since she was driven out, sixty-three years earlier, in the aftermath of her boyfriend's suicide. Each narrator is surrounded by the rich details of her external world—a shelter for battered women, a school for autistic children, the streets of Turin—yet these stories feel pristine and arid, as if they had been swept bare of plot and characters to create space for a single, crystalline intelligence that elegantly dissects emotions but does not evoke them.

Such Times

by Christopher Coe

(Harcourt Brace; $22.95)

THE writers one thinks of while reading this romance are all women—Jean Rhys, Marguerite Duras, Joan Didion—though the main characters are exclusively male. The narrator, Timothy, loves Jasper, an older man he can never really have. Jasper shares an opulent house with another man and is not about to leave him for Timothy, though Jasper and his official lover haven't had sex in years. In settling for being the mistress, Timothy doesn't reckon on Jasper's unabated appetite for anonymous sex with boys, and becomes convinced that he will get AIDS from him. Like the most self-sacrificing of nineteenth-century heroines, Timothy works out a plan that allows him to spare his beloved even a shadow of blame. All this is related in a deadpan voice that suggests fatality by its very tone. In covering their eighteen-year liaison, Timothy offers a true villain for the story; an extreme epicureanism regarding cooking, liquor, and the male physiognomy; and an unexpected, unexpectedly painful final twist.

GENERAL

Theirs Was the Kingdom: Lila and DeWitt Wallace and the Story of the *Reader's Digest*

by John Heidenry

(Norton; $29.95)

IN 1922, two years after Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" skewered small-town America's mediocrity, DeWitt Wallace, a minister's son from the Middle West, and his wife, Lila, a minister's daughter, began publishing a magazine for the inhabitants of Main Street and their country cousins. The *Reader's Digest* evolved into one of the great international publishing empires of the century, and this is a superb history of both the institution and its creators. Though the cast keeps growing as the magazine expands, Heidenry presents all its members as vivid individuals, whose missions and ambitions often clash in vicious power struggles. He perceptively traces the way the *Digest* contributed to and reflected American culture, including its hypocrisies, although most of the editors were genuinely convinced of the value of what they did: supporting the Republican Party, imparting odd facts, and purveying the inspirational message that readers could achieve their heart's desire by trying. Laced with jokes, the formula not only endured but spread to millions abroad in foreign-language editions. The childless Wallaces died believing that their lucrative company was too high-minded to be devoted to mere profit, and they left it to charity.

May It Please the Court

by Peter Irons and Stephanie Guitton

(The New Press; $75)

TOPS of the judicial pops since 1955: six ninety-minute audio-cassettes, with a companion volume, of previously unreleased highlights of the oral arguments in twenty-three landmark Supreme Court cases. The narration is by Peter Irons, the director of the Earl Warren Bill of Rights Project at the University of California at San Diego. Unfortunately, the tapes are bootlegged. Irons apparently signed a form at the National Archives, where the recordings are housed, agreeing not to reproduce them; but here they are. The Supreme Court is "considering what legal remedies may be appropriate." It has a point. Irons is not simply making available part of the public record, for he has edited each case to emphasize his own particular legal interests. He is, as his position suggests, a fan of efforts to expand the scope of constitutional protections afforded by the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment: these are not tracks Robert Bork will be relaxing to during the commute to the American Enterprise Institute—though he might make an exception for Gregg v. Georgia, where he can be heard explaining to the Court why death is not cruel and unusual punishment. Other featured counsel include Abe Fortas in Gideon v. Wainwright, Thurgood Marshall in the Little Rock school-desegregation case, Alexander Bickel in the Pentagon Papers case, William Kunstler in Texas v. Johnson, the flag-burning case. Best performances, bench: Marshall in Bakke; Earl Warren in Miranda. Best listening value: Roe v. Wade. Musts to avoid: Antonin Scalia on Aristotelianism in Edwards v. Aguillard; the State of Virginia's argument for outlawing interracial marriages in Loving v. Virginia. Most embarrassing moment: Jay Floyd's sexist joke at the beginning of his defense of Texas's anti-abortion law in Roe.

FROM OUR PAGES

Life for Me Ain't Been No Crystal Stair, Susan Sheehan's report on three generations of foster care in one inner-city family, has been published by Pantheon ($21). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Fire Lyric, a collection of poetry by Cynthia Zarin, has been published by Knopf ($19). Some of the poems first appeared here. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

DIAL W-H-Y W-O-R-K

BY IAN FRAZIER

THANK you for calling the No-Show Jobs Hotline. If you are interested in no-show or seldom-show employment with state, federal, or other agencies, and are calling from a rotary phone, please stay on the line and a representative will assist you. If you are calling from a touch-tone phone, please press "1."

If you are inquiring about the job as Part-Time Counsel to the State Assembly Committee on Federal-State Relations, you must first submit to a brief interview. Do you possess a valid degree from an accredited school? (If the answer is "yes," press "1.") Are you over the age of twenty-one? (If the answer is "yes," press "1.") Do you possess an answering machine? (If "yes," press "1.") Congratulations—you're hired! Salary checks will be issued on the first and fifteenth of every month, delivered to you by next-day express or wired directly to your bank account, as you request.

The following up-to-the-minute listing of unclaimed no-show jobs is provided courtesy of a friend of Janet's father's from when he was doing the books for the County Assessor's office:

Liaison to the Transportation Safety Committee. A plum no-show, ideal for boy- or girlfriend of higher-up government official. Some signing of documents required;

Secretary to the Special Counsel to the State Assembly. No typing, dictation, or other office chores mar this great free-ride opportunity. Twice-yearly semi-mandatory attendance at opening of legislative sessions calls for public servant with flexible schedule;

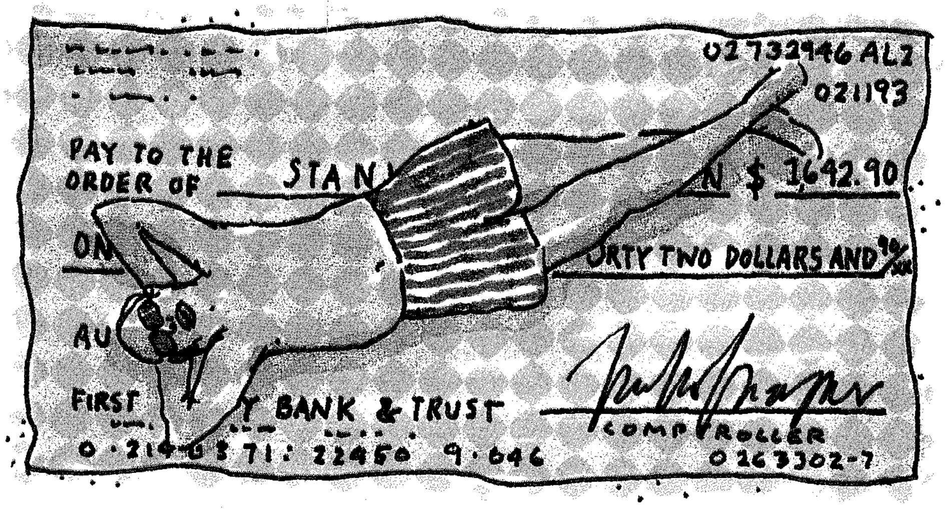
Administrative Director of the Temporary State Commission to Revise the Social Services Law. After-tax salary of $1,346 biweekly, plus pension and full health and dental, provides peace of mind, walking-around money;

Special Assistant to the Subcommittee on Transportation. Applicant must have knowledge of all surface routes from home to nearest cash machine. Proof of United States residency suggested;

Director of Government Operations for the State Senate Majority Leader. Duties include filing for personal parking space in State House Lot No. 1 and making occasional nuisance calls. Eighteen thousand per year, plus benefits;

Ten-Thousand-Dollar-a-Month Campaign Strategist (Unaffiliated). Payee may endorse compensation either with own name or "For deposit." Please note that space below endorsement line is for bank use only.

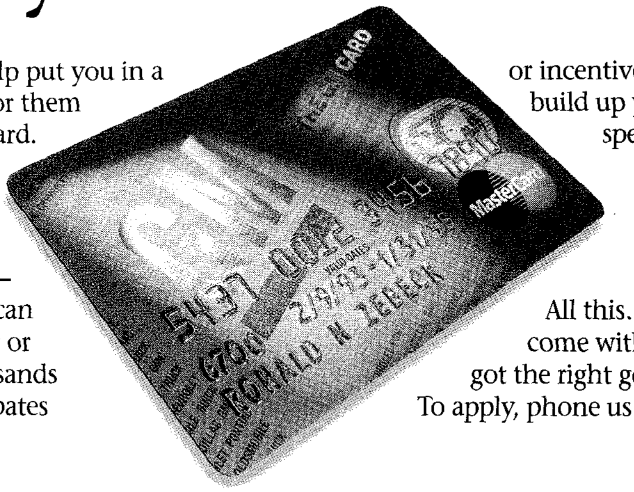
Planning a midweek getaway? No-show jobholders may take advantage of the lowest off-peak rates at resorts, hotels, and casinos. All you need is a paid associate to cover for you on the remote chance that something comes up, and the latest in sophisticated cellular call-forwarding. In addition, custom communication services such as Call Reversing and Automatic Call Disconnect can buy extra vacation time, should you wish it. The No-Show Jobs Hotline provides free travel arrangements in return for a small promotional announcement stuck on your airline seat back. Don't forget that you may be entitled to up to six weeks' paid vacation over and above vacations you take on your own. In most cases, the accounting department is required to cut those checks for you at the beginning of the paid vacation period, *before* the dates on which such payments would normally fall due. Unless you are watchful, office personnel may withhold money owed simply because they show up regularly and you don't. Get to know these people! Your ability to match first names with office extension numbers can mean the difference between prompt payment and an inconvenient trip downtown. Obtain a detailed office roster of accounting, payroll, and disbursement staffs and study it in your spare time. You may even wish to meet a few of the more important staffers in person when you happen to be in the neighborhood, on the way to or from the airport. Just because a job requires no effort doesn't mean it's going to be easy. ♦



MICHAEL CRAWFORD

UP TO
$1,000
A YEAR
toward a new GM car or truck.
Plus all the advantages
of a Gold MasterCard®

These Aren't Just Mountain Bikes. They're A $38.99 Bonus.



These two-wheel vehicles can help put you in a four-wheel vehicle...if you pay for them with the new GM Gold MasterCard.

Every time you use the new GM Gold Card,℠ 5% of the purchase price is automatically credited to a GM Bonus Account–**up to $1,000 a year**–that you can use to buy or lease a new GM car or truck. Save hundreds, even thousands of dollars over and above any rebates or incentives. There's even a fast way to build up your bonus account without spending a lot. Shift your other credit card balances* to your GM Gold Card, and earn 5% on things you've already bought!

All this...*and* all the advantages that come with a Gold MasterCard. You've got the right gear. The new GM Gold Card. To apply, phone us toll-free at **1-800-846-2273.**

Don't Spend More, Spend Smarter.℠ The GM Gold Card.℠

Offer is redeemable as discount on purchase or lease of a new GM car or truck. Up to $1,000 annually, or maximum of $7,000 over 7 years. May be combined with other offers. Subject to GM Gold Card Rebate Program Rules. Bonus based on purchase of two mountain bikes at $779.98. *There is no transaction fee for Transfer Checks; normal finance charges apply from the date of posting.
©1993 General Motors Corporation.

STUDIO POLI

Salvatore Ferragamo

New York 717 Fifth Avenue - **Palm Beach** 200 Worth Avenue - **Beverly Hills** 357 North Rodeo Drive
San Diego The Paladion, 777 Front Street - **Vancouver** 918 Robson Street

Saks Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
and selected stores

Neiman Marcus
Dallas, Texas
and selected stores

Bergdorf Goodman
New York, New York

Bloomingdale's
New York, New York
and selected stores

I. Magnin
San Francisco, California
and selected stores